THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 201, Number 21

Nov. 24, '28

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THANKSGIVING

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A Thanksgiving Treat — Salmagundi

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...for the T.C.S. *(Tired-Christmas-Shopper)*
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Independence Square, Philadelphia

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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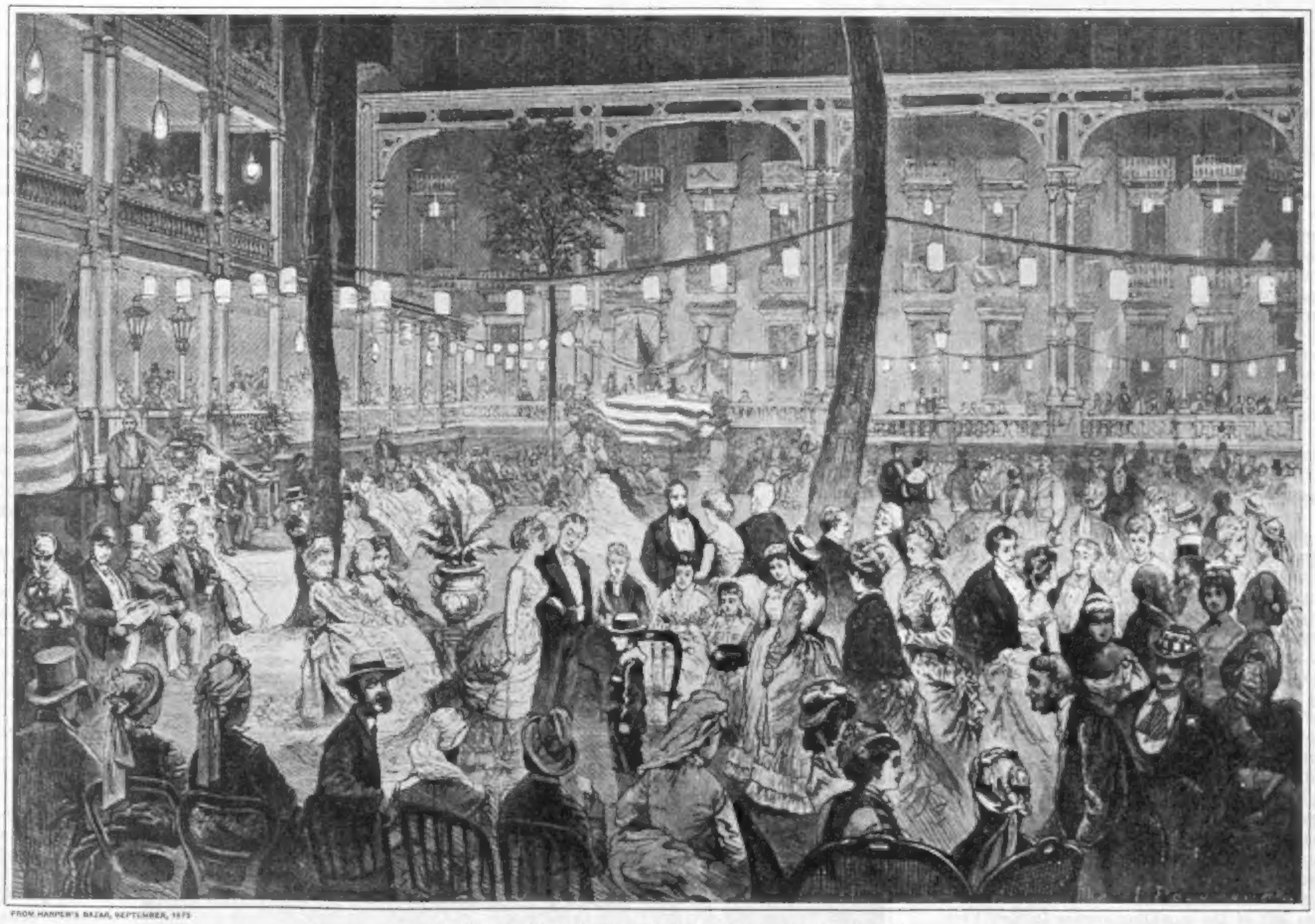
George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., Richmond, Va., Boston, Mass.

Volume 201 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., NOVEMBER 24, 1928 — $2.00 By Subscription (52 issues) — Number 21

A TINTYPE OF THE FLASH AGE



FROM HARPER'S BAZAR, SEPTEMBER, 1875

A Garden Party at the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, 1875

By Alexander Gardiner

AN OLD ramshackle wagon, drawn by a seedy horse, ambled up Fifth Avenue cheek by jowl with hansom cabs carrying first-nighters from a memorable performance of Brutus by Mansfield at the Herald Square to after-theater suppers at Sherry's and Delmonico's at Forty-fourth Street. It was a queer sort of equipage to slow down the fast-stepping traffic on the Avenue at eleven o'clock this frosty December night. Half a dozen men sat in back on what appeared to be a couple of ladders and a jumble of axes and other implements that looked like burglar tools, while the large, mustached driver talked animatedly to a clean-shaven, earnest-looking young fellow who sat beside him on the front seat. The clop-clop of the well-groomed horses drawing the hansom cabs and the derisive "Back to the boneyard" flung by their drivers as opportunity came to push ahead of the down-at-the-heels wagon and its badly frayed motive power awoke the echoes as the procession passed the Union League and continued north.

Across Forty-second Street—a decorous and not too well lighted Forty-second Street—the dilapidated wagon proceeded, the heavy-set driver giving the mare a light flick of the whip to hurry her a bit. Then, up past the Forty-third Street corner, where William M. Tweed had once lived, past the Willow Tree and its cottage, now all but deserted of its coachman patrons, and a turn east into Forty-fourth Street. The earnest-looking young man slid off the seat, to a renewed jeering by the cab drivers.

In the ballroom at Delmonico's restaurant, Mayor Seth Low and other notables attending the annual dinner of the St. Andrew's Society, were laughing over the story of the Scotch golfer who when he flubbed a shot said "Croton" because that was the biggest dam he knew—a story that President Woodrow Wilson was to tell a dozen years later with "Assouan" as the key word. The young man who had slipped off the wagon did not go into the ballroom, however, but stood at the entrance to the dining room, looking at the islands of tables. Finally he saw what he wanted—William Travers Jerome, district attorney of New York County, sitting at a table in a far corner with Deputy Police Commissioner Piper.

The young man hurried over, bent for a moment to whisper to the district attorney. The two men seated at the table quickly rose, got their hats and coats from the attendant and walked out. They turned into East Forty-fourth Street, walked down the side of Delmonico's, past the house next to it, and stopped. The dilapidated wagon stood at the curb in front of the home of Richard A. Canfield, the most famous of American gamblers. This house of his at Number 5, a combination of art gallery and

temple of chance for authentic men about town and Pittsburgh millionaires, had defied the authorities for years. There were lights in the windows of all four floors of the brownstone building. The great bronze door set between columns made it evident that whatever was going on within would be all over before axes could batter down this portal.

By this time the men on the back of the old wagon had dropped to the sidewalk. Piper gave a tentative ring to the Canfield doorbell and Jerome nodded to the wagon crew. Instantly one of the ladders was out on the sidewalk, and then they were dropping it against the sill of the window nearest the door. The big mustached man who had driven the old wagon up Fifth Avenue grabbed an ax, walked gingerly up the ladder and, steadying himself, took a vicious cut at the window. Glass shattered. Then another smash and the hole was big enough to suit Police Inspector Nicholas Brooks. He entered the house with drawn revolver. Jerome and Piper, detectives and two or three assistant district attorneys followed.

Two years before, when Jerome, as a Special Sessions judge, was using county detectives and special investigators of various reform associations to break into gambling houses, and was holding summary court on the premises, the obese gambler at Delmonico's had stridently boasted that never would Jerome get into Number 5 East Forty-fourth Street. Word of that boast had been carried to Jerome, and a year later, when he was heckled during his campaign for the office he was now holding by men who wanted to know why he couldn't get into Canfield's, he had promised that he would close up the gambling citadel. Now he was making good on that promise.

A Raid on a Gambling House in New York When Canfield and Al Adams Were Running Wide Open

The successful raid he made that night of December 1, 1902, marked the beginning of a new era in New York as well as in the country at large. New York City had had its fill of exposés of rotten conditions by the Roosevelt, Lexow and Mazet legislative committees, but despite these and the work of Anthony Comstock and Doctor Parkhurst, vice had remained in the saddle. With Jerome's victory over Canfield, the reformers took heart, and soon they had municipal corruption and corporate abuses on the run all along the line.

Muckraking got into the dictionary, the Federal Pure Food Laws came into being, the Interstate Commerce Commission was suddenly a real force in transportation. Finally the Becker case stilled the feeble quivers of what was left of the gambling system in New York, after Charles F. Murphy plainly told the backers of the game that Tammany would no longer countenance its continuance.

And Billy Sunday actually cleaned up the Gut in Albany and made Railroad Avenue in Syracuse behave itself. By the time the United States entered the war, the East at least was safe for the reformers, whose one losing fight was to be against that section's adopting what is known as the Continental Sunday.

It is one of the anomalies of American politics that Jerome never climbed higher than he did. To be sure, he was a Democrat, fighting Tammany in its own front yard. But Cleveland did that, and Woodrow Wilson also made the Tiger behave; Jerome kept in the limelight throughout his career as district attorney, what with Canfield and the Thaw case; but though he fought ably, he failed to gain one of the big prizes in the lottery of politics.

Almost two years to the day after Jerome entered Canfield's, the master gambler surrendered so far as his New York City place was concerned. The battle had been a brisk one, with Canfield returning blow for blow, whether the weapon was subpoenas, injunctions or quotations from the classics. Canfield paid a fine of $1000 on pleading guilty to being a common gambler. Jerome thereupon was a target for the newspapers, which wanted to know why the prince of gamblers was not sent to prison. Jerome told them that it was because the warrant on which he got into Canfield's place, he had since found out, was based on out-and-out perjury.

II

FROM the time when as a youngster of twenty-one he won $20,000 on the customer's side of a faro box, in 1876, until he finally counted himself out as a gambler at Saratoga thirty years later with a fortune of more than $12,000,000, Richard Canfield's career was interesting always, and not infrequently exciting. In his houses in New York, Saratoga and Newport the games were played amid more luxurious surroundings and for higher stakes than anywhere in the history of gambling. Canfield hated the limelight and had been rather successful in dodging it, but with Jerome's raid it began to play upon him insistently. He dodged to Europe, and the papers printed columns about his sitting to Whistler for a portrait—the last work that great artist did. He returned to America to sue and be sued, to be raided at Saratoga, to be cartooned and lampooned by the newspapers, to see his patrons fighting in the courts to avoid testifying about play in his houses.

PHOTOS. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

Delmonico's, When at the Corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street

The district attorney, balked in his fight against the gambler by the inadequacy of the statutes, harangued legislative committees and pushed through a law which forced patrons of a gambling house to testify before a grand jury or a judge in star-chamber session. Canfield surrendered, but now his old lawyer sued him and brought into the open all the details of their association and the secrets of the Forty-fourth Street palace. And then suddenly Canfield was all through with illegal gambling and settled into the routine of stock-market operator and glass manufacturer. He lost nearly his entire fortune in the panic of 1907, and it is likely that seven years later he was still feeling the financial stress when he sold his marvelous Whistler collection to the Knoedler Galleries for $300,000.

Having given up the gambling business, he gave himself whole-heartedly to art. Deep study over the years, plus native genius and a remarkably retentive mind, made him in his last years the most discriminating American art collector, and his judgments were respected at Christie's and the other great auction houses of England, as they were in France and his own country.

The aura of a wicked past intrigued the herd into annoying him with foolish questions in his last years. He wanted to talk art; they only wanted the low-down on systems to beat the wheel—and was it true that he was going to start a gambling house in Havana?

He died a millionaire. Now, fourteen years after his death, his estate is probably worth more than when his will was probated. The two glass companies which he formed are making money for his estate, and one of them bids fair to be a conspicuous financial success.

III

IN 1885, when he was thirty years old, Richard Canfield started serving six months in jail at Cranston, Rhode Island, following conviction as a common gambler in a Providence court. Twenty-one years later, during one of the many lawsuits in which he became involved after he had amassed a fortune, he intimated that the prison sentence was a frame-up, that he had been given to understand that if he would plead guilty he would be let off with a fine.

There is a tradition—ephemeral enough—that Canfield knew but little about gambling: that he was really only an able business man who left details of the play in his establishments at New York, Saratoga and Newport to experts whom he inherited from others or was clever enough to pick up and bind to himself with hoops of steel. It is a pretty theory, but it doesn't hold water. The man who at twenty-one had won enough at faro to do the British Isles and the Continent in thoroughgoing fashion; who, after his unfortunate Providence experience, pulled every string he could to become a dealer in the famous gambling house at Number 818 Broadway, who patronized gambling places during his nights off when he was a clerk in the Union Square Hotel before the career of proprietor of a house started the gold flowing into his pockets—these do not bespeak the outsider who wants to know only how much money the house has in the safe. Canfield was diligent in business, whether that business was gambling, running a glass concern or collecting paintings—which is the reason, perhaps, why he was a success in all three.

Canfield never in his later years sought excuses for the gambling career that was now definitely at an end. To a newspaper reporter who wanted to know what had been the motivating factor in his choice of a gambling career, he answered:

"There must have been a peculiar combination of Quaker parentage, New England conscience and my own individual temperament. Among them all I became what I am. I have never felt anything to be proud of in my calling, and neither have I anything to be ashamed of. They gambled in the Garden of Eden, and I guess they will again, if there's another one."

IV

MR. JEROME, looking back to the stirring days of a quarter of a century ago, tells me that, despite numerous statements in the newspapers of that day in which he

was quoted as saying that Canfield was a crooked gambler, he never had more than negative evidence that would indicate anything of the sort.

"For a long time previous to our raid," the former district attorney told me, "we were watching Canfield's place and he knew that we were watching it. It would have been impossible for him to remove any large gambling paraphernalia without our knowing of it. When we raided his place, none of this apparatus could at first be found. We finally located roulette wheels, chips, cards and other things, but no faro boxes.

"Now I have heard some talk about crooked roulette wheels, though I have never seen one. But crooked faro boxes! Well, everybody knows how common they are. Any number of faro boxes could have been taken out of Canfield's without being noticed. If they were not crooked, why did he not leave them there? Certainly not because of their cost, for they were not expensive. That action by Canfield has always looked suspicious to me."

I asked one of Canfield's closest associates about this and he laughed.

"The plain fact of the matter," he said, "is that the faro box was in the safe that night and remained there. That was the only faro box Canfield ever had at the Forty-fourth Street place, and he kept it in the safe when it wasn't in use so nobody could monkey with it. And the box was on the square, just as every bit of apparatus Canfield ever had was on the square."

A dozen men who knew Canfield intimately, men who worked in his houses, were as one voice in assuring me that Canfield's paraphernalia was above reproach. Those who carried stories of crooked apparatus to the district attorney, they say, were of the lowest class of hangers-on—men who were willing to sponsor wild stories of double dealing by so-called respectable gamblers if only someone would keep them in funds. It is significant, Canfield's friends point out, that in the gambling profession itself no man of standing has ever claimed Canfield was crooked, though the reputations of others of his day have not come off well in the judgment of the years.

When Canfield was asked point-blank about the use of crooked paraphernalia in his house he said:

"It is absolutely silly to assert that I or any other so-called respectable gambler would use crooked gambling paraphernalia. The percentage in favor of a gambling house is sufficient to guarantee the profits of the house.

"All any gambler wants is to have play enough for a long enough time and he'll get all the money any player has. In business, if you or I can lend money enough at 5 per cent we think we are doing pretty well in these days. Every time a roulette wheel is spun and bets put on, the percentage on a thirty-six-inch wheel, with the double and single O and the eagle bird eliminated, is 5 5/19 per cent against the player. Therefore you will say that I get an interest on my money of 5 5/19 per cent every time a roulette wheel is spun.

"If I have any business at all, you can imagine what interest I get on my money in any one night. Besides, any gambling house, mine or anybody else's, employing as I do a very large force of men, would have to take every man into its confidence to run dishonest paraphernalia. For a crooked gambler to take his employe into his confidence is to invite blackmail. I have too much sense, to say nothing of honor and honesty, to incite blackmail or share my profits with anybody."

V

THOUGH he lived until 1914, and was active in business and art pursuits right up to the day when a fall in the New York Subway finished him, all the romance that attaches to Canfield's name relates to the period which ended in 1906, when he gave up his gambling career. Men lost hundreds and thousands of dollars in his various places in a night's play, and occasionally, but not frequently, a plunger like John W. Gates—the colorful Bet-a-million of jovial memory—walked out with $100,000 that Canfield had taken from other suckers. But no pikers called the turn of the wheel or the card at Canfield's. No struggling young bank teller had the opportunity of bucking the master gambler's roll; no tinhorn sport with a couple of hundred in his pockets and the whole night before him got by the massive bronze doors in Forty-fourth Street or the illusively more open façades at Saratoga and Newport. You had to be passed upon. If you made the grade and stood up under the successive financial shocks that frequent play was likely to entail, you were counted a patron, and anyone you recommended was able to gain admission. Thenafter your conduct and the way you reacted decided whether you remained eligible.

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

Canfield's, 5 East 44th Street

He regarded the I O U's presented by patrons whom play at his tables had temporarily embarrassed as representing money justly due him. On occasion, he brought suit to recover on these informal promissory notes—always in vain. If one should attempt to call the roll of lawyers who represented him in these and other transactions over the period of thirty years during which he was a prominent figure in the life of his day he would find it lengthy. With most of these men he parted in anger, but when his will was admitted to probate it was found that he had chosen a lawyer as executor of his by no means paltry estate, with absolute power to dispose of his holdings.

There are men of substance and high repute living today who had fifteen years while he was alive to pay him what they borrowed from him and did not do so, and have not paid his estate in the fourteen years that have elapsed since his death. But they need not fear, as the I O U's were long ago burned up.

The only male heir he left died six years ago without issue. But possibly 500 years from now his name will live in a card game he never played and which is only theoretically a gambling game.

VI

NEW BEDFORD, Massachusetts, where Richard Albert Canfield was born on June 17, 1855, was at that very time at the height of its glory as the great whaling port of the world. Schooners which had chased the whale in the seven seas tied up at its wharves and discharged their cargoes of oil and bone, to fit out anew and cruise for perhaps two or three years, until, having filled their holds with barrels of sperm oil, they returned to port to divide their shares and enrich the little city by the sea. During the decade 1850-1860 scarce a day passed without some whaler making port, to be surrounded in the lower harbor by boats carrying rival boarding-house keepers and ship agents anxious to make first contacts with Jack before he was fairly settled on land. Some 10,000 seamen made up the crews of these vessels; and although there were a few cotton mills in the city, probably 90 per cent of the population owed their living to the pursuit of King Whale.

William Canfield, father of Richard, had been a sailor on one of the whalers out of New Bedford in the early 30's, and the crutches he used to help him get about town spoke eloquently of injuries he had received as a seaman. Returning in the dead of winter from the perils of a long cruise in the Pacific, the captain of the ship had insisted that he be rowed up to the city at once. William Canfield was one of the men chosen to man the oars. In the bitter cold one of his feet was badly frozen. Crippled, he had to fight for the share of the cargo that was lawfully his. As for his injury, that was just his hard luck—and nobody helped him.

But if the exposure and resulting injury to his leg kept him from following the sea, it could not make him a human derelict dependent on the community. Living in

(Continued on Page 134)

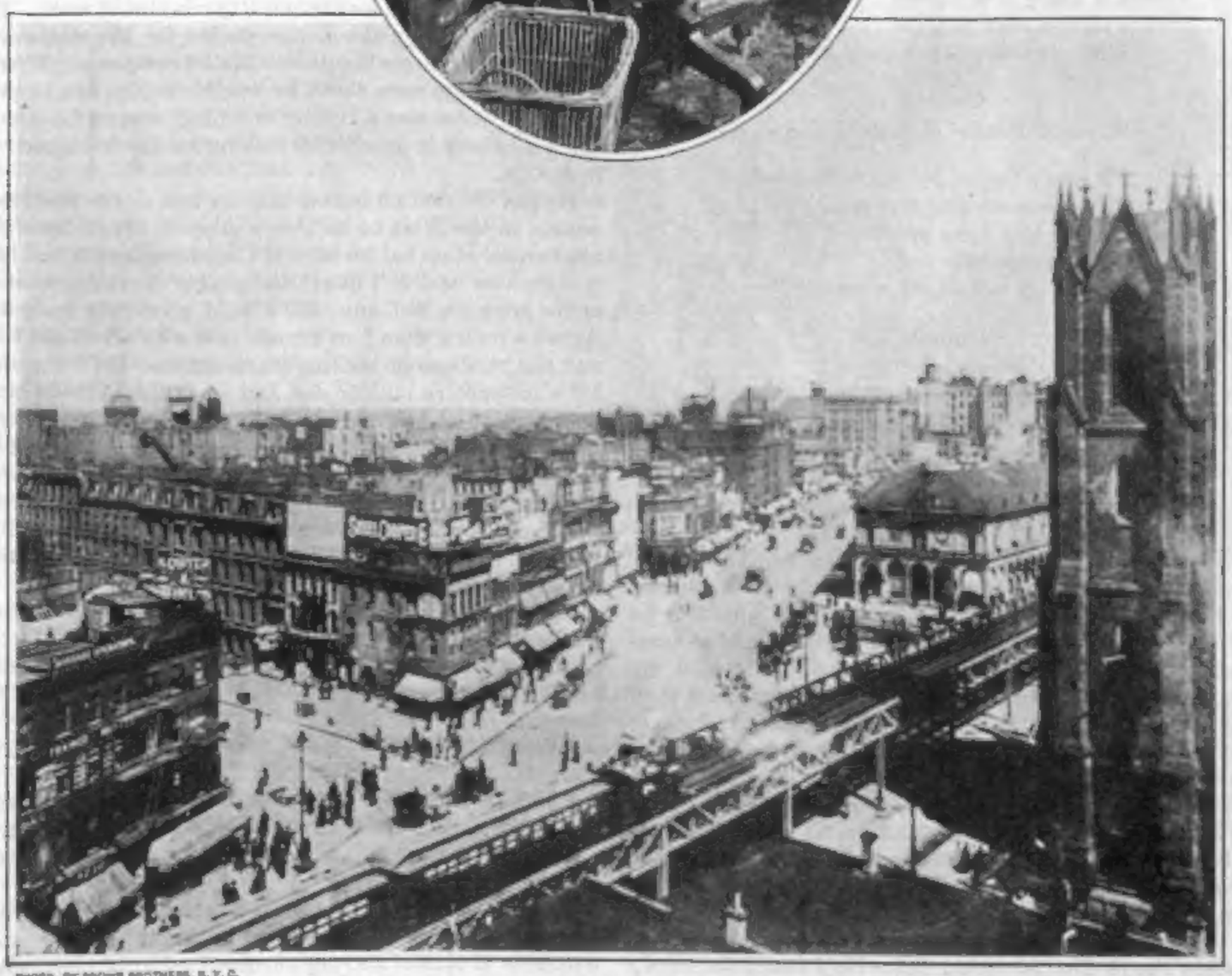


PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

Herald Square, New York, in 1898. In Oval—An Early Photograph of William Travers Jerome

That Big Rock-Candy Mountain

"Bob," He Said, "Do You Know Where You Can Hire Another Machinist?"

By A. W. Somerville

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

IT'S a funny title, isn't it—That Big Rock-Candy Mountain? It's really a song, and here is the why and wherefore:

I was working in the roundhouse, and one night a boomer named Bill—a boomer machinist—and I worked in the cab of the same engine. We'd gone into the roundhouse office together to get our work tickets, and the roundhouse foreman asked Bill if he'd give him a lift.

"What doin'?" says Bill.

"Th' fire door's leakin' on that 538 for th' Denver run," says the foreman. "Got some pin holes. You take a couple of minutes off an' calk it up. You can do it with a hand hammer easy."

Bill looked the foreman up and down.

"I ain't no boiler maker," he said flatly.

The foreman explained that he had two boiler makers on hot jobs they couldn't get loose from and that the third iron skull had laid off.

"I don't mind helpin' out," said Bill, "but I ain't no boiler maker an' somebody'll raise hell about it."

"Nobody'll say anything," answered the foreman; "nobody'll know anything about it but you an' me an' the kid here."

So Bill agreed. I drew a soft job in the cab of this Denver engine, and Bill came up the gangway a few minutes later. The engine was steamed up; there were four little leaks—pin-hole leaks—on the rim of the fire door. I sat up on the right-hand side and cleaned the feed valve and Bill squatted down on the deck and tapped and tapped and tapped, and sang and sang and sang.

It was the first time I'd ever heard That Big Rock-Candy Mountain. These are the words as I remember them:

On a summer day in the month of May,
A burly bum came hiking
Down a shady lane
Through the sugar cane;
He was looking for his liking.

CHORUS

Oh, th' buzzin' of th' bees
In th' cigarette trees,
Near th' soda-water fountain,
At th' lemonade springs
Where th' bluebird sings,
In that big rock-candy mountain!

On a run came a farmer an' his son;
To th' hayfields they were bounding.
Said th' bum to th' son:
"Why don't you come
To that big rock-candy mountain?"

CHORUS

Where th' buzzin' of th' bees, and so on.

So th' very next day they hiked away;
Th' mileposts they kept counting,
But they never did arrive
At th' lemonade tide
In that big rock-candy mountain.

CHORUS

Where th' buzzin' of th' bees, and so on.

Jock rolled his eyes up to th' skies
An' said to th' bum named Sandy:
"I'm weary, I'm starved,
I want a steak to carve.
Where is that gol-darn candy?"

CHORUS

Where th' buzzin' of th' bees, and so on.

"I'll hike no more, for my feet are sore,
I'll never reach that fountain.
I wanta be a home guard
With a lemonade card,
In that big rock-candy mountain."

CHORUS

Where th' buzzin' of th' bees
In th' cigarette trees,
Near th' soda-water fountain,
At th' lemonade springs
Where th' bluebird sings,
In that big rock-candy mountain.

You may not think this is such a good song. The answer to that is that you've never heard it sung by a boomer calking up pin holes with a hand hammer and squatting on a half-deck cab floor, with full steam pressure kind of zum-zumming to give it all a background. I've inhaled my share of operas, and I've heard this howdy-ow-dow stuff until my ears pretty near got cauliflowered, but I never have got more kick out of any song than I did out of the one Bill the Boomer wheezed out when he calked that fire door.

When he got to inquiring about that soda-water fountain, and where was that gol-darn candy, he could have given all his tools away and still had a big margin on any concert singer now annoying the American public.

Where the song came from, its history, and so on, I couldn't say. Neither could Bill. He'd heard somebody sing it, it appealed to him, he adopted it. He first heard it back about 1900, back in the golden age of the boomer. It probably started making the rounds before that time.

A high-hat guy who knew right considerable about music said it was a folk song, said it was probably developed little by little. I can believe the latter part of this easily, for there are some ten thousand verses to it, including the five or six that Bill didn't know, and it takes time to write that many verses. Even if you figured they were written at the same rate of speed that the amateurs polish off their one-act plays. But folk song or what not, it's a knock-out, a better song by a long shot than Frankie and Johnnie. Like Frankie and Johnnie, the tune follows the words, the tune comes from the words. Folk songs, as I understand from free advice from the high hats, own to this peculiarity, along with a fat percentage of hymns and college yells.

What kind of a guy was this Bill? I can try to describe him to you, give you some idea of the manner of man he was, but I'll probably miss him by a city block. Still, they can't stop the lad from trying. He was an old-timer, an old rail if ever there was one. He was known from the U. P. Trail to Gould's right of way through the Louisiana swamps, and from the four-track arteries of the East to the roundhouses in the California valleys. He was Bill the Boomer, and when he asked for a job they gave him a job. He was a journeyman machinist by trade, a tramp by inclination, and a craftsman and an artisan with hammer and chisel, barrel wrench and jack bar, micrometers and calipers. They gave him jobs because he could walk up to any machine in any shop and put out an hour's production for every thirty minutes of work. He could set valves on the Corliss engine for the stationary power plant or he could square a Mallet compound. Three-cylinder engines were about as complex to him as a bicycle pump. If there was a Heisler or a Shay around the place, Bill would keep in practice by making one lay down and roll over.

He put the first oil burner in a fire box on the first locomotive in the West to be thus equipped. He'd been the mechanical brass hat for several Chinese railroads, but had quit because he didn't like the language. Anything monotonous wore on William. He'd held good jobs in South America no less than four times—jobs with an official title and the privilege of wearing white collars. He'd traveled for a locomotive builder and had supervised the delivery and erection of new engines in India, Africa, and several places where even ox wagons can't navigate. Now let it be added here that he's not conjured out of a typewriter or manufactured from dream material. He's a flesh and blood, hard-headed and ornery mechanic. And more of a genius than the average author, biographies to the contrary notwithstanding.

He was a peculiar cuss, this Bill. He was as proud and touchy as an ex-heavyweight champ. He took no lip from anyone. He stopped the master mechanic one day and asked what he meant by walking through the shop looking so sour.

"What's the matter, Bill," asked the main pin—"you get outta the wrong side of bed?"

"I said good mornin' to you for the last three days," said Bill aggrievedly, "an' all you do is walk by lookin' sour."

The master mechanic never failed to return Bill's greeting thereafter.

He was tough, too; he owned a case-hardened exterior. There isn't any doubt in my mind but what he'd witnessed a number of violent and argumentative deaths, and there's considerable assurance, too, that he'd shoved a number

down the flume personally. He was about as easy to get along with as a starved lion at times, and then again he was like a gutter mutt you'd given a bone to. When he got in a bad humor he'd fight anybody or anything from the general foreman to the cold cut saw, morning, noon or night.

And yet, when all is said and done, my last impression of him, and the one I always shall associate with him, was that he was nothing but a sentimental old jackass.

Bill served his time—served his apprenticeship as a journeyman machinist—back in the days when a young man worked seven years on his time for next to nothing at all; back in the days when the valve setter, highest skilled of all, only made twenty-six cents an hour. And a day's work then wasn't the eight hours of our present system—it was twelve long hours. He served these seven years in a shop that considered part of the education of an apprentice to be the survival of kicks and cuffs. They didn't handle them with gloves in those times. And in those times, too, few if any shops ever hired their apprentices as machinists. So when Bill got his card he also got his walking papers.

The trade thought then that a machinist or a boiler maker was not a full-fledged journeyman—a competent mechanic—until he'd been around and about and had seen what there was to see. So Bill high-tailed out to have a look-see and add to his fund of knowledge as to the why and the wherefore, and he's been high-tailing ever since. When they bury him they'd better nail the coffin lid down good and tight, because if he hears a rumor about some place he hasn't worked he'll rise and go to that place, coffin or no coffin.

The roundhouse foreman was an old side-kick of Bill's, and the first dope I got on Bill came from this foreman. I don't know what started the foreman to talking—maybe it was my innocence.

"They ain't many left like him," said the boss. "They made mechanics when he served his time, not a bunch of specialists like we do now. First time I ever saw Bill was in Indianapolis—musta been about 1908. Bill had been out of his time longer'n I had, but he wasn't no hungrier. Both of us hired out to a road there an' it was about noon when Bill comes over to me an' says:

"'Say, Bob, didja know this lousy outfit was payin' seven cents under th' standard scale?'

"'Why, no,' I says.

"'Well,' says Bill, 'they is. An' I ain't workin' for no such a crummy outfit.'

"'Me neither,' I says, an' we starts pickin' up our tools. Th' foreman, he comes up an' wants to know, an' he gets told. Out we walks. We had two nickels between th' pair of us an' a meal ticket what Bill had what had only been punched once. But that meal ticket was good in a beanery in Marshall, Texas. I 'member all about that meal ticket; it was on th' Ginoccio Hotel, Marshall, Texas. Texas is one hell of a ways from Indianapolis, an', kid, we was hungry!

"Bill says th' master maniac at Marshall had done told him that whenever he wanted a job to come back. Bill had just quit there a week or so before. So Bill, he writes a letter to this guy indicatin' that he'd accept pretty near anything within reason, an' to send th' transportation to th' Union Station in Chi if th' proposition suited.

"We had us our travelin' cards an' we hit it lucky an' rode up to Chi on th' cushions. They wasn't hirin' nobody in Chi, an' I couldda traded the front of my belly for my backbone an' never known th' difference. Bill wouldn't stand for askin' for handouts from somebody he didn't know, an' th' breaks was against us an' we didn't meet nobody we knew in th' two days we was there. Fin'ly a white collar down at th' station dished us out wire passes an' we caught th' first one south. That brass hat down in Texas sent 'em good for two men 'cause Bill had told him he'd bring another man along if there was room.

"When we got to St. Louis we was so hungry it was like nobody's business. We hadn't had nothin' since we left Indianapolis except two hot dogs Bill had grabbed free in Chi, an' a sack of peanuts I'd lifted off the news butch. We had these two nickels, though, an' out we goes to find th' best free lunch in town. I bet you we walked into five hundred saloons. I never got so tired of walking into saloons an' walkin' right out in all my life. I got so tired of walkin' I like to passed out. Not a free lunch in any of 'em. We was sure gettin' tired, an' we'd done gone by th' stage of bein' hungry.

"We fin'ly walked into a saloon what had a big stack of sandwiches behind the bar, an' Bill says somethin' in a low voice about maybe they don't put th' free lunch out till after you buy a drink.

"So we says, 'Two beers,' an' th' barkeep shoves a couple at us.

"Bill says: 'How 'bout some lunch, brother?'

"'You mean free lunch?' says the barkeep.

"'Yep,' says Bill.

"'Ain't you heard?' asked the barkeep. 'Th' law closed up ev'ry free lunch in town—closed 'em up yesterday.'

"Bill an' me, we drank our beer an' didn't say nothin', but we did a lot of thinkin'. It was about five miles to th' station, but we got back somehow. They didn't have none of these hot shots then, an', kid, I thought we never would get to Marshall. It took all of two days outta St. Louis an' ev'ry time we got so hungry we didn't think we could stand it no longer we'd get out Bill's meal ticket an' figure what a swell nose bag we had comin'. We got to Marshall an' headed for that beanery, an' we was so hungry we rattled.

"We sat down an' started orderin' steak an' potatoes an' eggs an' anything what occurred to us, an' when they brought it to us there wasn't hardly room on th' table. An' then can you imagine what happened?"

"You couldn't eat," I said promptly.

"Kerrect," said the foreman. "We couldn't. It was awful. We sat there an' looked at th' food an' took a little bite an' looked at each other again. It was awful! I figgered out later that what was the matter was that we'd gone so long without fodder that we'd up an' forgot how to eat!"

Bill worked steadily in the roundhouse—we're back in the present—for over a month. He was saving up a stake, and when he had enough to serve his purpose and keep him in beans and clean clothes for a few days ahead, he walked up to the foreman one noon.

"Bob," he said, "do you know where you can hire another machinist?"

"Why, I guess so," answered the foreman.

"Well," said Bill, "you'd better get him. This one just quit."

"All right," said the foreman. "Be seein' you again sometime."

"Yep," said Bill, "be seein' you. So long."

He was leaving town and would have left town if he hadn't met another boomer on the station platform. He'd worked with this man in Mexico or Alaska or some near-by place, and nothing would do but they must have a drink to old times. They did. Bill found that his friend was flat busted and hungry, so they ate together. As the evening progressed the reunion got under way and stayed under way.

The climax came about three in the morning, and the scene of the final crash was a joint such as the W. C. T. U. shudder to think of. Bill hit the proprietor with practically everything but the light globe because the proprietor had cooled off Bill's playmate with a short but effective piece of lead pipe.

Bill took charge. In words of one syllable, he played hell. The bull in the china shop was the essence of calm contentment alongside of William when William took the bit in his teeth and entered the housewrecking business with malice aforethought. He left a lot of swell kindling in his wake; he even knocked a corner off the nickel piano. Anybody who can even chip a nickel piano is kindred to immortality; a nickel piano is designed to give and take punishment.

The law arrived in time to save the foundations, and short of shooting Bill they gave him the works. Three of them, it might be added. They took Bill and his playmate to the hoosegow and would have thrown the key away only they thought they might have some more customers. The next morning Bill got word to the shop and the foreman dug down in his jeans and so did about everybody else, and lo, it wasn't long before we had two boomers at work where only one had worked before.

They were a liberal education in themselves, mechanically speaking. In other ways too. Bill in particular could come closer to telling you what the score was, on any subject tough enough to come under his jurisdiction, than you could get out of a library or a university. And on some subjects not necessarily tough.

One day we were talking about socialism.

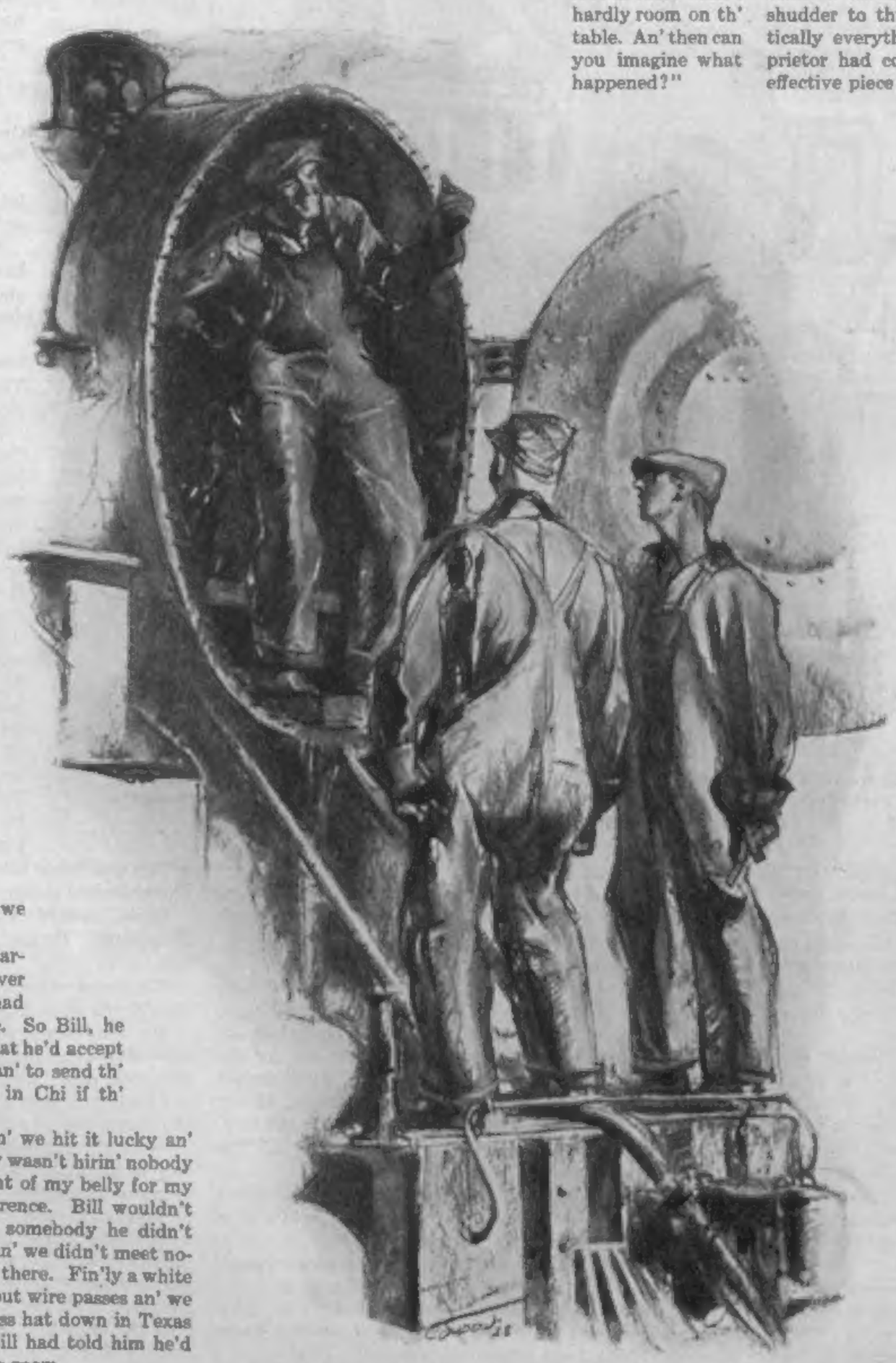
"You a socialist, Bill?" I asked.

"Damfino," said Bill. "Ain't nobody ever been able to tell me yet what it is."

One day we were talking about education.

"Book larnin' is all right," said Bill, "but if a guy has got a bug in his ear about knowin' all about everything, seems to me like he oughtta know somethin' about what makes it possible for him to get all his schoolin'. We're th' boys who do that, see. I ain't complainin', understand, but th' guy in overalls, th' guy what produces, he's what gives you ham an' eggs in th' mornin' an' a bed to sleep in at night. There's lots of different kinds—there's farmers an' sailors an' boiler makers an' machinists, an' if you get real hard up you might include engineers an' firemen. You figger it out real fine, an' you'll

(Continued on Page 146)



"I Didn't Make No Mistake." "Well," Says Bill, "You Might Not Call It a Mistake, But When That Engine Gets Out on the Road an' Won't Steam, th' Fireman Is Sure Gonna Think Somebody Made a Mistake"

THE TUBER

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

THERE was a shuffle of feet. Heads bobbed up from pink-covered examination books and stared bleary-eyed for a moment. Hands brushed at damp hair, then the pencils scratched on. Mr. Stuart Faulkner rose and sauntered down the side aisle, but instead of placing his neatly scribbled book on top of the growing pile on the desk, he took it with him as he went out into the corridor. Outside, he paused and filled his lungs with fresh air. From a pocket in his fawn camel's hair golf sweater he took a half-smoked cigarette, lit it and inhaled deeply. Five minutes later he reëntered the building and climbed the stairs to Room 312. He knocked discreetly and entered.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I felt that I owed you some explanation in common decency."

Old Professor Chiswick peered over the top of his gold-rimmed spectacles. "Ah, Faulkner—ah, yes—what can I do for you?"

Mr. Faulkner smiled sadly. "Very little, I'm afraid. I just wanted to thank you for your help and your kindness, and to tell you that I've appreciated your course greatly, even though I have failed miserably."

Professor Chiswick drummed on his desk top. "That's good of you, Faulkner. You think you've failed?"

"I'm afraid there's no doubt about it, sir." Again Mr. Faulkner smiled ruefully. "You see, there's something required in chemistry that I'm afraid has been left out of my make-up—some inner push and urge, a certain singleness and nobility of purpose, if you will. And frankly, although I can recognize that and reverence it, I can't respond to it myself. It's too big for me somehow—too vast."

"There's something in that, Faulkner. I don't believe I've ever heard it put that way before. The romance of it has escaped me. I've been too close to it all my life, I suppose."

"The romance of it, sir, if you'll pardon me, is stupendous; it's like a full-throated choir chanting the litany behind a gorgeous rose window; its fabric is like a magnificent Gothic cathedral—in perfect symmetry, perfect balance, perfect rhythm."

Professor Chiswick looked mildly startled.

"I mean—— Well, you see, I hate to have you think that I've just gone the way of all other failures and not got something from your efforts. I'll be quite frank with you. I had to take the course for my science requirements, but I wish now that there had been no compulsion behind it. I wish I could think that I had taken it voluntarily, because even though its substance is beyond me, the beauty and magic will always remain. And even though it means I'll have to give up my degree, I can feel I have some compensation."

"Oh, come now"—Professor Chiswick looked troubled—"it's not so bad as all that, is it? What's that you've got there?"

"It's my examination book, sir. I was going to tear it up. I didn't see any use of making you read it."

"Certainly not, Faulkner. Let me see it, by all means. Never give up, you know."

"Yes, I know. But, you see, even if I did pass by a slight margin, I'd feel a cheat and a buffoon. It would be ridiculous, to my way of thinking."

"Tut-tut!" Professor Chiswick bent over the book. "H'm—you know this, Faulkner—you've confused the ethyl and methyl units, that's all."

"You're right, sir. I don't know how I came to do that. That's plain stupidity on my part. I should have caught that in my reading over. That's just plain carelessness."

"I once worked eight vain months," said the professor, "on the basis of just such a transposition."

"That Remark," Said Mr. Faulkner, "Pains Me More Than I Can Possibly Tell You." He Sighed. "Coming, as It Does, on the Heels of One of the Most Charitable Thoughts I Have Ever Had for You"

"No—not you, sir?"

"Yes, we're all human—we're all human. Now this one you seem to have the general idea of. Of course, I can't give you full credit, but ——"

"No, sir, I wouldn't want it."

Professor Chiswick went on with his reading, checking the book now and then with his blue pencil, nodding or shaking his head, humming to himself. When he had finished, he reached absently into his desk drawer for the daily test records and the laboratory marks. He thumbed them through and jotted two figures upon a pad. They were 59 and 42. He ran through the numerals in the margin of the examination book and totaled them at 72. The average of the three was 57.6.

Mr. Faulkner sighed. "As I thought," he said—"just missed it. I'd much rather it had been a flat failure than just a two point—it would be more honest."

"That does seem a shame." Professor Chiswick frowned. "It's a pity we have to base on numerical averages."

"Oh, I don't know, sir. After all, they're all we have, and numbers don't lie. I expected it. I knew what to expect and I think I can take it like a man."

"You're passing everything else?"

"Yes, sir. But that won't make any difference, I'm afraid. I need this, so there I am."

"But surely you'll take the course again?"

"Unfortunately, I can't. I have just so much money and no more. It would be too much to ask of my people and of you. I mean, you've tried your best and the fault has been mine."

"You're not planning on medicine, are you?"

"No, sir. I'm taking my degree in arts. I have no leaning toward specialization. My theory is that college is a place in which to build a broad nonspecialized base for one's pyramid of life. A little of everything and no early specialization."

"I see—rather sound too," Professor Chiswick nodded. "If you had passed, would you have taken further chemistry?"

"No, sir, I wouldn't have wasted your time, but I should have asked you for permission to sit in on your A3 course. To me, it's like the East—there is a lure to chemistry that I can't shake off."

"True—true. Faulkner, I'm going to pass you. I like the way you think. I like your mind and I'm not going to let two points stand in your way." He wrote 60 over 57.6 and put down his pencil.

"But, sir, that isn't right—it isn't fair to the other fellows, I mean."

"Each man is an individual, to be treated as such. I'm afraid we forget that."

"Well, I'm sure I'm more than grateful. I mean—— Will you shake hands, sir?"

Professor Chiswick rose and shook hands. Further, he crossed to the door and beamed Mr. Faulkner out. As the door closed he rubbed his chin.

"Why," he asked himself, "did I do that? Oh, well, let me see, where was I? Yes." He went back to his desk and picked up his volume on heat curves.

On the other side of the door, Mr. Faulkner stood very still, looking at a point in thin air that rested on a level with and three feet in front of his dazed eyes. He loosened his necktie slightly and wiped his damp palms on his stomach. He found himself on the floor below. He found himself outside. Suddenly he leaped into the air and smacked the heels of his brogues together. Landing, he set off on a run across the campus. At the pillared gates of his house he broke into leg kickings and aerial leaps, his left arm circled across his stomach, his right drawing forth imaginary rose leaves and scattering them broadcast. Taking the veranda steps in two jumps, he sprawled gracefully on his stomach, put the finger tips of his hands together and rested his chin on his knuckles. Mr. Mongoose Sloane looked at him apathetically.

"Life," said Mr. Faulkner, "is good. Stuart has passed chemistry." He got up, dusted himself and sat upon the rail.

Mr. Sloane stared. Mr. Sloane said, "You dirty tuber! How'd you work that?"

Mr. Faulkner smiled benignly. "Mongoose, my son, some day when I'm dead and gone you will recognize me as a great man. You will know my worth then."

"I will pull your arm off and beat your brains out with the stump."

"Peace!" admonished Mr. Faulkner. "Go on with your way of life and I shall go on with mine. Study, my son. Be an earnest seeker. But for me—vague uncertainty. The glorious gamble of the bluff. If I study, it is certain that I shall pass. If I do not study, but trust to my wits and the appalling lack of resistance the faculty presents to my dominating personality, I shall become a far better bond salesman than you will. One forgets," said Mr. Faulkner, "all the facts one learns, very shortly. One never loses one's ability to dominate if one continues to practice it. Bluff, my son, is the noblest virtue engendered in us who languish in academic cloisters."

"I hope," said Mr. Sloane, "to see you up the creek with no oars."

"Cruel," said Mr. Faulkner; "unworthy of your noble soul. . . . Ho, frosh!"

Mr. Gasper Purdee, '32, came to the window and stuck his head between the fluttering curtains.

"Go to the telephone," said Mr. Faulkner, "and call Willowwick 793. Tell Miss Knowles that Mr. Faulkner will call at eight in a tremendous and glittering roadster. Mention the fact that Mr. Faulkner will be his usual smiling self and that he will take great delight in bandying brilliant small talk for the pleasure of Miss Knowles' company, and don't take no for an answer—and don't trip over the seat of your pants."

Mr. Gasper Purdee stared open-mouthed in admiration. Mr. Mongoose Sloane snatched up a chair cushion and hurled it viciously at Mr. Faulkner. Mr. Faulkner caught it and put it between his head and the pillar he leaned against.

"And you don't get the car either!" said Mr. Sloane.

"That remark," said Mr. Faulkner, "pains me more than I can possibly tell you." He sighed. "Coming, as it does, on the heels of one of the most charitable thoughts I have ever had for you."

"Yea? Well, if I have to stay home and sem on Dante, when I should be working on math ——"

"My dear fellow—precisely the case. I will eliminate the Dante with a wave of the hand, leaving you only the math." Mr. Faulkner swept a piece of paper from his hip pocket and spread it upon his knees. There was traced on the paper a rough cross section of a flight of stairs beginning with limbo and ending in ice, each step carefully annotated in a fine hand. "Behold—a skid which I give you gratis." He handed the paper to Mr. Sloane. "Memorize that and you have the gist of the course. Given the gist, what more do you need? Obviously, this: With forty papers to mark, a prof must necessarily forget the individual in the mass; therefore the individual must be called to his attention, cleverly and insidiously, at the last moment. Most tubers do it clumsily. My method is different."

Mr. Gasper Purdee came to the door. "The maid says she's out, but she'll tell her."

"Pronouns hopelessly confusing," said Mr. Faulkner. "But, however ——" He took Mr. Sloane's arm. "Come."

Mr. Sloane held back. "Hey, wait a minute! What's this anyway?"

Mr. Faulkner led him to the telephone and took down the receiver. "Main 189," he said. "Hello —— Oh, I'm sorry, Mrs. Allen. Is the professor there? Yes—if he's at luncheon, don't bother—no. This is Roger Sloane speaking—in his course, you know. . . . Yes, I wanted to ask him a question—yes."

"Hey, cut it out!" hissed Mr. Sloane.

"Oh, how do you do, Professor Allen? I hate to bother you during the examinations, but I've just had an argument with Mr. Faulkner—yes. We were discussing Dante and that led us on to Vergil and the Æneid, and Mr. Faulkner says that one of the reasons for Æneas leaving Carthage and Dido was that Dido was quite probably a black woman. That hadn't occurred to me before, and I wondered if you could give us any light on it. . . . Yes, of course yes. I know that, of course [illegible] Yes, sir—quite true . . . No, it had never occurred to me either; but naturally, though the Trojans were Orientals, I don't think there is any more reason for thinking them black —— No, I see that. . . . Yes, that's what I told him. An interesting theory, though. . . . Oh, quite true. . . . Well, thank you, sir. Sorry to disturb you about it. I mean, one must always seek the literal, I believe, even in the anagogic —— No, I don't believe I'll have any trouble tomorrow. . . . Thank you, sir—thank you. No—math is my stumblingblock, I'm afraid. Somehow there isn't the lure to it that classic poetry has. . . . Yes, sir. . . . Good-by."

Mr. Faulkner turned around. "There you are—you've passed Dante. All you have to do now is throw away the book and memorize the skid. Old Allen thinks that, next to himself, you're the cleverest guy in the world. Give me the keys to the car."

Mr. Sloane fumbled in his pocket. "Wait a minute - who was this Dido?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Faulkner. "They had an argument about her in poetry the other day. Some dame who used to hang around with Æneas—this guy Vergil wrote about it." He took the keys.

Mr. Sloane's roadster, with Mr. Faulkner at the wheel, drew in to the side of the elm-shaded road and stopped while Mr. Faulkner nibbled delicately at his little finger nail. Mr. Faulkner was taking a painless course in the history of astronomy. As far as Mr. Faulkner was concerned, his chances of passing were sewed up and secure. He knew how long it took light to travel from Betelgeuze and what declension and right ascension were. So much for that; but Mr. Faulkner needed a B in the course. He debated with himself for a moment and let in the clutch. As the car turned the corner, he saw Professor Suydam trimming his privet hedge. He stopped the car.

"I see a man in California holed out in one with an iron today, sir—a hundred and thirty yards."

"Is that so?" said Professor Suydam. "Usual iron shot for him or off his wood?"

"Off his wood," Mr. Faulkner smiled. "That's the way of those things—when you least expect them, they happen."

"True—I took seven to the fourth green today. Felt rotten—and sank a sixteen-foot putt immediately afterward."

"Is that so? I must get out again as soon as the exams are over. I haven't been out in a week."

"It's a great diversion for mental work."

"True—but you don't get the time in a crisis of this kind." He smiled. "Fact is there's a conspiracy against you at this moment. I'm on my way to join it. We're semming up on Astronomy III for your hazard tomorrow. I'm understudying you, as a matter of fact. If a man runs a slight point above passing, all the fellows below rope him in to help them out. Such is life." Mr. Faulkner sighed. "Hello—I'm late. Good night, sir; and I'd like to have a round with you after the battle is over."

"Splendid—any time—and good luck."

"Thanks." Mr. Faulkner drove off. At the next corner he raised his right arm until the cuff of his coat sleeve was close to his lips. Then, into the sleeve he said "Ha-ha-ha!" slowly and emphatically.

Ten minutes later he stopped the car again and walked up the cement walk to her house.

She was standing in the hallway behind the maid who opened the door for him. She was in wispy gray, with gray shoes and stockings on her twinkling little legs.

She frowned and said, "Who told you to drop in?"

He said, "My dear girl, how do we know such things? The gods in their goodness bestow me upon those who are worthy." He shrugged. "I am merely a puppet in the hands of fate—at the beck and call of the prayers of maidens."

Martha the maid giggled. Judith looked at him and bit her lip.

"Look at it this way," he said gravely: "In another hour there will be a moon. The carriage waits without. We shall go to Cedar Lake and in the Nirvana of Joe Kennedy's music we will lose ourselves and forget the cares of a cruel world. Come." He crossed the foyer and took her wrist. "Tremble in ecstasy, for I have two dollars and a half in my pocket."

She smiled. "But suppose I have something else to do?"

"What?" he gasped. "Would you fly in the face of the will of the gods?" He led her to the doorway and bowed her into the veranda, still holding her wrist. With his free hand he swept the air before him. "Behold the magic of night the incense—the splendor." His voice vibrated on a deep note. He went down the steps to the walk, dragging her gently after him. "So it was," he said, "that Paris took Helen. Come on, you little fool, you'll wear out your shoes if I have to drag you all the way."

"Well, stop then! I'm not going. I have another date and I don't want to go anyway."

"Tut-tut!" he admonished. "Stuart will beat his little girl." They were out on the sidewalk. He stopped. "Who is this usurper who would walk in my shoes?—to horse greave me, buckle me, helm me! I will do combat to the death."

"No, you won't at all. Let go of my wrist, Stuart. I hate you!"

She stamped her foot.

"Love," he said, "is akin to hate. How shall we tell them? How know them apart? Thus it was with the Sabine women, but once in Rome, do you think they did not love their conquerors? Come, [illegible] into the car, kicking and pummeling him, sprang in beside her and drove off.

As he passed the light at the corner,

(Continued on Page 48)

"So It Was," He Said, "That Paris Took Helen. Come On, You Little Fool, You'll Wear Out Your Shoes if I Have to Drag You All the Way"

REBORN IRELAND

A Section of the Shannon Hydroelectric Project

By Isaac F. Marcosson

PEACE has come to once-embattled Ireland. North and south remain separate units with a rigid customs barrier, but the gap between South Ireland and the Crown is bridged with a treaty that erected the Irish Free State and made it an independent unit in the British Commonwealth of Nations. From political confusion Ireland has turned to an economic rehabilitation unique in the drama of European reconstructive effort.

Amid the post-Armistice welter, Ireland's peculiar contribution to contemporary history has almost been overlooked save by those directly affected. England, Germany, France and Italy have bulked the biggest because of size and relation to the international fiscal and productive structure. Yet Ireland's war outlived the great conflict by five years. In no external area has there been such interest in the reborn Ireland as on this side of the Atlantic, and for a definite reason. The United States is often called part of the mainland of the Emerald Isle. With us St. Patrick's Day is almost a national holiday. You can scarcely throw a stone anywhere from the Canadian border to the Mexican line without striking somebody of Irish descent or association. There are more Irish in Boston than in any city in Ireland except Dublin. We were the first to recognize the Free State and are the only great nation with an accredited minister to it.

Transplanted Britons, Germans and Italians maintain an abiding interest in their mother country, yet no expatriates surpass, and few approach, the exiled sons of Erin in devotion to the old land that gave them birth. Ireland remains a sort of living thing, to be cherished and succored. Her crises are theirs.

A New Peace in Ireland

TO THE casual and untraveled American the name "Ireland" is synonymous with protest. Most people know that for many decades the struggle for home rule enlisted the eloquence of men like Grattan, O'Connell and Parnell. They marvel that amid the incessant confusion so great a Celtic literature could have been produced. The cycle links Steele, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Swift and Tom Moore with Shaw, Yeats and George Moore.

Although the Irish are wedded to lore and legend, there is no myth about their fighting qualities. When not at odds with Britain they have been embroiled among themselves. No wonder Ireland, in her most famous song, was labeled "The most distressful country that ever yet was seen."

The chaos which seems to have been the country's peculiar heritage naturally impeded economic expansion. To dissension were added famine and nearly every other woe to which a people can be heir. Living and labor conditions were appalling. The absentee landlord was one of the many curses of a sorely beset country. Acute poverty provoked the mighty exodus to the United States. During the nineteenth century 4,300,000 Irish emigrated to these shores. They represented half the entire population of Ireland in 1841, the year preceding the great famine period.

The Free State of today is in sharp contrast with the South Ireland of yesterday. A greater advance in every direction has been registered during the six years of independent government than during the entire preceding century. Business supplants blarney. Landlordism has ceased. More than 60 per cent of the farmers own their holdings. Coöperatives made for widespread rural prosperity. Model housing is wiping out the congested degradation of the cities. Nearly 1600 miles of trunk roads have been converted into modern concrete highways. Schools rise on all sides. In 1927 Irish exports were valued at more than $200,000,000. The Shannon hydroelectric scheme, nearing completion, has immense social as well as industrial significance, because it will take Ireland out of the candlelight era. The Free State is one of the few creditor countries of Europe with a record low per capita debt.

A Connemara Farm, Showing the Difficulty of Finding Enough Earth to Grow Potatoes Between the Rocks

Even the atmosphere has undergone a change. During the Black-and-Tan era and throughout the civil war South Ireland was a whispering gallery thick with intrigue. Life carried on under a sinister pall that masked the worst. The exact reverse now obtains. Frank speech and action prevail. The country has emerged from the shadows.

Animating revival is the spirit of youth. The average age of the members of President Cosgrave's cabinet is forty-two years. Always strong on paradox, the Free State presents the spectacle of being one of the oldest, as well as the youngest, of nations.

Nor is the spirit of adventure lacking. The Free State focused world interest last spring when the Bremen hopped off from Baldonnel Field, just outside of Dublin, for the first successful transatlantic airplane flight from east to west. One of its navigators was Major James Fitzmaurice, chief of the Free State flying service. This historic trip emphasized the curious affinity that has always existed between the Germans and the Irish.

To comprehend the evolution you must first be told that there are two Irelands. Hence the conflict of nationalistic aspirations that has wrought so much trouble. In the north is Ulster, the Protestant domain, which is as much a part of the United Kingdom as Kent or Surrey. In devotion to the throne neither London nor Manchester has anything on Belfast. It out-Tories the most uncompromising royalist. While Northern Ireland, comprising most of Ulster, has its own premier and parliament, the fountainhead of power is Westminster.

The New Order

THE Free State is the old South Ireland, principally Catholic in religion, and comprising twenty-six counties. In them reside 70 per cent of the entire Irish population. It is with the Free State that this article is solely concerned.

Needless to say, Irish politics have been charged with dynamite for participant, innocent bystander and historian alike. Despite

Digging Peat in Connemara

the dawn of peace, whatever you write on the subject is still certain to find disfavor somewhere. My appraisal of the new order, therefore, will skirt the danger zone as far as it is possible to do so. A bird's-eye view of the political approach to the treaty with Britain and its aftermath is necessary, however, to an appreciation of what the Free State means.

The storied rocky road to Dublin was a path of pleasure alongside the rocky road to freedom. The Home Rule Bill, about which Gladstone thundered, apparently had as many lives as the proverbial cat. It was forever being passed, only to elude final action when consummation seemed certain. One reason was that the Irish themselves could never agree on a receptive program harmonizing all conflicting factions. Besides, Ulster stood like a rock against southern isolation. Only the outbreak of the World War prevented a physical clash between the two sections. In 1914 home rule received royal assent, but its operation was postponed for the period of the World War.

This did not please the southern Irish. On Easter Monday, 1916, the Irish Republic was proclaimed and bloodshed began. It lasted, with little interruption, for seven years. The tricolor of orange, white and green—it later became the flag of the Free State was unfurled. Curiously enough, this banner was devised by the Young Irelanders in 1848 to symbolize the union of north and south. The white stripe was supposed to indicate peace between the orange and the green. As most people know, orange is the badge of Ulster and green the color of the Catholic area.

The British put the Easter uprising down with a strong hand. Out of these events emerged Sinn Fein as the dominant political factor in South Ireland. Its evolution is characteristically Irish. The words "Sinn Fein" mean "we ourselves alone," a motto expressing the policy inaugurated by the founder, Arthur Griffith. It meant refusal to send representatives to the British Parliament and reliance on Irish effort alone. It also embodied repudiation of taxes, nonrecognition of British courts and a general isolation procedure to gain freedom. From the start Griffith expressed the saner element in the Sinn Fein movement, while Eamon de Valera led the extremists who contended for out-and-out separation from the Crown.

For two years British policy alternated between conciliation and repression. In 1918 the Irish members of the British Parliament flatly refused to sit in Westminster, and set up the Dail Eireann, Gaelic words meaning Irish Parliament. A republican government was launched to supplant the British régime. Loans for the new order were negotiated in Ireland and the United States.

The Black-and-Tan Period

BRITAIN took measures to circumvent what was construed as open revolt, and the reign of terror, more commonly known as the Black-and-Tan period, followed It got its name from the fact that the constabulary, largely recruited from demobilized British units, wore khaki uniforms with black caps. Bitter guerrilla warfare developed. It took toll of thousands of lives and wiped out millions of pounds' worth of property.

Anarchy loomed when a fortuitous circumstance intervened. In June, 1921, Lloyd George invited De Valera, then president of the Dail Eireann, to confer with him in London. The British were willing to grant self-determination, but De Valera still stood pat for absolute separation. In consequence the first meetings were fruitless. Meanwhile men of the type of Michael Collins and Griffith, who represented the constructive forces in Sinn Fein, resumed negotiations.

Reason prevailed, and on December sixth what were technically recorded as Articles of Agreement for a Treaty Between Great Britain and Ireland were signed. For Britain the document was attested by Lloyd George, Austen Chamberlain, Lord Birkenhead and Winston Churchill. The Irish signatories were Griffith, Collins, Robert Barton, E. S. Duggan and Gavan Duffy, on behalf of the Dail.

The treaty realized every aspiration of nationalistic South Ireland. It gave her the same constitutional status that was enjoyed by Canada, New Zealand, Australia and South Africa. The words "colony" and "dominion" were carefully avoided. The vexatious matter of allegiance was disposed of by merely requiring members of the Free State Parliament "to be faithful to His Majesty King George V, his heirs and successors by law, in virtue of the common citizenship of Ireland and Great Britain, and her adherence to, and membership of, the group of nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations."

Irish Farmers Bringing the Day's Milk to a Cooperative Creamery. In Oval—A Milkmaid of Munster

The Free State assumed liability for a proportionate share of the existing public debt of the United Kingdom and the payment of war pensions. The treaty provided for the creation of a provisional régime pending the framing of a Free State constitution and the erection of a regular government.

Protest had become such a habit with one wing of Sinn Fein that even these concessions, in which Britain had gone the limit, had their day of doubt and despair. De Valera, now the irreconcilable, led the fight on ratification. Griffith, Collins and their supporters carried the day, however On January 7, 1922, the Dail—which is pronounced as if spelled "Dawl"—accepted the treaty. It was also overwhelmingly approved by the British Parliament. The long night of suspense and suffering seemed to be over.

On January sixteenth occurred an event which put the final visa on the passport to self-determination. Dublin Castle was turned over to the authorities of the infant state. If you know anything about the history of Ireland you can judge the immense significance of this transfer. What the Bastille was to the French so was Dublin Castle to the Irish. Its towered and turreted walls inclosed both a fortress and a prison. They represented British rule, and this, in turn, meant oppression. Here many popular heroes, including Robert Emmet, languished behind the bars until they went to the scaffold. Once the object of bitter hatred, it became a symbol of the new freedom.

The Free State's troubles were not over literally by a long shot. Again arose bloody differences among the Irish themselves. De Valera had become head of the so-called Irregulars, who kept up the war on the treaty despite the fact that it had been ratified and was acceptable to the majority of the people. When the general elections returned a Dail favorable to it, he and his cohorts revolted and a fresh outbreak started. This time Irish were arrayed against Irish. De Valera adhered to the original principles of Sinn Fein. He applied them to the Free State Government with the same ruthlessness that he employed against Britain

Post-Treaty Turbulence

BANKS were looted, bridges destroyed, dwellings burned and railway lines torn up. Everybody lived in fear and terror. During the turmoil Griffith, who had become the head of government, died of exhaustion, and Collins, his successor, was murdered. At this juncture William T. Cosgrave stepped in as chief executive of the Free State and has remained at the helm ever since, maintaining the traditions of the Griffith and Collins leadership.

It was not until the spring of 1923 that the insurrection was stamped out and treaty adherents could feel for the first time that their position was secure. They were returned to power in the August elections. A month later the Free State entered the League of Nations, while in the

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The American Legation in Phœnix Park, Dublin

LIMITS

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD BRETT

Mr. Black's Mouth Fell Open. He Stared at the Man; Then Shifted His Gaze to the Gun. Its Muzzle Was Pointed at His Head!

"SOUTH TRUMET!" shouted the brakeman, throwing open the car door. Asaph Black removed his feet from the seat opposite that occupied by the rest of him, stood up, yawned, dragged from the rack a shabby imitation-leather suitcase and meandered along the aisle. The train pulled up beside the lonely little way station and he stepped off on the platform. His three-day outing—the annual excursion to the Mammoth Fair at Brockton—was over. Soon he would be at home again in the tiny gray-shingled cottage by the beach at West Trumet. Well, home wasn't such a bad place. He had had a good time at the fair, but good times could not last forever. On the whole he was glad to be free from the crowds and the noise and the strangers who would talk to you whether you wanted to talk or not. If it were not for Jemima and the cross-examination which he knew was awaiting him, he would have been contented and carefree.

"The Hermit" was what West Trumet's summer sojourners called Asaph Black. He lived alone in the story-and-a-half cottage inherited from his father, cooked his own meals, washed his own dishes, and worked at carpentering when he chose to work at anything. There were no neighbors within a mile and Asaph hoped there never would be any. He was a good-natured, simple-minded little bachelor of sixty, and his only relative was a half sister, Mrs. Jemima Snow, a widow, who in appearance, temper and temperament differed from him as greatly as their surnames differed. She took it upon herself to maintain the family standard of respectability. Asaph and his manner of living were, in her eyes, blots on the escutcheon and she did not hesitate to remind him of the fact. She bossed him and ordered him about as if he were a child, and he, the habitual nonresistant, humbly obeyed—almost always. The "almost" is to be emphasized, because there had been instances when this ordinarily placid half brother of hers sat back in the traces and balked. Then all Jemima's tongue-lashings and upbraidings failed to budge him a single inch; he was immovable. And the most provoking thing, from her standpoint, connected with those very rare spasms of rebellion, was the fact that she could never be sure when they might occur, nor prophesy, with the least certainty, what command of hers was likely to bring them about. Asaph would accept without a murmur ninety-nine out of a hundred orders. The hundredth, however—as likely as not the least exacting and most inconsequential of all—he would ignore completely. Up to a certain point he was putty in her hands; at that point he became adamant.

He called upon her regularly once a week and between calls he was acutely conscious that he was under her surveillance. She owned and occupied the white house on the slope of Packet Hill at the outskirts of the village, and from her second-story-back windows she could see, by means of the binoculars inherited from her husband, Captain Sylvanus Snow, the Black cottage and premises and what went on there. The fact that, as a usual thing, nothing whatever went on did not make Asaph less easy in his mind. He knew she was watching him and that, later on, he would have to account for the slightest deviation in his daily routine. When he called at the white house he expected to be cross-examined and he always was.

The excursion to the Brockton Fair was one of the "certain points" where Asaph's obedience to his sister's orders refused to function. Each fall, early in October, he departed for what he called his "vacation." He looked forward to it for months with eager anticipation and back at it with memories which lasted all winter. He went alone, of course—he preferred his own company to that of others—and spent glorious hours of excitement, wandering about the grounds, watching the ball games, taking in the side shows, hanging over the fence about the trotting track. When he returned home, as he was returning now, he answered his sister's questions truthfully and completely, but he took care never to mention the side shows or the horse races. Jemima disapproved of fairs, but particularly of play-acting and racing, which she considered almost as disgustingly sinful as the use of alcohol.

As he swung off the car step and, carrying the ancient traveling bag, moved across the platform the half dozen loungers who were there to see the train come in set up a shout of greeting. Asaph absently waved his free hand in acknowledgment of the hails, but he did not stop to chat. Already he was rehearsing the story which he must tell Jemima. It behooved him to avoid contradictions and mistakes. She was a wily female, this half sister of his. She had a trick of leading him on and on, listening, nodding innocently and apparently believing, until, just as he was congratulating himself that the danger was over, she sprang the trap toward which she had been steering him all the while. After that—well, he did not like to think about it.

Someone seized his arm. He turned to find Bill Doakes, driver of the automobile depot wagon, grinning at him

"Here, here, Ase!" chuckled Doakes. "What's your hurry? Where do you think you're bound?"

Asaph, his thoughts still busy with the impending cross-examination, regarded him dreamily.

"Eh?" he queried. "Oh, hello, Bill; that you? I'm bound home, of course. Don't hinder me; I've got a two-mile tramp and this satchel to lug besides."

Doakes chuckled again. "Where do you cal'late your home is, Ase?" he asked.

Asaph stared. "Where do I cal'late ——" he repeated. "Hi! Where you goin' with that satchel?"

Doakes had snatched the bag from his grasp and was moving off with it. "I'm savin' you the trouble of totin' it over to my car," he retorted. "You are ridin' with me, Ase. Mrs. Snow gave me orders to meet you and fetch you right down to her place. Come! Get a move on!"

"But—but, Bill, I ain't goin' to Jemima's—not yet I ain't. I'm goin' home first."

Doakes did not trouble to reply. He strode across to the depot wagon and tossed the black bag through its rear door.

"Climb aboard, Ase," he ordered.

Asaph, who had trotted at his heels, sputtering protests, continued to sputter.

"But, Bill," he insisted, "I'm goin' home. Don't you understand? Home!"

Mr. Doakes lost patience. "For thunder sakes stop wastin' breath!" he commanded. "Home's just where I'm takin' you, if you must know it. Jemima Snow's house is the only home you've got for the next two, three months. She's rented out your shack at the shore to a passel of duck gunners from New York or somewheres, and they moved in yesterday. There! Now you know as much as I do. Are you goin' to get aboard or ain't you?"

Asaph got aboard. As the rickety flivver rattled and bumped over the road he pumped agonized questions at its pilot. The answers he received were brief and unsatisfactory.

"I've told you all I know," grunted Doakes, "and I guess likely Mrs. Snow will give me pepper when she finds out I've told you that much. All I had orders to do was to tell you to get on this depot wagon. She'll tell you where to get off. Tellin' folks where to get off is one of the best things she does, ain't it, Ase? Ho, ho! That's a good one, if I did say it."

Jemima Snow was waiting at the side door when her half brother alighted in the yard. She paid Mr. Doakes his fifty cents, dismissed him without even a "good day" and led the way into the stiff little sitting room where the crayon enlargements hung on the walls and the black haircloth chairs and sofa were primly arranged in a rectangle about the marble-topped center table.

"There now, Asaph," was her greeting. "Here we are together again. Isn't it nice?"

Asaph muttered that he guessed so. He was staring at the ingrain carpet and his eyes were opening and shutting rapidly. Mrs. Snow, herself, was not entirely at ease. She picked at her apron and regarded him through her spectacles.

"Well, Asaph," Mrs Snow went on, after a moment, "I presume likely you're wonderin' why I had you fetched here. I—I—well, you see, I've got a little surprise for you. A real nice surprise I guess you'll think 'tis when I tell you."

Mr. Black forgot his habitual fear of his domineering half sister.

"Say, look here!" he sputtered wrathfully. "What's these doin's I've just heard? What's this about your rentin' out my house to a gang of duckers? Rentin' it and turnin' me out of house and home without even askin' me aye, yes or no? You ain't been and done that, have you, Jemima? By time, if you have I—I ——"

He finished the sentence by waving both fists in the air. Mrs. Snow leaned back in her chair.

"Oh," she said slowly, "so you've heard about it already, have you? That Doakes thing told you, I suppose. I might have known that a solemn promise from him carried about as much weight as a feather in a gale of wind. So he told you, eh? Of course he did!"

"I want to know if what he said was so. If it was I—I ——"

"Wait a minute now! Suppose it is so, suppose I did see the chance to make a whole lot of money for a brother that never earned hardly a decent week's wages in his whole life? Suppose while that brother was off wastin' his substance—what little substance there is—on fairs and horse trots and—and the land knows what more disgraceful dissipations there may be that even he is ashamed to tell about ——"

"Now—now, Jemima, you're always heavin' out fool hints like that."

"I ain't hintin'. What I know I know. What I don't know—what kind of men—yes, and women—you may have been keepin' company with ——"

"Women! Godfrey's mighty, what women would I be ——"

"That I don't know. Oh, don't worry; I leave that to your conscience. All I've got to say just now is that when I see the chance to make a good business deal—a wonderful business deal—for that kind of brother, do it without thinkin' of myself at all, go to all that trouble on his account, then it does seem to me the very least he can do is show some gratitude. And when I offer him a comf'table home to stay in while the money's heapin' up for him, I—but there! I hadn't ought to expect any different, I guess. I've had experience enough, heaven knows! Oh, dear! . . . Well!"

She wiped her eyes with her apron. Asaph groaned.

"Aw, now, don't cry, Jemima!" he protested. "I suppose likely whatever you done you thought you done for the best. I realize you're a smart business woman and I ain't. It's only—only that for you to rent my house when I wan't to home to say whether I wanted to rent it or not, kind of—well, it kind of upset me, as you might say."

"Humph! If you'd been at home where you belonged, I shouldn't have presumed to rent it, should I? But you was off spreein' with horse jockeys—and worse, for what I know—and when those rich city men came to me and offered one hundred dollars a month ——"

Mr. Black broke in here, he could not help it. "A hundred dollars a month!" he gasped. "Do you mean to tell me you got a hundred dollars a month for that place of mine down yonder on the beach? You couldn't have! Nobody'd be fool enough to pay half that!"

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Dugan Was the First to Recover. He Shouted, "Come Out of That, You!"

MILLIONS NOW LIVING ARE ALREADY DEAD

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"Don't Make Me Lose My Temper, Marjorie"

NECESSARILY, there is no time for detail in retaining any adventure of J. Thorpe Timms. Just a hasty brushing in, as it were, of the main facts—snappy, staccato, peppy.

The entire business career of our hero has been just that way—breathless. Hardly had you heard that he was connected with the sales-promotion department of the Soda Soap Company in an executive capacity but you discovered that you were really two executive capacities behind—the management of Soda Soap having proved unsympathetic, while the president of Workless Washers, Inc., was nothing but a Foxy Grandpa masquerading as a Simon Legree. And as you well know, you simply can't click in any executive capacity demanding creative ability if you are hampered by suspicion, jealousy, old fogyism, lack of vision or lack of business courage on the part of those old women who grace the private offices of big business. You simply can't click. That is all. No ——

But there really isn't any time for that. Let us get right down to brass tacks. Check? Right.

J. Thorpe Timms took the girl by the arm and guided her gently down the wide steps of the veranda of the country club and across the smooth turf. A free and easy autumn moon furnished the illumination. Scenery—as J. Thorpe Timms would put it—by Nature, and the dark-haired girl in the dress of floating rose tulle. Particularly the dark-haired girl in the dress of floating rose tulle. J. Thorpe Timms, as perfectly groomed as a bond salesman, furnished the first incidental sound. He laughed gently.

"So this is Miss Marjorie Thayer! Just think of that."

The girl turned an amused profile into a little ripple of laughter. Ripple really clicks here.

"So this is the new sales manager of the Huntville Shovel Company? Just think of that."

"Think of it some more," begged J. Thorpe Timms; "it grows on you. Give it a Coué. Over and over again. Think of the new sales manager. Think of the new sales manager. Think of the new sales manager."

"But ——"

"You'll be surprised. In a few moments you will be finding yourself repeating: 'Think of Thorpe Timms. Think of Thorpe Timms. Think of Thorpe Timms.' And then "

"But "

"—— we come down to it. Think of Thorpe. Think of Thorpe. Think of Thorpe."

"Really?"

"Positively. Now take my case." J. Thorpe Timms lit a cigarette and then cast the blazing match into the night. "I said: 'Think of Miss Marjorie Thayer who returned tonight after visiting friends in the East for several months. Think of Marjorie Thayer who returned tonight. Think of Marjorie Thayer! Think of Marjorie!' Simple, isn't it, Marjorie?"

The girl laughed again.

"Isn't it?" she agreed mockingly.

"Pussy!" said Mr. Timms.

"Do—do you always think so hard about girls you have just met?"

"Never," said Mr. Timms, "and I dare you to ask me why."

"Why?"

"Good for you," applauded Mr. Timms. "Now we're getting somewhere. . . . Because I never met a girl like you before. Ask me why I rushed you out here three minutes after I was introduced to you. Ask me, please."

"Why?"

Mr. Timms dropped his cigarette. "Because millions now living are already dead. That's why."

The girl, still smiling, shifted the mandarin coat that lay across her white shoulders. "I don't understand what you mean, Mr. Timms."

Mr. Timms laughed airily. "From the neck up," he explained. "Flapping about. Getting nowhere fast. Take my own case. The Bible says 'threescore years and ten.' One score already shot before I meet you. Why should I beat about the bush?"

"Why, indeed? But ——"

"Or take your own case," pointed out Mr. Timms. "Here you are, standing on the threshold of life and condemned to stand there, unless ——"

"Unless ——"

Mr. Timms lit a fresh cigarette not so much because he wanted to smoke but because it was good salesmanship. It gave the customer a look at the package. The flare of the match danced across the white shirt front up to the handsome chin with the cleft in it. "Of course," said Mr. Timms reflectively after the glow had died, "I didn't know at the time that it made any difference to me personally."

"What?"

"The little bucolic idyl between you and William."

The girl stopped, stared, and then laughed again. "But now that it does ——"

"William," went on Mr. Timms, "is a nice boy and it doesn't hurt him to keep barking up the wrong tree. People like William are always barking up the wrong tree. They're just naturally made for wrong trees. They love them."

"Oh," said the girl.

"I've only been with the Huntville Shovel Company for two months; William has been with the company ever since he came out of high school. Ask me why I say that."

"Why do you say that?" the girl inquired dutifully.

"Because I know more about the Huntville Shovel Company and what makes it click than William does, even if he is the assistant general manager and official wet nurse to the president."

"You are a smart young man, aren't you, Mr. Timms?"

"I hope so," said Mr. Timms modestly

The moonlight hid the grim little line which took the curve out of the girl's lips. "I—I suppose you felt sorry for the poor little small-town girl tied down to her struggling girlhood sweetheart."

"Check," said Mr. Timms carelessly.

"The—the struggling youth who, in twelve years, had only reached the point in his business career where he was assistant to the president and general manager?"

"Check," repeated Mr. Timms calmly. "Now ask me why I was sorry and why I'm not sorry any longer."

"Why, Mr. Bones?"

Mr. Timms smiled gently at the girl's sally. "Because from the first moment I saw you—about twenty minutes ago—I knew that you would never be tied to an assistant all your life. You clicked. Aren't you glad?"

The girl stopped. So did Mr. Timms. "What am I supposed to say? Check?"

"We would be that much further ahead," admitted J. Thorpe Timms. "We could have a slogan about it: 'Win with Timms because Timms always wins.' How's that?"

"Nutty," said Miss Thayer coldly. "Absolutely nutty." Then she smiled. "But the joke is on me, isn't it? You've just been spoofing right along, haven't you?"

"Listen to me," said Mr. Timms sternly, almost masterfully. "Is it nutty to go straight to the point about anything? Is it nutty to cut out all the waste motion and all the hemming and hawing, and get right down to brass tacks? Is love a four-year course or something? Don't make me lose my temper, Marjorie."

Womanlike, Miss Thayer passed the question. "Why—why do you say that William is barking up the wrong tree?" she demanded.

Mr. Timms chuckled, both at the passing and at the question. "Prove it to yourself," he suggested. "Ask him who he is working for. Wait! I'll tell you his answer right now. He'll say: 'The Huntville Shovel Company and Asa P. Gundry, President.'"

"Is—isn't that the right answer? Or should he say the stockholders or something?"

Mr. Timms lit another cigarette and gave his customer a pleasing view of a set of flashing teeth bared in a joyous grin. "I knew who I was working for before I had been with the Huntville Shovel Company a week. That's the way I do things. I go straight to the point. I took a peek at the stockholders' list. That told me I didn't have to pay

"William, I Want You to Do Me a Favor. Will You?"

Miss Marjorie Thayer and Mr. J. Thorpe Timms Sat in Two of These Chairs and Watched, One Tensely, the Other Amusedly, the Progress of a Big Young Man and a Tall Thin Old Man Up the Gentle Slope to the Last Green

much attention to a poor old stuffed shirt like Asa P. Gundry. Not me. William—I almost said your William—thinks Asa is the Big Jaw. He's fond of the poor old boy. Gives him a play all the time. And he isn't a bad old coot. I don't mind him personally at all. Rather like him, mild old blue eyes peering out from his ten-cent-store glasses, and everything."

"But ——"

"But William goes right on barking. So do I, but up a different tree. Because why? Ask me."

"Why?"

Mr. Timms nodded. "Not just because poor old Asa owns less than a hundred shares of Huntville Shovel, but principally because nearly twenty thousand shares are held by the First National Investment Company. Who owns the First National Investment Company? The First National Bank of Huntville. Who is president of the First National Bank of Huntville? Mr. Jephtha Widener. Check?"

"Check," agreed Miss Thayer faintly; "but I still don't quite see ——"

"It took me just a week to a day," went on Mr. Timms rapidly, "to open my new desk, dig out the facts, get introduced to Mr. Jephtha Widener and lose a golf match to him on the twentieth green." Mr. Timms grinned joyously. "The balance of my two-month sojourn in your beautiful little city has been devoted—exclusively—to barking up the Widener tree. That puts me eleven years and two months up on William."

"How interesting," said Miss Thayer politely.

"Isn't it?" agreed Mr. Timms instantly. "Logical too. The shortest distance between two given points is a straight line. Check? Old Jephtha and I are as playful as two puppies on the parlor rug. That's salesmanship—what is known as the build-up. William probably never heard of it, but he will during the next few days."

There was a sly hint of something definite in the last sentence.

The girl raised her head alertly. "Really?"

"Really," assented Mr. Timms modestly.

"Tell me what you mean."

"It is really a secret."

"Please, Thorpe."

"Girl," said Mr. Timms softly, "you certainly know your geometry. Promise not to tell?"

"Y-yes."

"Old Papa Gundry is going to retire."

"How do you know?" tensely.

Mr. Timms grinned. "Old Pal Jeppy let it drop and then tried to cover it up. I let him believe I didn't get it. Me. Ha-ha!"

"I don't believe it," said Miss Thayer very suddenly, passionately. "Uncle Asa wouldn't do a thing like that without—without telling us—William. He knows we—we expect to announce our engagement soon and he wouldn't ——"

"Expected," corrected J. Thorpe Timms very earnestly. "Not expect."

"Expect," repeated Miss Thayer in a tone that certainly was more vehement than geometric. "Shall!" Then she laughed straight up into the calm face of her companion. "I never heard of such a thing. Such colossal nerve! Such assurance! I—I suppose you expect to get Mr. Gundry's position?"

"I do."

"You really think," the girl demanded incredulously, "that—that you can step in and in two months' time, by—by playing a little golf—you can step over a man that has spent twelve years ——"

"It isn't how much time you spend; it's the way you spend it," Mr. Timms pointed out. "Not that I blame you for getting a bit excited about it. I expected it. When you know me better you'll understand what I mean."

Miss Thayer had another laugh for that—a bitter little laugh.

"I—I suppose you feel quite sure that we are—going to know each other better?"

"Beginning tomorrow night at eight o'clock sharp," said Mr. Timms cheerfully.

"You wouldn't dare!" declared Miss Thayer warmly. Then: "Let's settle this right now, Mister Modesty. I don't care to see you tomorrow night or any other night. You are the biggest mountain of conceit I ever met. Repeat that over and over again till it clicks! Mr. Timms, the mountain of conceit. Mountain of conceit! Mountain of conceit!" then she turned and fled across the grass.

Mr. Timms watched the rose-colored dress scud through the free-and-easy autumn moonlight with an amused smile.

Miss Thayer rode home in the little green roadster belonging to her fiancé, Mr. William Hamilton. Mr. Hamilton spread all over the diminutive wheel, like an amiable bear, and chatted good-naturedly about the doings of the past two months. Miss Thayer was limply responsive. Only toward the end of the drive did she speak of her own initiative.

"William," she asked after a long pause, "who owns the Huntville Shovel Company?"

William executed a sharp corner with his entire bulk.

"What a funny question, honey. Old Asa, I suppose, and the stockholders."

"But who are the stockholders?"

William didn't know. Never paid any attention to that end of the business. "Why?"

"Nowhy," said Miss Thayer, and sank back into the seat. After a while she asked another question. "William," she wanted to know, "what—what sort of a person is this J. Thorpe Timms?"

"Oh, him," said William tranquilly. "He's all right, I guess. Some people think he has a pretty good opinion of himself, but I suppose you get that way in the sales business. Always treated me all right. Why?"

"No why," said Miss Thayer quietly.

"Old Widener," William went on, "certainly thinks he's the fair-haired boy of the universe. The old boy plays golf the way he forecloses a mortgage, and Timms lets himself get foreclosed every Saturday afternoon regular." William chuckled.

Marjorie Thayer agreed. "Funny, isn't it?"

"Isn't it?" said William placidly.

"A great joke," murmured Miss Thayer.

"Pretty good," said William tranquilly.

"Rich!" There was a certain tartness about the appreciation. A tartness that was lost entirely upon the amiable William, about to execute another sharp corner. Marjorie Thayer grasped the door of the roadster until the tightness of the grip hurt.

It made her mad. Boiling. It had always stirred a vague resentment within her to feel that she was always right when she knew that she was wrong. Always. But tonight, still smarting from the effects of Mr. J. Thorpe Timms' calm assurance of his own worth, the annoyance of days gone by took on added irritation and dissatisfaction.

(Continued on Page 53)

"Uncle Asa, I Want to Ask You Some Questions. May I?"

ON THE BOTTOM

By Lieut. Commander EDWARD ELLSBERG

The S-50 Comes Alongside for a Divers' Rehearsal

WE KNEW now we could handle and secure the pontoons whenever we were ready. We let that matter rest awhile. A more important matter was to complete the sealing up of the interior compartments which had baffled us before.

The motor room was all closed up, but the ventilation valve there had chattered and let out all the air when we had put a pressure on it the November before. Then we had no means of sealing it off; now we did have. The leaking valve led directly from the top of the motor room into a water-tight main underneath the deck. If we could get at this main, remove a section of it, and put a blank flange across the end leading to the motor room, the air leaking from that valve could no longer escape.

Kelley went down with the torch, burned away the steel deck aft and exposed the ventilation main. It took two days' work by six divers to unbolt one flange on this main and part of a second flange. There they were stalled; they could not reach the remaining bolts. I naked Kelley to dress, got dressed myself, and together we went down, Kelley carrying the torch, to see what else we could burn away without ruining the water-tightness of the engine room below the pipe, that would make it easier for us to get at those five bolts.

Kelley went down first, I followed him down a descending line attached to the boat itself this time. Going down the second time was easier, less nerve-racking. Soon I made out the conning tower of the submarine below me, slipped down through the water a few feet more. Something grazed my side. I held to the descending line, stopped a moment. Jutting out from the after side of the conning tower past which I had been sliding, was the ship's bell. I paused to read the inscription:

U. S. S. S-51
1921

I examined it more carefully. It was a bronze bell, about a foot high. What a wonderful souvenir of the ocean floor that bell would make! I determined to slip it out of its bracket and take it up with me when I rose.

Ripping Out the Trouble

I LOOSENED my grip on the descending line and slid the remaining few feet to the hull. This time, although I noticed the pressure as before, my head stayed clear. With a gleam of elation I walked aft, for the first time actually treading the deck of the S-51 herself. But the walking was not easy. The deck sloped so badly to port that each step had to be taken carefully to avoid slipping overboard. I went slowly, hanging tightly to the low railing on the high side.

Kelley stood by with the torch, ready to burn away what I indicated, but there was nothing underneath that we could cut without ruining the tightness of the engine room.

I glanced aft along the main toward the motor room. The pipe rose away from the hull as it ran aft. The after flange on the section we wished to remove was some six inches clear of the hull; here the divers had managed to remove all the bolts which held the after pair of flanges together.

I saw the answer. As long as that pair of after flanges remained uninjured, it made no difference how we removed the pipe section we were after. I shut off my air. The roaring in my helmet ceased.

"On deck. Send down a wire hawser. Stand by to heave on it when I tell you." I opened my air valve again.

In a few minutes a wire hawser came down the descending line to us. We dragged it aft, took a turn with it round the unbolted end of the main, gave the signal to heave. The hawser tautened, the pipe bent upward, then was torn out of the ship and vanished over our heads. In a few minutes we had a blank flange securely bolted over the end of the pipe leading to the motor room.

When finally I reached the surface I shifted from my diving dress to an old uniform and joined the deck force on the quarter-deck. A sailor was coupling the motor-room air hose to the blowing manifold just over the Falcon's stern capstan.

It was an everyday scene, but, for the men there, a rather tense moment. We had worked for months to seal up that motor room; each time before, something had gone wrong, but now we had it and we were ready to blow out the water.

Commander Ellsberg With the Bell of the S-51

Niedermair opened the air valve, sent air at 100 pounds pressure rushing down the hose, and in his notebook jotted down the time. He estimated the compartment would take two hours to empty of water.

"Look!" Hawes plucked me by the arm and pointed to a spot just astern of the Falcon. A stream of bubbles was rising over the stern of the submarine where a moment before had been only quiet water. Niedermair shut off the air to the hose. The bubbles stopped. He turned the air on again. In about half a minute another stream of bubbles appeared in the same spot.

There was no doubt about it. There was another leak somewhere in the motor room. We blew a little while longer, but the air pressure inside the submarine rose no higher. The air was coming out as fast as it went in. Carr went down to investigate. He was below only a short while, and came up with only forty minutes' decompression.

Another Leak

"THERE'S a bad leak in her side, commander. I couldn't reach it from the deck, but I tied my life line to the rail and hung down the starboard side just opposite the hatch to the motor room. It's a bad seam in her hull The bubbles are coming out where two of the plates are riveted together. I could slip the edge of my knife into the joint."

There was no help for it. We had to calk it up.

To make sure of the job we decided first to fill the open seam with lead, calked firmly in, then split the steel plate edges again and calk them iron to iron in the regular manner. Eadie was chosen for the job, Eiben to help. We made up long strings of braided lead, weaving them from fine electrical fuse wire, and gave Eadie a set of wood-calking tools for that part of the job.

On the bottom, Eiben tended from the deck while Eadie stood on his little stage against the side of the hull and calked in the lead braids with the hand tools. String after string went in and was hammered down before the gap between the plates started to fill up. At last the lead had plugged the opening, and the mallet in Eadie's hands had driven it firmly home. Tom Eadie then took the air-driven hammer, slipped in a chisel, braced it against the plate, and squeezed the trigger. On the Falcon, listening on his telephone, I heard the clatter of the chisel against the steel hull. It paused at brief intervals, but otherwise kept up a steady rat-tat-tat for thirty minutes. Then it ceased.

In a far-away tone, I heard Eadie call, "On deck! Put the air pressure on the motor room again."

Niedermair turned on the air. We waited a short while. Eadie called again: "The seam is tight where I calked it, but it's leaking farther down now. I'll calk that." His hammer started drumming away again.

We might have expected it. Any boilermaker knows how calking part of a seam is apt to spring leaks from the vibration in the rest of the seam ahead of the chisel. Eadie chased the leak along with his chisel, calking seven feet of seam altogether before he came to the end of the joint and finally stopped the bubbles from escaping. Then, loaded down with tools, Eadie and Eiben were hauled up to the stage. They had been down an hour and twenty minutes.

Next day we resumed our blowing on the motor room. Again we clustered round the manifold while Niedermair manipulated the valves. The air went through steadily. We blew for half an hour, tested the pressure, found it balanced at fifty-three pounds. The water in the room had

dropped eight feet, leaving the motor room half dry. We blew again, sure now that we had it, when, for the fifth time since we had started work on that room, another stream of bubbles began rising to the surface. The bubbles this time were too far aft to be over the motor room itself, but they were coming from the motor room without doubt, for whenever we stopped blowing, the bubbles stopped.

Once more a diver went down to search for a leak—a new diver this time. Davis, torpedoman, third class, one of the men who had trained with me, was sent to investigate. Slowly he crawled aft from the conning tower, came to the motor room, searched along the deck on both sides to where the superstructure and the deck ended. No sign of any leak. He slipped off the deck to the cylindrical hull of the submarine, very fine here as it approached the stern, and straddling one leg down each side of the tail, hitched himself aft, a little at a time.

About twelve feet from the tip of the submarine he found a leak. Here the smooth hull of the ship had a dent nearly six inches deep and several feet in diameter. In the center of the dent two rivets had pulled out of the shell, leaving holes an inch wide. From these, two jets of air rushed out, merging into one stream of bubbles constantly floating up

Davis came up, reported. The leak puzzled us. The S-51, of course, had no such dent in her when she sailed on her last voyage. The City of Rome had rammed her forward and could not have damaged her stern. We had not worked there with any weight which might have made that mark. Finally we concluded that during the winter, while we were away, some vessel had unknowingly dropped anchor right over the S-51, and the anchor, bouncing off her stern, had caved it in and pulled two rivets out of the shell. At any rate, there were the dent and the holes, and we were losing air from the motor room as fast as we sent it down.

Chief Torpedoman Kelley Getting Dressed

The Motor Room Dry at Last

FROM Davis' description we cast a number of special lead plugs to seal the holes. A new but not an inexperienced diver was chosen for this task. Gunner's Mate Wickwire, of the Panama submarine flotilla, whom somehow we had missed before, volunteered and came north in May. His stocky build and cheerful disposition—unusual for a diver, for most of them are quiet men—made him a welcome addition to our force.

Wickwire landed on the submarine and started out, but like many a diver before him, he lost his sense of direction and went forward from the conning tower, instead of aft. Not till he reached the gun on the forecastle did he begin to wonder.

Then he asked, "On deck. Has this submarine got a gun on her stern?"

I imagined what had happened.

"No!" I yelled. "You're on the bow! Go the other way!"

Wickwire retraced his steps. Like Davis, he straddled the narrow stern and slid out along it till he came to the dent. He pushed a plug through one hole, then carefully riveted it over with his hammer, filling the countersink left by the old rivet.

But the second hole he found partly blocked by the remains of an iron rivet. None of his plugs would enter. Finally he split a lead plug with his diving knife, drove half the plug into the hole, and pened it over smoothly Then, still straddling the stern, he pushed himself backward till he came to a broader part of the hull and started up the descending line.

Once again Niedermair turned on the air. Steadily he blew. The water went lower, the pressure increased. Finally the gauge registered fifty-seven pounds. Not a leak anywhere. The motor room was dry at last!

The first week in May the S-50 rejoined the squadron All the new divers were taken on board her, to make them familiar with the S-51, while the older divers examined her to refresh their memories.

The work on the first pair of pontoons had taught us something about the troubles in handling them. We proceeded with the second pair with the trepidation born of experience

The second pair of pontoons were to go down alongside the bow. This, like the stern, was a little clear of the bottom, owing to the rocker shape of the submarine's keel. The divers passed reeving lines under the keel; the moment we started hauling on the lines they slipped up the curved stem and out from under the bow. We passed a new set of lines; in spite of our greatest care, they also refused to stay under the keel, and came free. It became evident that something positive was necessary to keep the lines from running up the curved stem.

I thought of a trap for the line. About ten feet from the bow the ship had a mushroom anchor fitted into her keel, with a cylindrical shank that ran about six feet up into a hawse pipe between the torpedo tubes. If we could only drop that anchor, the shank would still stick several feet up into the hawse pipe when the mushroom hit the bottom, which was only three feet below the keel. Any lines rove abaft that point would be stopped by the anchor shank

Letting go the anchor, however, was a conundrum. The releasing gear was inside the torpedo room forward Though several of our best divers had tried the fall before to enter that room, none had succeeded because the small, peculiarly sloped hatch, intended mainly for loading torpedoes into the boat, had proved inaccessible to a man in a diving rig. Though I believed that in a pinch Wilson or Eadie might do it, I hesitated to ask. Meanwhile, I looked over the S-50 for an easier method

Examining her with Lieutenant Commander Lenney, I found that the cable for the mushroom anchor, which was a heavy wire hawser, ran forward from a reel over the torpedo room through the non-water-tight superstructure forming the forecastle, to a pulley over the top of the hawse pipe. It passed from the forward side of the pulley down the hawse pipe, where it shackled into the anchor. From the outside of the ship the cable was inaccessible except at one point where it passed through a deck locker. The little hatch over this locker, about one foot square, could be thrown back from the deck, and the anchor cable was then visible about three feet below the deck

Dropping the Anchor

IN A FEW more minutes Kelley went down on the S-51, the torch dangling at his wrist. Landing on a line tied to the gun, he walked cautiously along the forecastle, found the little deck locker near the bow, and threw back the cover. He could not feel the cable, as it was beyond the reach of his fingers; he could not see it, for it was black inside the water-filled forecastle.

I listened carefully on Kelley's telephone, meanwhile keeping my eyes on the regulators between the gas flasks and the torch hoses. Kelley was turning on the gases; one at a time the air, the oxygen and the hydrogen started to flow.

"On deck Turn on the igniter"

I threw in the switch, called out: "The igniter is on."

I heard a bang, a steady muffled roar. The torch was lighted. I switched off the current to the igniter.

On the S-51's forecastle Kelley lay down flat, carefully thrust the burning torch down the opening, shoved his arm through after it as far as it would go. He brought his helmet over the hole. Near the brilliant orange flame a heavy black streak ran fore and aft. Kelley swung his torch against it, pressed the trigger. A long spurt of white flame shot across the locker with a shower of sparks. Slowly Kelley drew the torch upward. There was a sharp snap, the two halves of the

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Wickwire Dug His Fingernails Into the Sheathing and Climbed Aboard the Pontoon

THE MIDDLEMAN

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

ONE of the pleasant things about business is the scope it gives for imagination. Almost always, I have noticed, the difference between the heads of businesses and their subordinates lies in the fact that the former use their imaginations and the latter do not. Perhaps I am overstating it, but it seems to me that lack of imagination is largely lack of energy. When you see a man who tries to reduce business to a comfortable formula, it is pretty safe to say he does it to save wear and tear on his brain.

During my early years with the Empire Wholesale Company I had a spell of trying to economize brain power, and one of the things for which I have cause to be grateful to Thaddeus Carpenter is the fact that he went to some trouble to show me the error of my ways. Like every growing concern, we were rather liberal in our credits. Mr. Carpenter himself was the court of last resort in the credit department, but as time went on he left many of the details to me, particularly in the matter of jogging up those of our customers who were inclined to get behind in their payments. During the early years of the present century there was a general tendency to place great faith in machinelike efficiency, and I became a convert.

It was always quite a job for me to compose the letters that I had to send out to delinquent creditors, and on one occasion I chanced to see an advertisement in a trade magazine that set me to thinking I might spare myself much of my labor of composition. The advertisement had been inserted by a man in Kansas City who offered a series of collection letters that he guaranteed would bring the money from the most hardened of debtors. As the price was only three dollars, I sent him the money out of my own pocket and the letters came by return mail. There were five of them, and the instructions were that one should be mailed to the delinquent debtor each week until payment was forthcoming. A feature of the letters was their progressive sternness. Number 1 was a polite reminder of the debt; Number 2 contained a demand for immediate attention, and so on to Number 5, which threatened to turn the account over to an attorney. The author of the series failed to state what was to be done in case the debtor still remained delinquent—whether actually to go to law or to start the series all over again.

Be this as it may, I was tremendously impressed with the possibility of such a set of collection letters, for I believed they would reduce my work to an easy formula. The idea was to have a quantity of each run off on a typewriter and laid aside for use as needed. Blank spaces were left where the debtor's name could be inserted; so all I would have to do, when an account fell in arrears, was to say to a stenographer, "So-and-So's account is past due. Fill out form letter Number 1 and mail it to him."

The Kansas City author had suggested that the credit executive might find it advisable to make minor changes to fit his particular line of business. I did this, adding little touches of my own to each epistle, and when finished I felt I had some real literary gems. Letter Number 3, I have reason to recall, was my favorite, and a portion of it ran as follows:

> As we have twice notified you, Mr. ——, this account is past due. Kindly have your treasurer make out check in our favor and mail immediately. You are doubtless aware, Mr. ——, that prompt payment is the basis of good credit. Do it TODAY!

About this time it appeared that the account of one M. Dobshinski, a merchant in the southern part of the state, needed attention. I had never heard of his town, which was called Ward's Pond. One of our salesmen, Fred Husted, had been in that section and sold Mr. Dobshinski a bill of tools and cutlery amounting to about three hundred dollars, and the merchandise had been shipped upon Husted's recommendation. We frequently did this in cases where no definite credit information was to be had, and Husted stated he had learned from other travelers that the merchant was entirely reliable. When the sixty days rolled around and no check appeared, I thought it was a good time to try out my series of collection letters. Under ordinary conditions I would have consulted with the salesman, but Husted was out on a long trip and it seemed to me had that a merchant should let his first purchase from us go past maturity without even an excuse on his part.

I mailed Mr. Dobshinski form letters Numbers 1 and 2 successively and nothing happened. Another week passed and I was getting Number 3 out from my desk to give to a stenographer, when Thaddeus Carpenter happened by. He inquired curiously what I was doing. I had said nothing to him about my new scheme, thinking I would later surprise him with its results, but at his question I explained it to him in detail and rather proudly showed him my entire series of letters. He read them all interestedly and inquired how they had worked so far. I answered that Mr. Dobshinski's case was the first trial of their efficiency; that the first two letters had not brought results, but I had faith in Number 3, which I was then preparing to send.

Mr. Carpenter picked up Number 3 again and studied it with great care. Finally he said earnestly:

"This Dobshinski account looks sort of bad. Maybe Fred Husted made a mistake when he recommended the fellow as all right. I think maybe you'd better go down and see him. Even if you don't get a settlement, a little trip won't hurt you any."

Of course I was pleased at the idea of a trip, besides the compliment that was implied in sending me. I was twenty-two at the time and this was the first case where Mr. Carpenter had allowed me to handle more than the routine matters of the credit department. I asked him when I should go.

"Better make it day after tomorrow," he said. "There's no use letting a thing like this run on." He looked at letter Number 3 once more and then added: "When you get to Dobshinski's store inquire the first thing if there is any mail for you. Something may turn up between now and then, and if so I'll write you."

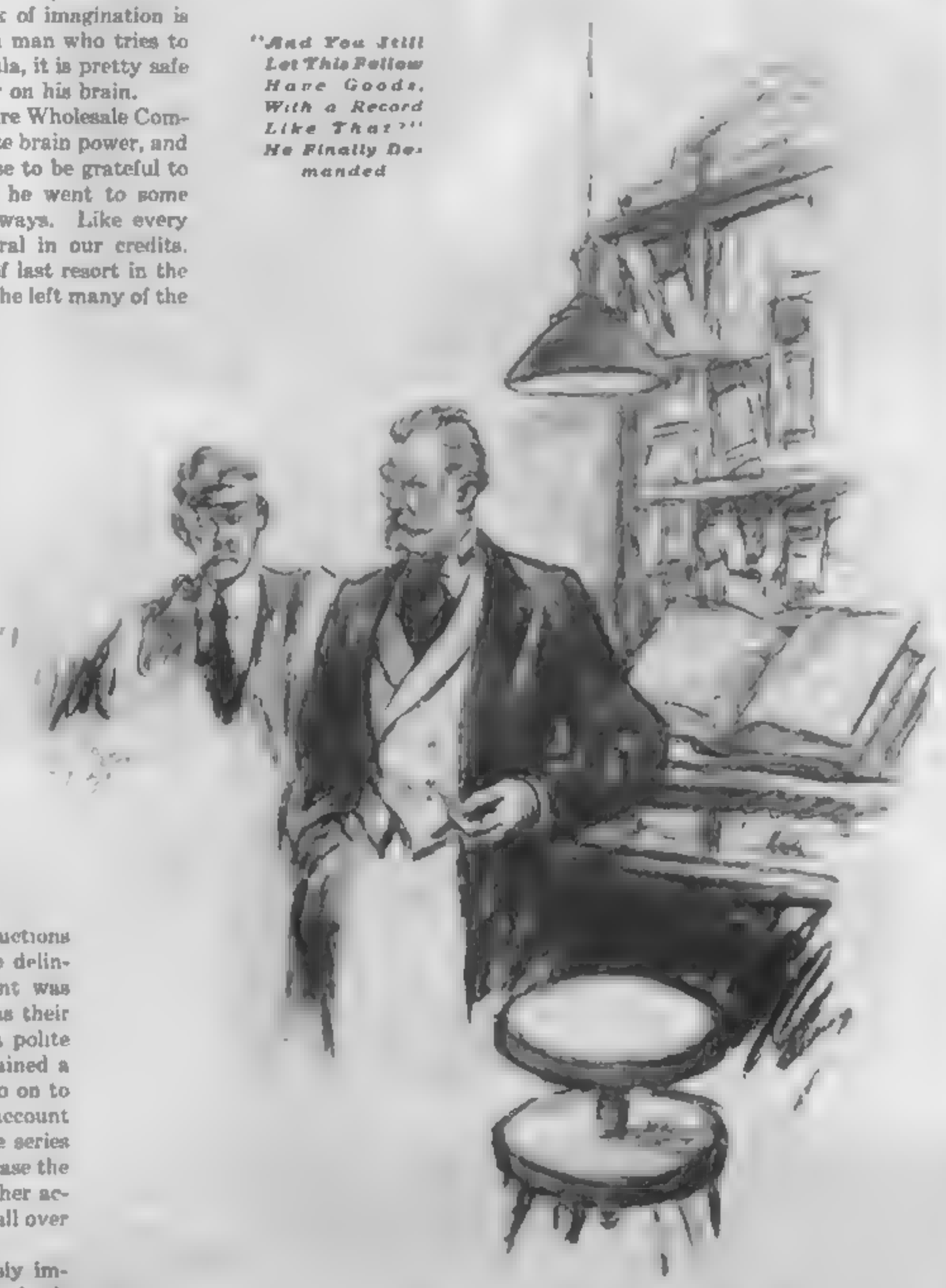
I got money for my expenses from the cashier and left the second forenoon. It was a six-hour journey on a local train to a place called Emmetsville, the nearest point to Mr. Dobshinski's settlement, which was on no railroad. As it was past five when I got to Emmetsville, I stayed at the hotel there for the night, and next morning went to the livery stable to hire a rig for the seven-mile trip to Ward's Pond. I asked the livery man if he knew Mr. Dobshinski of that place. At first he said he did not, but after a bit of profound thinking he laughed and said:

"I guess you mean Mike, who keeps the store, don't you? All those fellows over there go by their first names. Nobody knows how to pronounce their last names."

As I drove toward Ward's Pond it became evident that I was getting into a foreign settlement. Men and women were working together in the fields, bareheaded and barefooted, and once or twice when I asked directions conversation had to be carried on mainly in sign language. Ward's Pond itself was likewise foreign. It lay in a valley between high sloping hills, and on the near side of the creek as I approached was a grist mill and a cooper shop, and on the other side, reached through an old-fashioned roofed-over wooden bridge, were the four corners where lay the main business district. There were about half a dozen dwellings, a two-story brick tavern that housed the post office, a blacksmith shop and a general store. Though there was no signboard, I assumed the latter to be the establishment of M. Dobshinski. It was a long frame building set parallel to the road, with a porch running its entire length, and two front doors, one opening into the store and the other into living quarters. As I got out of my buggy and hitched the horse a troop of children crowded the doorway of the living quarters to peer at me inquisitively.

Mr. Dobshinski was in his store and came briskly forward to meet me. He was a short dark man who could talk just enough English to be understood, and when I told him I was from the Empire Wholesale Company he bowed and smiled in the most cordial manner, after which he escorted me about his store to point out the goods in his stock that had come from my house. From his conversation I made out that he was highly pleased with our merchandise and was ready to place further orders. He did not act like a worried debtor. After a bit, when two of his countrymen drove up in a lumber wagon, Mr. Dobshinski ran forward to wait on them and I was left alone to consider the odd situation. He carried a general stock of groceries, dry goods, hardware, and the like, and I knew enough about merchandise to realize from its fresh appearance that he was doing a live business and ought to be able to meet his bills. There was the possibility that he had set out deliberately to swindle his creditors, though he did not impress me as being of that sort.

I went to the back door and looked out. There was a half acre or so of ground planted in vegetables and a little grass plot with a wooden pump in the center, where a stout-looking woman was working over a washtub. I remembered that Thaddeus Carpenter had said he might send me a letter of instructions regarding the collection of Mr. Dobshinski's account, and when that gentleman had finished waiting on his countrymen I asked him if a letter had arrived for me. Three or four of the children had straggled into the store and he sent them scurrying to the



"And You Still Let This Fellow Have Goods, With a Record Like That?" He Finally Demanded

back yard to bring their mother from her washtub. She came in, wiping her hands on her apron, and shook hands with me awkwardly. Then she went into the living quarters and brought me a letter, which she handled in the ceremonious manner of one who was not used to such things. The postmaster at the tavern next door had given it to her the previous evening.

The envelope was addressed in Thaddeus Carpenter's handwriting and I went out on the front porch to open it. The envelope contained nothing but a copy of my form letter Number 3. A heavy pencil mark underscored the sentence: "Kindly have your treasurer make out check in our favor and mail immediately." From this the pencil mark ran to the bottom of the page, and there was scrawled, also in Mr. Carpenter's queer, angular script, this message:

Dear John: I thought you might like to read this form letter of yours while you are in Ward's Pond. Give my regards to Mike Dobshinski's treasurer. Yours truly,

THADDEUS CARPENTER.

Certainly Thaddeus Carpenter had chosen the right psychological moment to make me see how absurd was my faith in standardized collection letters. Sitting at my desk in the office of the Empire Wholesale Company, I had got into the habit of thinking of business as a splendid machine, automatic and precise. It had not occurred to me that the Empire Wholesale Company, with its million-dollar turnover, depended for its existence on communities like Ward's Pond and merchants like Mike Dobshinski. Outdone as I was, I could not help thinking how ridiculous it was to have requested Mr. Dobshinski to instruct his treasurer to "make out check."

Mike himself appeared in his doorway. He evidently believed I had come to sell him merchandise, for he pointed to my buggy and remarked brokenly that he was ready to look at my "picture book," by which I understood he meant my catalogue. I parried by pulling his statement out of my pocket and stating as diplomatically as possible that I wished to speak first about the payment of his past account. He took the paper, looked at it uncertainly for a moment and then said pleasantly:

"My bill? Oh, sure I pay my bill. Please come inside."

I followed him back into the store. He dived underneath one of his wooden counters and came up with a tin bread box tied around with a piece of manila cord.

"Always I pay prompt when the salesman come around," he said proudly as he untied the string. "Then I buy more."

There was a jumble of currency and silver in the bread box from which he counted out the exact amount of his account, and at his bidding his wife ran into the living quarters for a safety pin to fasten the bills in my inside coat pocket. There was only one formal touch to the entire proceeding. As I started to write out a receipt, Mr. Dobshinski asked me to wait until he should go next door to bring the tavern-keeper postmaster, an Austrian by birth, who should act as witness. Once, as Mike explained apologetically, a house in Cincinnati had tried to make him pay a bill twice, and since then he was careful about such things. Neither Mike nor his wife could read or write English, and as near as I could gather, the postmaster was the only adult person in the community who possessed that ability.

I am afraid I did not adhere strictly to facts when Mr. Dobshinski again pressed me to get my "picture book" and sell him some merchandise. I made some excuse or other about having carelessly left my catalogue at the hotel where I had stayed overnight in Emmetsville, but told him to get me his previous invoice and I would go through his hardware stock and locate the items he was short on. In the end I wrote up an order for a couple of hundred dollars' worth of merchandise.

Mike and his wife insisted that I should stay for dinner, and in the conversation that ensued I learned considerable about their affairs. He had been in business eight years and was doing over twenty thousand dollars a year. He owned his building; and his total expenses, including the upkeep of a horse and wagon to bring his goods from the railroad, were less than a hundred dollars a month. Of course he kept no books, and I think he had no bank account; but it was his invariable custom to pay his bills to the salesmen, as he had done in my case. In the front room of the house there was a center table and on it was an ornamental silver-plated butter dish under a tall glass cover. Sensing that this was a family treasure, I stopped to express my admiration, and my attention was drawn to some opened letters lying on the table along with a lot of advertisements from various city firms. Among the communications, I spied the form collection letters I had sent, Number 1 and Number 2. I picked them up, and Mrs Dobshinski told me apologetically that they had not yet been read. It was their custom to get the postmaster to read their mail, but she supposed these two were advertisements and she had not bothered the postmaster about them. I let it go at that, but when I took my leave Form Letters Number 1 and 2 were in my pocket.

It was several days after my return to Statesburg before Mr. Carpenter said anything about my trip except to express the hope that I had had a good time. Then one evening as we were closing he dropped casually into a chair beside my desk. He had a copy of my Form Letter Number 3 in his hand.

"I'm sort of curious to know," he remarked, "where you got the idea for these collection letters of yours."

I told him the whole thing—how I had seen the Kansas City man's advertisement and sent him three dollars for the series. Mr. Carpenter showed great interest.

"Good land," he ejaculated, "I didn't know you could buy brains as cheap as that!" He spread Number 3 out on my desk and studied it earnestly. Then: "You didn't try out your scheme on anyone but Mike Dobshinski, did you?"

I assured him that I did not.

"I'm glad of that," he said, "because Mike can't read, so there wasn't much chance of harm. I knew that before I sent you down there. But if you'd sent a thing like this to some of our customers who can read I guess we'd have lost a lot of trade."

Though by now I was mortified enough over my project, I answered defensively that I could see no reason why anyone should take offense at a demand for payment of a past-due account.

"There isn't any reason," Mr. Carpenter responded, "except that the Empire Wholesale Company is doing business with human beings, and they naturally like to be treated as such. A thousand things may happen that prevent a man from paying his account on the dot. But you don't try to find out anything about it. You just send him a circular telling him he's got to pay!"

(Continued on Page 57)

She Went Into the Living Quarters and Brought Me a Letter, Which She Handled in the Ceremonious Manner of One Who Was Not Used to Such Things

THE DIMWITS

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

THIS here Ad Boon I'm telling you about—the old-timer rumbled as he dealt the cards and wrangled a leaky cigar—got along pretty good until he was forty. I always maintain you never can tell about a man till he's thirty, but after that you can mighty near figure the way he's headed; and we all regarded Ad as made. He played a fair game of dominoes, and though his bidding was not what you would call sound, his bridge game sure packed a punch. And the way that sucker could sink putts when his side needed 'em—well, gents, the mildest name they ever called him on the greens needed a smile to sweeten it. You can see for yourself Ad had everything to make him a useful citizen. Yes, sir, even to a dependable wife. That's a great

A Maid Answered, and Instead of Fetching Ol' Bill, She Brought Mrs. Abernathy. Mrs. Abernathy Wanted to Know Who it Was Before She Would Call Her Husband, and Ad Didn't Like the Way She Said it, Either

asset, gents, I'm here to tell you. And Mrs. Boon was dependable. Ad always knew to a breath what she would say.

Well, anyhow, until the events come off that I'm telling you about, Ad was one of the most contented guys it has ever been my lot to meet up with. Up till then Ad figured he was a wow. He had a nice business—I reckon his income never dropped below twenty thousand, which stacked up O. K. in that town—and he owned a fine home, a fast car, had plenty of friends and no debts to worry him. And with his liver workin' good too—can you beat that combination? If that ain't as pretty a combination as the heart of mortal man could desire, I'm here to inquire what is.

And that ain't all. Ad wasn't content to plod along in the rut of business like a lot of us do. Naw, sir. He went out after higher things and kept abreast of the best thought of the times. Not only did he read pieces in magazines, but he was a natural-born thinker too. Many's the time I've heard him say, "Money isn't everything in life," or "Happiness is a state of mind, not of condition," or "Honesty always pays in the long run." This made people look at him twice, and Ad got quite a reputation as a highbrow. I've even heard some fellas claim there wasn't a man in the Chamber of Commerce Luncheon Club who could think up slogans as quick as Ad could.

"Well, what're we doing tonight, honey bunch?" Ad would chirp the minute he got home from the office or the golf course, and his wife would tell what she had fixed up. And he always went along cheerful.

But one weepy Saturday morning Mrs. Boon up and says, "How'd you like to go and see that new domestic-science class at Miss Rafferty's school with me this afternoon? They say it's so interesting."

Of course this question was only a form, you might say. Mrs. Boon wasn't really asking Ad—she was telling him.

"I thought perhaps if it cleared up ——"

"Why, you know very well it's going to rain all day. You can't play golf in this weather. And besides, it does look like you might give me a little of your time when I ask you so seldom."

"All right, all right. Have it your own way. I'll go."

"Yes, but why can't you act like you wanted to? It seems to me ——"

"What time will we start?"

"Four o'clock. I can't make it earlier, because I've got that luncheon at Mrs. Wilder's. Clint can drive us."

This here class to which she made reference was the very latest wrinkle in the education of our young womanhood, and the newspapers had all published pieces about it free of cost. Ad didn't mind going so much—some of the pictures he'd seen of society girls doing plain wifely duties didn't look so bad.

Well, they drove around to this school and the head lady seemed right glad to see 'em. There was a dozen or twenty visitors that day maybe, and they were herded in one party. Ad soon made up his mind why his wife wanted to come—it sure was a fashionable crowd.

"How wan-derful!" cooed Mrs. Boon as they went along.

"Isn't it fascinating?" said this Mrs. Sperry. "My dear, we lived too soon. I'd give anything to have had this training when I was a girl."

"It seems to me you've done pretty well, ma'am," Ad said, because the 90 per cent of the Sperry team was toting eleven thousand dollars around on her back right at that moment.

His wife give Ad a dirty look and they went on with the inspection. Say, did you ever meet up with a really modern class for prospective wives and mothers? It's the berries—take it from me. Our mothers didn't know nothing. They just went it blind and trusted to luck. These kids nowadays reduce it all to a system.

"Miss Tiller," said the head lady, "your husband has an income of twenty-five hundred dollars a year. Please explain to these ladies and—er—gentleman—just how you would make it cover expenses. This is our budget system, ladies."

Well, this Tiller person didn't carry the same message as some other students did that Ad had seen, and she had a way of biting off her words; but I must admit she knew her grits and gravy, that girl did. The way she thought of every item of expense was a caution—so much for lighting and heating, so much for groceries, so much for her clothing and pocket money—she even thought of taxes and life insurance, as well as rent. And she didn't have to stop and think and back and fill—that girl just rattled it off. Ad listened with his eyes bulgin' out of his head; then he begun to put down some figures on an envelope.

When Miss Tiller quit, a deep-drawn breath escaped from the party. Anybody could see this performance had 'em on the ropes.

At this juncture—"Hold on a minute," says Ad. "Just a minute. May I ask a question, Miss Tiller?"

His wife tried to glare him down, but the head lady said sweetly, "Certainly, Mr. Um-m-m-m."

"I been jotting down here the figures this young lady gave out and they come to exactly $2496.80."

"You see," beamed the boss lady, "she keeps within the income. Now we will pass to ——"

"Just a second, please," says Ad at this juncture. "I've got one more question and then I'm through. The couple's income is twenty-five hundred dollars. I'd like to ask Miss Tiller what the husband is going to get along on—that three dollars and seventy cents that's left?"

Ad never did remember how they left that place. Folks fell away from him like he had the leprosy or something. And habit's so strong in humans that women would go through the motions of drawin' their skirts away just so Ad couldn't brush against 'em.

"I might've known it," said Mrs. Boon through her teeth as they were driving home.

"Why, what've I done now? All I asked was what that husband of hers lived on, didn't I? And dog-gone if I know yet!"

"You just wanted to be mean, that's what you did. And all because you had to give up your golf this afternoon."

"Shucks, it wasn't nothing of the sort. I wouldn't have played today, anyhow, with all this rain."

Mrs. Boon, she knew better. She told Ad he had disgraced her before the very nicest people in town and she would never be able to hold up her head again, and that was a fine reward for helping him up from where he was when she married him.

'Hub, I reckon I was in the gutter, hey? To hear you tell it, you up and sacrificed yourself to do me a favor when you married me."

"Well, I'd know better if I had to do it again "

"Me and you both."

That was only Round One. Once a woman gets her hands on a good grievance, it's amazing what she can do with it. I don't reckon Mrs. Boon ever enjoyed more happy hours in all her life than she got the next few days out of thinking over her wrongs and adding to 'em, unless it was when she was imagining ways of getting even with Ad. The only trouble was that most of these reprisals depended on Ad doing something to give her an opening, and he never did; so she had to be satisfied with nagging at him for the same old break.

About a week of this put A. Boon in a state to question the holiness of the matrimonial tie. Yes, sir, Ad begun to wonder just how the institution ever started, anyhow, and who was to blame. It's a dangerous frame of mind and there's no saying where Ad would've headed out if his wife hadn't gone on a visit to her mother at this juncture. That gave him breathing space—it was like coming up for air when things've turned black around you and there's a drumming in your ears.

The minute he'd seen her off at the station it seemed like a load had lifted off of his back. His feet felt lighter, somehow.

"Dog-gone, but it's a fine day," he says. "Haven't felt like this in twenty years. Must be the weather. There's no use talking—nothing like sunshine."

Now no husband ought to feel that way, and I got no excuse for Ad, but in a sense you could hardly blame him neither. There he was, with nobody to tell him what to do, and a dozen things he could do if he wanted to. He could play bridge at the club, or go to the wrastling match with Charlie Cross and some of the other boys, or he could drive down to the Bayou and shoot some ducks. There was bound to be a lively bunch down there. Then there was that deer hunt Don Turner had asked him on he could go on that now. Things to do? Why, he had his choice of enough to make your mouth water!

Ad walked into his office just radiating kindness and good cheer. Yes, sir, his coming was like a fresh summer breeze. In fact, between you and me, the head bookkeeper wondered if Ad wasn't pickled maybe.

"A telephone call for you, Mr. Boon," the operator told him. "Fannin, 4355."

"Whose number is that?"

"She didn't give her name. But she said it was important and to call her the minute you got in."

Now just to show you how blameless this guy Ad was, I want to record that he never even perked up because a lady had called him who wouldn't leave her name when his wife was out of town. If that don't prove his sterling character, no words of mine can avail. But to me—and I say it with all solemnity—the noble simplicity that Ad received this intelligence with told its own tale.

He called the number. It turned out to be Mrs. Callan, a bosom chum of his wife, and this is the earful a stenographer got while she set there and made like she wasn't listening:

"Oh, hello," Ad says, "is that you? . . . Yes, she got away this morning. . . . Tonight? . . . That's mighty kind of you, Sibyl, but I can't make it tonight. . . . No, I've got an engagement. . . . Huh? Why, of course I want to come. It isn't that. It's just because I made a date to —— What's that? Now please don't talk that way. That's silly, Sibyl. Of course I would love to go, but —— Oh, all right, if that's the way you feel about it. . . . All right. I tell you what I'll do. I'll break this engagement and put it off until another night. . . . Sure. . . . Seven o'clock? I'll be there with bells on. And thanks for asking me."

Ad was breathing hard when he hung up.

"Miss Totten," he bellows to the operator, "get me Mr Joe Spivy, please, ma'am."

He sure would fix it to go to the Bayou with Joe tomorrow. Yes, sir; he'd make that date before anything else could come up. But Joe wasn't in his office and would not be back for an hour, so Ad turned to his work. Maybe he talked a little rough in dictation. I don't know for certain, but when she went out, the stenographer told one of the other girls she was tired of having her head bit off and if that big hunk of cheese couldn't treat her like a lady, he could go jump in the river and find somebody else who was willing to be his slave.

At this juncture the phone rung and it was for Ad again. That must be ol' Joe Spivy; he grabbed the receiver.

"Is that you, Ad? This is Bertine. . . . Yes, I told Jessica I was going to ring you up. . . . Can you come over for dinner and bridge tomorrow night? . . . Just you and Fan Farnum and Charlie and I. . . . Can't you get out of it? Do try. . . . I don't know what to tell Fan then, because I felt so sure —— Of course you can. I know you can if you want to. Of course, if you don't want to come. . . . The very last thing Jessica said before she left was —— So you will come then? That's fine. . . . Seven o'clock. And just the four of us, remember."

"Miss Totten," Ad roars in a voice that made a twelve-story building shake like a reed, "if anybody else rings, I'm not in."

But it was no use. Mrs. Gleason nailed him outside of Spiegel's as he was heading for the club for lunch and made Ad feel he would be a crook and faithless to his wife if he didn't turn up at a little party they aimed to throw Saturday night. Gents, I never seen a man chew his food like Ad done that day. And his conversation was that salty, Don Turner got sore and threw down his cards and said somebody else could play with him but he wouldn't. What's more, if that's the way Ad felt about it, Don would be glad to explain why he doubled that two-heart bid if Ad was man enough to step down into the alley with him.

After they had cooled off and Ad was going down in the elevator, his wife's brother came up to him confidential and told Ad they were having a sort of family gathering on Sunday—just the family, but the kids would be home from school—and they were counting on Ad to be there. He said it like there couldn't be any question Ad would attend, and sure enough Ad told him all right. In that case I don't blame him, because he knew what his kinfolks would think; but so far as those other invitations are concerned,

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"You Know Very Well it's Going to Rain All Day. You Can't Play Golf in This Weather. And Besides, it Does Look Like You Might Give Me a Little of Your Time When I Ask You So Seldom"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions, Five Cents the Copy; $2.00 the Year—52 issues. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador), Ten Cents the Copy $3.00 the Year—52 issues—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 24, 1928

Time to Put Up the Bars

IT IS not without show of reason that the country is asking how much longer we are going to defer putting the Mexican Indian under the quota law we have established for Europe. According to the Immigration Study Commission, of Sacramento, in a single recent week 322 motor cars filled with Mexican laborers and their families passed northward over a single highway in Southern California. Hosts of others swarmed in over other roads and large bands entered in carload lots by rail.

The commission computes that if a local American farmer has three children he is likely to have twenty-seven great grandchildren. Mexican laborers often have nine children, or even more. At the nine-child rate, any of these Mexicans who are coming in by the trainload might be expected to average 729 great grandchildren. It requires no imagination to estimate the overwhelming competition for jobs that the white American's great grandchildren will be up against.

No temporary considerations of expediency should carry the smallest weight in preventing the proper economic protection of our own flesh and blood.

Buying Health

STUDENTS have been urging for some time the consolidation of small, outworn units of government into larger districts more adapted to meet modern conditions. This is especially applicable to health work, and anyone who despairs of his country should inquire into the recent progress in coördinating health activities in rural sections. Here is concrete evidence that we are learning how to govern ourselves. In 1911 there were no full-time rural health departments in the United States, while on January 1, 1928, three hundred and thirty county health units were in existence. There is well-grounded fear on the part of the citizen of being oversupervised and overtaxed. But in health work, in any case, not only greater efficiency but actual dollars and cents economy results from a sensible coördination of effort.

The natural advantages which rural sections possess in matters of health are more than offset by the better health protection afforded the city dweller. For years the decline in the death rate has been greater among the urban than among the rural population. The United States Public Health Service says that in our rural communities there are a million people incapacitated all the time by illness, much of which is preventable; about 70 per cent of the school children are handicapped by physical defects; and more than 60 per cent of the people between forty and sixty are in serious need of physical repair. Malaria, hookworm, typhoid and dysentery are far more common in the country than in the city; the first two being entirely rural. Tuberculosis is surprisingly prevalent in the country. Under modern conditions of transportation and travel, rural and urban health conditions are closely related. The typhoid epidemic in one of the large cities of the North American continent a few years ago furnished, as an official report says, "a dreadful example of the relationship of insanitary rural conditions to urban health."

But rural districts are poor and heavily burdened. County commissioners and local medical practitioners are periodically aroused and pestered by campaigns in the interest of some particular health problem. Too many specialties in the way of health activities are wished upon poor communities. The general public is confused and the medical profession irritated. The need is for coördination, for the pooling of resources to attack the whole complex and interrelated problem of health and disease.

Recognition of these facts is resulting in the county full-time health unit, with a single definite program of local, state and Federal work. Under the operation of one such unit in a Western state, all the cities as well as the rural sections of the county have coördinated their health work in one movement, under one head and with one appropriation. From 1922 to 1927 the typhoid and diphtheria death rate had dropped from 16.2 and 19.5 per 100,000 to 2.9 each. The infant and maternal death rates had fallen from 73.7 and 20.6 per 1000 living births to 61.7 and 6.7, and the death rate for infants under two years from enteritis and similar complaints fell from 33.3 to 10.7 per 100,000 population. The economic saving from a reduced death rate naturally exceeded the cost of the health work several times, and such activity would have been less effective if carried on by each separate local unit. The county is naturally proud of the officer in charge, but the citizens of the county should give themselves credit for having the common sense to pool and centralize their efforts.

It must not be supposed that official health agencies are to take the place of the practicing physician. These agencies, as pointed out by Dr. W. F. Draper, assistant surgeon general of the United States Public Health Service, are concerned with things and conditions over which the individual has no control; they "seek to create a favorable environment in which the individual may carry out the instructions of his physician—his personal health adviser."

But while official or public agencies are not intended to take the place of the practicing physician, the individual practitioner would be about as useful as a Central African witch doctor if there were no official agencies. It is a trite but valuable saying that public health is purchasable. But money alone will not buy it. Money will not stop an epidemic of typhoid or bubonic plague. Careful official organization is requisite, and this should be adapted to modern conditions.

More Than Ever the Age of Steel

THE year 1928 bids fair to record the outturn and consumption of over one hundred million tons of steel in the world. The prewar use of steel amounted to around three-fourths of that volume. The most impressive feature of this use of steel is that it is almost entirely for the uses of peace, since little steel is now going into warships, armament and projectiles. Half the world's steel is made in the United States. The outturn of Great Britain has increased but little, that of Germany has been maintained despite loss of coal and iron mines, the production of France has doubled. The steel exports of France and Belgium have increased; those of Great Britain, Germany and the United States have declined.

The outstanding difference between the United States and Europe lies in the home demand. Europe must seek abroad annually export outlets for a relatively large part of her outturn. We prize steel exports, to be sure, but the export trade is relatively much less important here than in Europe. It is for this reason that the steel cartels seem indispensable in Europe. That Great Britain remains outside the cartels has its explanation largely in the trade relations with the dominions of the empire. Steel is relatively cheap, which, with wider adaptations of uses, explains the greatly expanded outturn of the world.

The Small Units of Business

INVESTIGATIONS of distribution in different parts of the country have brought out the fact that a surprising number of retail stores have an astonishingly small gross income and low turnover, and statistics show that a large number of small factories are operated without profit. Correspondingly, studies of rural life have made it clear that a surprising number of farms, usually small, bring in little or no net return.

It seems naturally to be taken for granted that such units are socially wasteful and operatively inefficient; also that the standards of living of the proprietors must be low, corresponding to the meager income. Also it is widely assumed that the existence of these units, in a sense to be termed submarginal, reacts upon the operations of the otherwise profitable units and increases the spread between producer and consumer. Unless they offer exceptional conveniences to their patrons—for example, being open evenings—such small stores find the competition of chain stores very destructive. Unless they are able to offer particular attractions to their patrons, such as individuality of design, small factories find the competition of large plants with mass production very severe. The small farmer, especially in the South, is largely a subsistence farmer, with a low standard of living.

The continuation of these units in the competitive struggle—and the method of absorption of the people involved into other gainful occupations—if, as and when they become untenable as independent units, remains to be determined in the future. To a considerable extent, such units engage the work of women and children as well as of men; also, to a considerable extent, the small farm and the small store, and to some extent even the small factory, represent only part-time employments. Indeed, for many of these units, continuation would seem to be conditioned upon the accessory income of outside employment.

The one-crop farmer, the petty farmer, the small shopkeeper and the small factory are clearly on trial in the development of the relations of production and consumption in our economy.

Another Would-be Monopoly Gone

ABOUT a year ago the Cuban sugar producers resolved to curtail their crop to four million tons and arrived at some understanding with sugar producers in some European countries to join in a control of the crop for the purpose of raising prices. The sugar producers in the United States and connected islands, and in Java, were not in the agreement. Just how successful was the control is not yet clear. But already disruption has set in. It is announced that, in the forthcoming sugar season in Cuba, there is to be no restriction on grinding, by request of the producers themselves. The output there is forecast to approximate five million tons.

It was this oncoming volume of sugar that made further efforts at restriction illusory. When the Cubans retreated, the Germans, Poles and Czechs also retired from the campaign of control. Cuba is the largest single producer, but she raises less than one-fifth of the crop of the world and could not control the other countries.

Since production cannot be externally restrained, there is but one way out for growers, and that is to raise and manufacture sugar more cheaply. Economies rather than higher price must be the road to profits. This should have been foreseen from the beginning. But it seems so much easier, to many people, to try artificial and external methods first. So sugar goes the way of rubber—certainly not to our disadvantage.

PARK AVENUE VOODOO

By Gilbert Seldes

IN MR. PEPYS' DIARY there is the record of a servant girl "that did poyson herself"; before she died she explained "that she did it because she did not like herself, nor had not liked herself, nor anything she did a great while." The excellent Mr. Pepys adds: "This was all she could be got to say, which is very strange."

According to modern practice, this is not only strange but excessive, for in the higher reaches of wealth and sophistication a dozen more agreeable ways have been found by which one can "get away from it all." If you are critical enough to dislike yourself the new sciences are ready to supply you with a self you will not only like but positively admire. If you like yourself fairly well, but dislike your responsibilities or are convinced that the world is not appreciating you at your full value, the same sciences will take over the direction of your life, show you the path to success, solve the problem of your relation to your wife, pick schools for your children and give you a new name. They are not, however, to be confused with face lifting.

The servant girl in Pepys' Diary probably believed in heaven. The votaries of the new sciences almost fanatically repudiate heaven, but, with equal fanaticism, retain their belief in the stars. They are, by claim at least, modern people and know that for several centuries astronomers have been studying the stars, discovering the mathematical laws under which the stars pursue their courses, and generally separating us from the stars by incalculable millions of miles. In spite of this, the very modern people who do not believe in heaven persist in believing that the stars are intimately concerned with our own private lives, and seem to imply that the reason stars exist is to tell us whom to marry and on what day to set out on a journey. This is called being progressive or modern or enlightened. If the stars are allowed to remain distant some other source of influence and power is discovered—invariably something obscure and difficult to disprove, and invariably a power on whom poor weak mortals can cast their burdens.

It is the voodoo of the intelligent classes and it rejects the imputation that it has anything in common with the ignorant belief in magic and spells of the Dark Ages. If a waitress in a tea room goes to a fortune teller and asks whether to marry her latest boy friend, that is, of course, superstition; but if the literary proprietress of the tea shop goes to a mystic to ask whether she ought to change her religion, that is called getting in touch with the higher powers. To the outsider the difference is not significant. It is largely a matter of terms—in more senses than one. For not only do the names differ but the prices too. The new voodoo comes high.

It differs from the old in another respect. The magic of the black man in Africa, and many other magics now known as superstition, were often concerned with getting rid of an enemy. You went to a witch doctor and he made you a wax image of your enemy; when the wax image melted, your enemy was dead. But the new science tells you how to get rid of yourself. It is the mumbo jumbo of psychology assuring you that within you there are several personalities and all you need to do in order to become a different person is to follow certain orders. Perhaps it will be an order to have your nervous system overhauled or to desert your family or to change your name, but in almost every case the visit to a consultant gives you instant freedom from responsibility. It is no longer your own fault if you are disagreeable to your children or dishonest in your business—the fault lies in circumstances which will rapidly be changed to your advantage.

Someone else will, for caprice, tell you what stock to buy and whither to go for the proposed week-end and what to say at dinner and which color system to use and, higher or lower in the social scale, how to be popular with the opposite sex even if you cannot play the saxophone. Someone else will discover unsuspected profundities and delicacies in your nature and make your great-grandfather responsible for that slight tendency to cheat at cards which has

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THE END OF A PERFECT THANKSGIVING

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

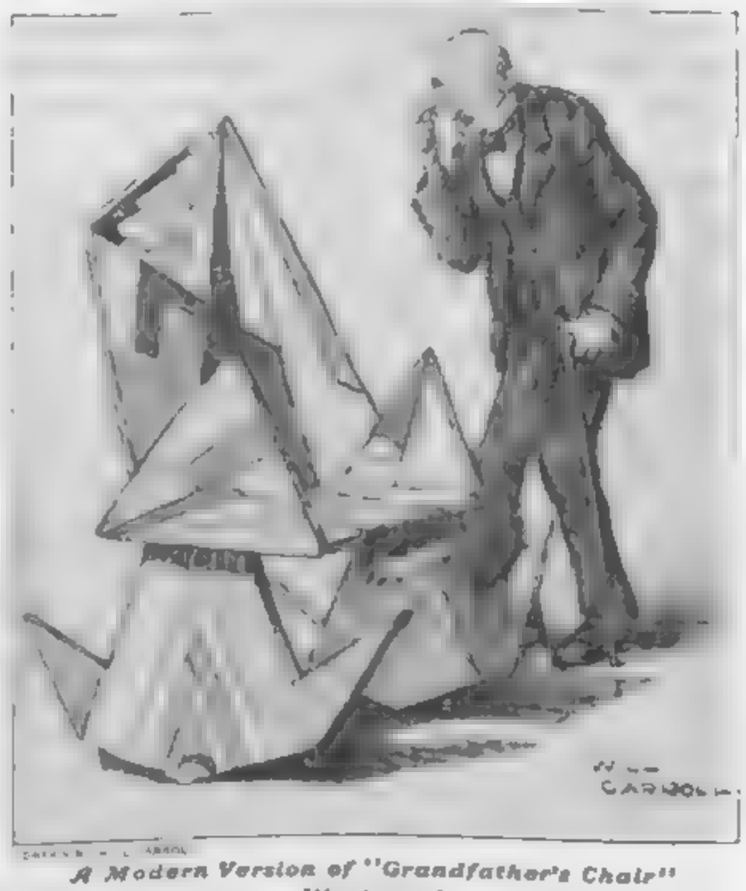
The Tough Ones: "Geel I'd Take an Awful Lickin' From Any o' Them Little Guys If He'd Only Let Me be His Pal"

Farmer "Gosh, I Wish Sadie Would Hurry Up and Marry Her Aviator!"

Abou Gene Tunney

ABOU GENE TUNNEY –may he keep
his looks –
Awoke one night from a
deep dream of books
And saw an angel stand-
ing by his bed
Examining the books that
Tunney read.
There were some plays
the work of Bernard
Shaw –
Some standard tomes on
medicine and law,
Philosophy and history
and Greek;
Sir Thomas Browne, Immanuel Kant's Critique;
And all of Shakspere, on a five-foot shelf,
Given him by Professor Phelps himself—
In short, the cream of culture and good breeding,
Including Thornton Wilder for light reading.
"Now is there any book I haven't read?"
Asked Abou Gene. The angel shook his head.

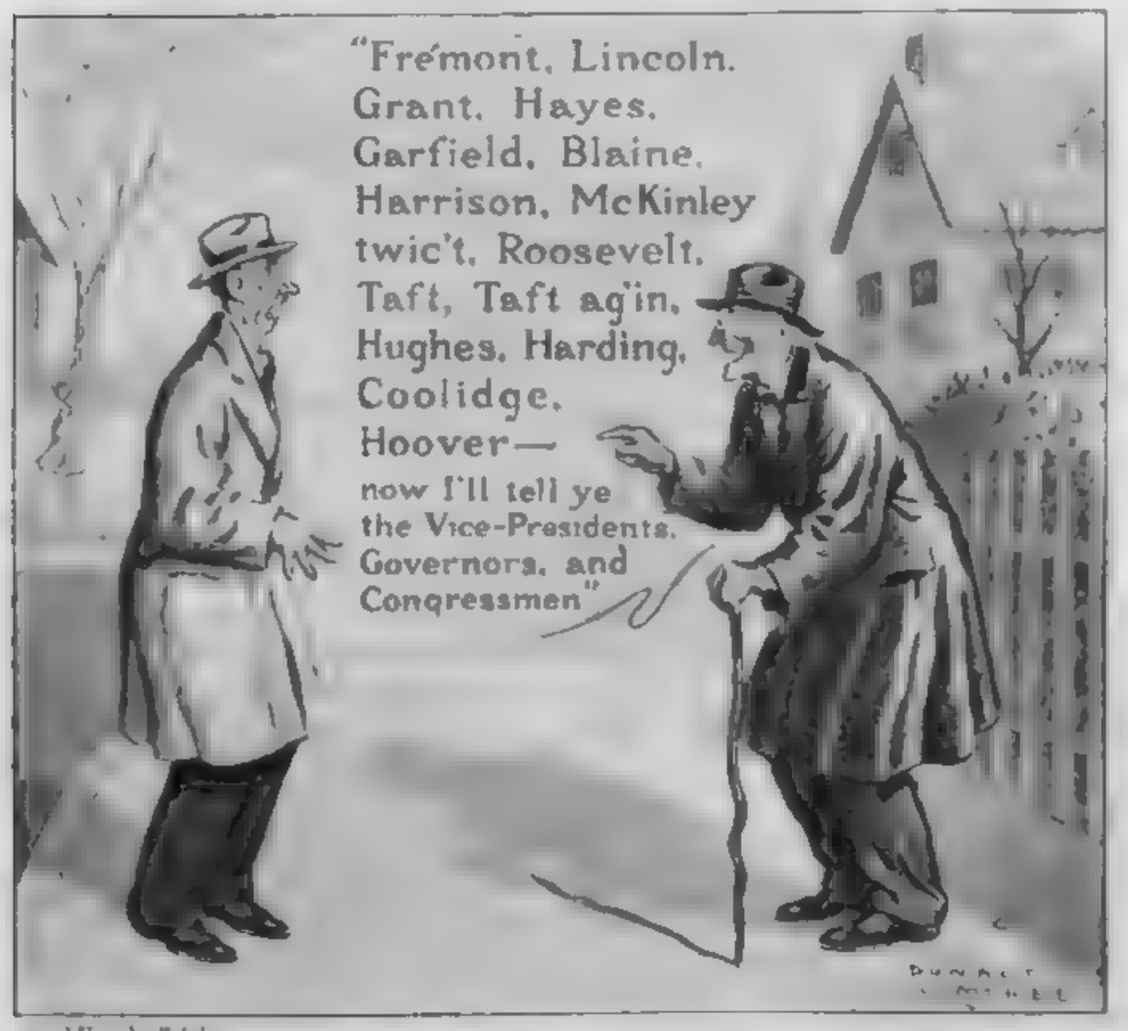
(Continued on Page 110)



A Modern Version of "Grandfather's Chair" Illustrated

Eccentric

SISTER SUSIE'S kind o' funny
She cashiers at Billings' "caif";
Swallowed all the boss' money
Said that she was "playing safe."
—Strickland Gillilan.



The Man Who Carelessly Asked the Centenarian Whom He Had Voted for, Regretted It

"Tee Hee, Neville! Who'd Ever Think We Could Look So Funnee!"

Why many women now serve this Tomato Soup

at least twice a week!

Cream of Tomato Soup!

The best you ever tasted. Simply mix Campbell's Tomato Soup with an equal quantity of milk or cream, stir while heating, but do not boil. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra-rich Cream of Tomato Soup.

Science has made a great discovery. Tomatoes—raw or cooked—are one of the richest sources of good health!

Investigation has proved that in tomatoes there is an extraordinary combination of the food substances that promote all-round bodily vigor, proper growth and renewal of tissue, strong muscles, steady nerves, good appetite and resistance to disease.

Food experts, doctors, writers and speakers unite in giving tomatoes front rank as exceptional health-builders. Women have been quick to take advantage of this new knowledge and put it to use in their families.

Formerly Campbell's Tomato Soup was eaten mainly because everybody liked its appetizing and tempting flavor. Now, in addition, it is served regularly and often as a duty to the health of all the family.

For this soup supplies the remarkable benefits of red-ripe, luscious tomatoes in their most delicious and convenient form. 12 cents a can.

Your grocer has, or will gladly get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

DYNASTY

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

Then, for Half an Hour, Amasa Lay With Closed Eyes While Hiram Sat Motionless With the Ancient Hand in His Own—Two Old Men, Grown Aged Together

XXII

THE fact is that Amasa Worthington did not know how to be companion to a growing boy. Young Woodbury Worthington, who was ten years old at the time of the Nixon coup, was to all intents and purposes an inmate of his grandfather's house. J. Steele had become a confirmed gadabout; travel was a refuge for him. At a distance—in Europe, Asia or Africa—his unimportance in the affairs of his family seemed remote and less consequential, and he could blunt the exacerbation caused by his father's continued health and vigor by social pretenses and grandeurs abroad. So Woodbury was left behind in the care of his grandparents.

The child was not in equilibrium. He was capable, even at an early age, of remarkable but fitful brilliance—the results of which were inevitably destroyed by moods and depressions. One must grant him the possession of a will, which in more clement soil might have flowered into something worthy of notice, but which was allowed to degenerate into stubbornness. His father was ashamed of him; his mother resented him. Of these matters he could not remain unconscious, and repaid them both with sullen aversion.

He was at his worst when his parents were at hand. Later, as his father degenerated and became flabby, the boy despised him; as his mother became harsher, more imperious, more deeply poisoned by the acid of disappointment and frustrated ambition, he hated her.

Amasa did his best for the boy, but he did not know how to conduct himself with a child. That dignity behind which he had concealed his mediocrity for years could not unbend. His kindliness was not an understanding kindliness which could enter into boyish interests and receive a return of confidence. He was indulgent, and no person in authority over a child can hold his respect by indulgence. Something in a growing boy demands and esteems fair legislation by parent or schoolmaster, if it be impartially enforced. He derides what appears to him weakness.

"Grandpa is a stuffed owl," he said once to his shocked grandmother, with whom his bond was closest. Not a bond of affection, but rather of qualities possessed in common. They two came nearer to understanding each other.

It has been said that his will was admirable before it tarnished. He demonstrated it in his battle with his infirmity. Somehow he discovered Talleyrand, whose affliction resembled his own, and how that devious statesman had so overcome the clumsiness of his distorted foot that it was said of him he made of a limp a thing of grace. With amazing fortitude, he not only submitted himself to operation and to treatment but demanded them. He went under the knife; he compelled the summoning of a famous Viennese surgeon who had to his credit brilliant successes through manipulatory operations. Not only did he try every form of shoe devised by orthopedists but devoted hours and weeks and months to juvenile attempts to invent some device himself which should disguise his infirmity. His whole soul was poured into pretense, into shams and disguising, into the effort to appear before the world as what he was not—a cripple.

Had he been the son of some poor teacher, or even of a butcher, baker or candlestick maker, he might have made for himself a distinguished career on the intellectual side. Had he been possessed of parents who would sympathize and help and sustain him—instead of showing him openly their chagrin—the emphasis would have been removed from his misfortune, and his really facile mind have been given a worthy task and a worthy ambition. So he might have lived a life of quiet in which it was not impossible he should attain both happiness and distinction. But he was of the Worthington dynasty. Millions of dollars cast their shadow over him. He was not a private person, but a personage. Very early he saw himself as a personage. The family and its history became an obsession with him. More than one afternoon he spent in the library—endowed by his grandfather—reading the files of newspapers of a generation ago. He absorbed the public's idea of his family's eminence and of its achievements, and, boylike, rode in triumphal processions with his grandfather. Amasa was a public figure, rapidly now becoming a legend, a symbol. His goings and comings were reported; his birthdays brought invariably a flock of reporters and photographers from Boston and New York. Which instructed young Woodbury that he, too, would be written of and photographed when he occupied his grandfather's place. He would be the Worthington some day, and must appear not as a cripple but as a figure of distinction.

If one were to write in detail of the years of his life from birth to the age of sixteen, it would be almost exclusively a history of a noteworthy battle with his physical misfortune. That one thing colored and decided the course of every day, and the effort to ameliorate or to conceal it was the major business of his life. This was not altogether wholesome; it grew out of a feeling that his deformity was a disgrace not only to himself but to the family of which he was heir apparent. He was ambitious, but it was not altogether a healthy ambition; it was a greed for the praise of the world rather than a desire for the substance from which admiration might spring.

At a children's party which he insisted upon giving, he astonished his grandmother by dancing. When he led the

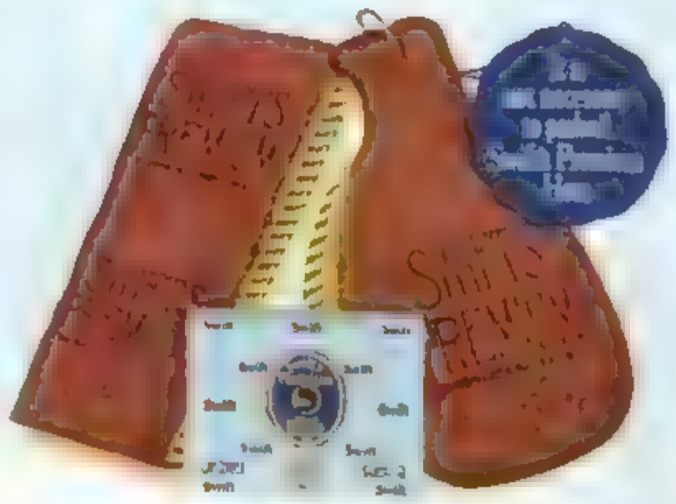
(Continued on Page 28)

SWIFT

How delectably it blends with other foods—that rich, distinctive flavor of Premium Bacon! How many tempting combinations it suggests! Described on this page is such a dish, one that will delight your family. In it pineapple and sweet potatoes combine to accent the savory goodness of Premium.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Premium Bacon may be bought in either of two convenient ways. In the pound and half-pound carton, thinly sliced, free from rind, all ready to use. Or, in order to have a bountiful supply always on hand, in the whole piece, in the original parchment wrapper. The name Swift is on the side in dots down the length of the slab as shown at the right—a new protective branding.



From the South Seas:
this new combination of
sweet potato, pineapple, bacon

Parboil sweet potatoes (yams preferred) in salted water until tender. Peel, cut in halves and wrap each half with a slice of Premium Bacon. Place slices of pineapple in shallow baking dish, sprinkle with brown sugar. On each pineapple slice place half potato wrapped in bacon. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 45 minutes.

Swift & Company

(Continued from Page 26)

little girl back to her place he marched across the room to the old lady, confronted her with flushed face and hard eyes and asked, "Did you see?"

"Yes, of course, Woodbury."

"I dance better than any of them," he said shrilly.

Out of his unlimited pocket money he had hired secretly the most renowned teacher and had practiced with him for weeks, doggedly, tirelessly.

Four years later—that was in 1907, the panic year he demanded to be sent to private school and would have no more of tutors and of being hidden away from his fellows.

Curiously, he did not feel toward Hiram Bond as his father felt toward him; he admired him after a fashion, resentful inevitably of his magnificent physique. But nevertheless he formed his boyish determination with regard to Hiram. He had heard sufficient of the bickerings which went on in his grandfather's house to realize more or less clearly Hiram's position, and it became his ambition to grow into the sort of man Hiram could not dominate, but, on the contrary, would defer to. Not blameworthy, this, if arrived at in a proper spirit.

The boy liked to frequent the offices, to walk through the mills, to bask in that atmosphere of vast undertakings, and on such visits he talked freely and largely of what he would do. "When I am the head of this business ——" he would say, and then dilate lengthily upon some juvenile financial scheme which was the product of his imaginings. It became the burden of his song. "When I am the head of this business ——"

It was on one of these visits that he invaded Hiram's office and confronted him.

"You work for my grandfather, don't you?" he stated rather than asked.

"You might say so," Hiram replied gravely.

"My grandfather owns everything, doesn't he?- and could do as he pleased."

"That is a fact," said Hiram.

"But he lets you run everything. He lets you boss him around. He doesn't do anything without asking you."

"In an organization like this," said Hiram patiently, "the owner must delegate authority. It is impossible for him to look after everything."

"But he can be the head," said Woodbury acutely. "He hadn't ought to delegate being the head." He paused and shot at Hiram one of those sidewise, calculating glances which became a mannerism with him in later years—a glance which seemed to announce that he was testing himself and watching a bit apprehensively to see how the test impressed the beholder. "Well, things will be different when I am the owner of this business. Everybody will have to do what I say. I'm just telling you so you won't be disappointed."

"I'll not be disappointed," said Hiram grimly.

He fixed his brooding eyes upon the lad, not without sympathy, and wondered what was to become of a child reared as this one had been. He had watched the boy as he watched every human being and every event which impinged upon his own orbit, and understood better, perhaps, than any other what stirred within that fledgling soul—the loneliness, the defiance, the resentments and the pretenses. He was conscious now that he sat in the presence of one of these pretendings.

Hiram moved his ponderous shoulders and returned to his calculations. It was but another promise of annoyance from the family who rode upon his back.

In two years Woodbury went to school, where his stubbornness compelled him to remain through four years of unhappiness. He had never known instruction in companionship; had known no companions upon a plane of equality and boyish fellowship. Now that he was thrown among half a thousand youths who rather went out of their way to demonstrate to him that they cared not at all who his parents might be, he did not know how to win their friendship. He found himself in a world whose values were not his values; where the son of a man who must scrape and economize to send his son to such a school could be of vastly greater importance than he—because that son could play upon the football team or run a hundred yards. He grew to hate boys with fine athletic bodies.

He could not win honors in athletics—that highest domain in this lesser world—so he scorned to attempt eminence in lesser fields. He adopted as protective covering an overbearing demeanor. He flaunted his possession of unlimited money and surrounded himself, as such a boy always is able to do—indeed, is fated to do—by toadies instead of friends; and these he ruled arrogantly. Knowing well his unpopularity, he would not be driven out, but remained to drink the cup of bitterness. And there is no bitterness so acid as that which youth must drink.

On his home-coming and before he left again for college, Hiram wrote of him to the aged Professor Witmer:

"The boy is a problem. He is gifted, but I fear his gifts will be nullified by his temperament and his temperament, I fear, is more the fault of his parents than of himself. He could be trained. I feel that I could make something of him, even though his tendencies are neurotic. He possesses stubbornness rather than steadiness of purpose, and I would doubt his ability to meet some great emergency, for however he may strive to make it appear to beholders, he distrusts himself. It is shameful he could not have been made, in the beginning, to believe his lameness was but an incident; he has been compelled to feel it is a blight. It has resulted in this: That it seems more important to him to demonstrate his equality or superiority over other men than actually to achieve that superiority."

These years, from 1903 to 1913, formed that decade in Hiram's life freest from turmoil, from domestic annoyance and from foreign struggle. He had built well: he had solidified his position with the aging Amasa; he had quite obliterated J. Steele for the duration of his father's life.

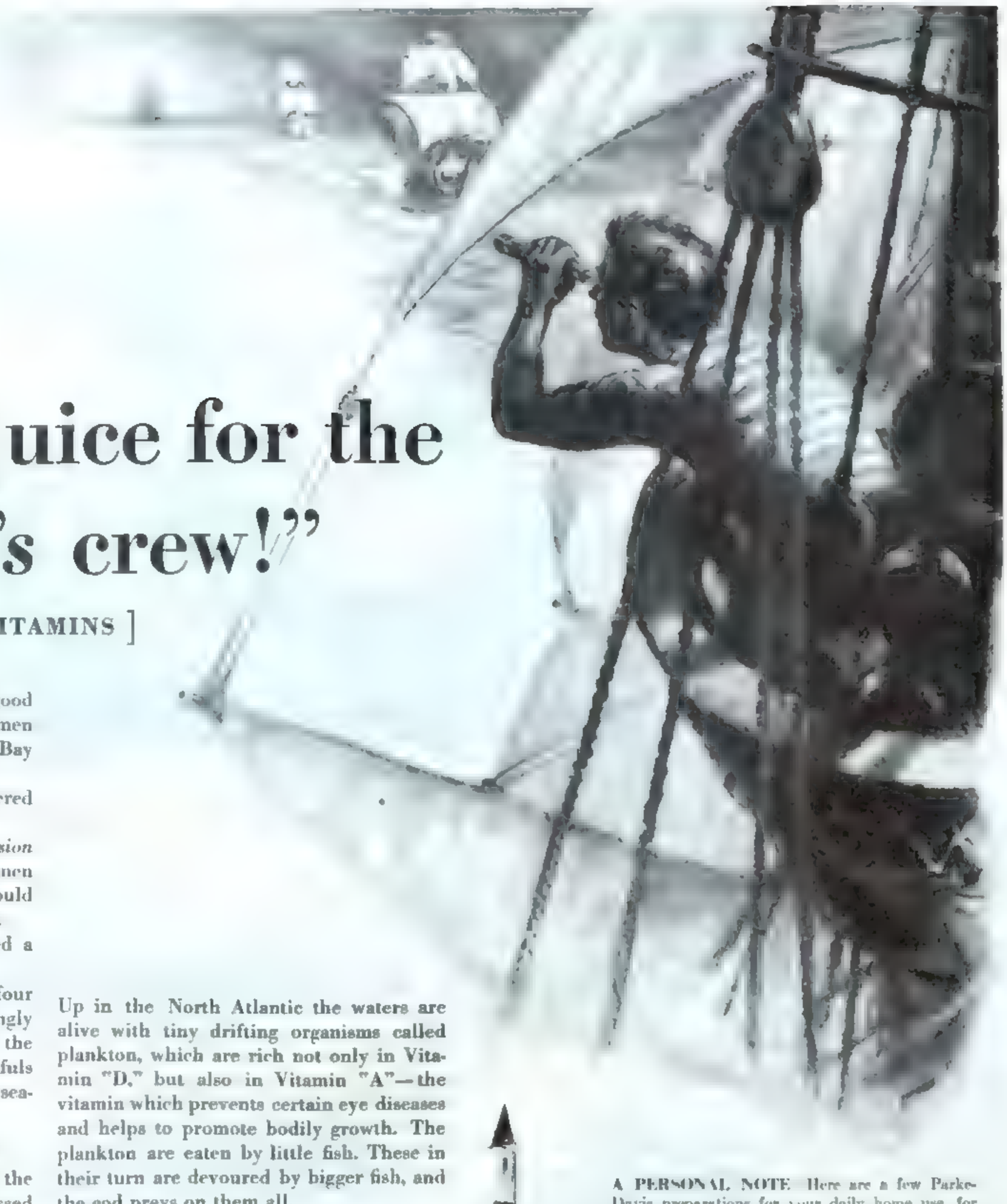
In 1911 Amasa reached the age of seventy-five and received the congratulations and adulations of the world. A great figure, he—one of America's imposing industrialists and a patriarch—a patriarch who knew his only son sat waiting in Biarritz or on the Riviera or in Egypt, waiting for word that the patriarchal

(Continued on Page 70)

Marion Threw Off That Restraint Which is Supposed to be the Natural Manner of Women of Birth, Became a Virago, Little Better Than a Fishwife

BUILDING
THE FORTRESSES
OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.



"Lemon juice for the *Dragon's* crew!"

[A STORY ABOUT VITAMINS]

One calm August day in the reign of good Queen Bess, four stately East Indiamen glided into the blue waters of Saldanha Bay at the bottom of Africa.

At three of the four mastheads fluttered the flag of distress.

The *Hector*, the *Susan*, and the *Ascension* were scurvy-ridden. A quarter of their men were dead; the weakened survivors could scarcely lower the anchor over the side.

The fourth ship, the *Dragon*, carried a healthy crew.

Why? No one knew. Rations on all four ships were alike—except for one seemingly insignificant item. Captain Lancaster of the *Dragon* had ordered "Three teaspoonfuls of lemon juice every morning for each seaman."

Vitamins guard your health

Medical knowledge traveled slowly in the old days, and nearly two centuries passed before ships regularly carried lemon or lime juice as protection against scurvy on long voyages. And still another hundred years elapsed before it was found why these juices prevented scurvy.

Then Medical Science discovered the vitamins. Experiments proved that lack of these mysterious elements in our food causes malnutrition and disease.

Scurvy, for example, results from lack of Vitamin "C," found in many fruits and vegetables—including the lemon juice that saved the crew of the *Dragon*.

Rickets is another such "deficiency disease." Millions of healthy, chubby youngsters now growing up owe their health—even their lives—to our new knowledge of the rickets-preventing Vitamin "D."

Up in the North Atlantic the waters are alive with tiny drifting organisms called plankton, which are rich not only in Vitamin "D," but also in Vitamin "A"—the vitamin which prevents certain eye diseases and helps to promote bodily growth. The plankton are eaten by little fish. These in their turn are devoured by bigger fish, and the cod preys on them all.

Cod-liver Oil is rich in vitamins

From the finest codfish obtainable is made Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil. Doctors have long recognized its value in building healthy bones and sound white teeth and in preventing rickets. Customary Parke-Davis expert knowledge and skill assure physicians of a pure, vitamin-rich oil, which is distinguished by being as pleasant to take as the purest olive oil.

Scientific workers have perfected methods for determining the quantity of vitamins in cod-liver oil. In every fluid ounce of Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil there is a minimum of 13,500 units of Vitamin "A," and a minimum of 3,000 units of Vitamin "D."

A PERSONAL NOTE Here are a few Parke-Davis preparations for your daily home use, for sale by your pharmacist—made with the same exacting care as Parke-Davis medicines:

Parke-Davis Shaving Cream—Two fine white soaps are scientifically combined to produce this soothing and effective cream. Soap No. 1 makes the lather quick and voluminous; Soap No. 2 adds the richness and fine texture which hold the water against the base of the beard to keep it soft throughout the shave. "*A Parke-Davis Product.*"

Parke-Davis Orygene Mouth Wash—This deliciously flavored astringent tends to promote firm gums and healthy mouth tissues. It helps to prevent the bleeding of gums after hard brushing. It is effective in refreshing the mouth and alleviating impure breath when caused by mouth conditions. (No mouth wash can affect breath impurity which arises from other causes.) "*A Parke-Davis Product.*"

Parke-Davis Neko (*Germicidal Soap*)—The odorless lather of this pure soap removes body odors—it does not substitute one odor for another. This is the soap that physicians and nurses have used for years to keep their hands hygienically clean and thus guard against infection. Thousands of families use Neko regularly for hands, bath, and shampooing the hair. "*A Parke-Davis Product.*"

Parke-Davis Hydrogen Peroxide—Distinguished among peroxides because it retains its strength for many months. Its purity makes it dependable in emergencies caused by cuts or abrasions of the skin, before medical attention can be obtained. When used for this purpose, or as a gargle, its antiseptic oxygen content is quickly released in a foam of bubbles. "*A Parke-Davis Product.*"

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

The Grant Conveyor—One of a series of industrial drawings by Earl Horter

Correct lubrication is a universal means of increasing efficiency and producing other operating economies no matter what product you manufacture.

One maker of building materials saved $10,000 in oil, maintenance and power costs

The executive eye sees beyond such savings

When we tell you that scientific lubrication saved a building material manufacturer $10,000 a year, we expect you to look further. You will see the far more important facts involved in this money saving—increased plant efficiency and increased life of machinery.

In your plant we would most probably find opportunities for savings in oil costs, in power, and in labor.

But more important still, we would doubtless be able to point the way to smoother operation, increased plant efficiency, and longer life for your machinery—through correct lubrication.

Such worthwhile savings and improved operating results deserve your attention as an executive.

In our 62 years' experience in the scientific application of lubrication to reduce friction, we have learned certain definite things about the lubrication of machinery that even the most practical manufacturing men sometimes overlook.

What a few minutes' talk can do

In a short talk, one of our representatives should be able to tell you enough about what we mean by scientific lubrication to reveal many possibilities for both savings and increased efficiency in your plant.

We should like to lay these facts before you. Our men are trained to work harmoniously with your manufacturing executives and engineers to put all the economies of scientific lubrication into effect.

This talk may be arranged at any time to suit your convenience.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils

The world's quality oils for plant lubrication

Vacuum Oil Company

HEADQUARTERS: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

BRANCHES AND DISTRIBUTING WAREHOUSES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

THE DECANTER OF PERUSA

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"Politicians," Said Mr. Dorrity, "Cut No Ice With Me. Forget It. That Woman Must Come Here"

VII

LITTLE AMBY sent for Sanford early in May, and slid across the desk to him the note of thanks for the decanter that was written on the stationery of the Hotel Emeringe and that Wilbur Debrett had said was in his deceased uncle's handwriting. Sanford was not surprised to see it, having guessed at the time that Little Amby had not lost it out the hotel window.

"Forged, Watt. I've had it looked over and compared with writings that we know are genuine. It's a very good job, but when the experts exposed it to iodine vapor, it developed places that had been rubbed with an eraser. You see where it looks bluish? That's where the sizing was rubbed off, letting the iodine in at the starch. Then my people bleached out a letter or two and found pencil marks underneath—a trial copy."

"Yes, sir," agreed Sanford, taking his chin in hand attentively. "But what could be the purpose of forging this harmless communication?"

"That's for us to find out, Watt. Somebody wanted a convincing record to the effect that that decanter had just come into Debrett's possession, and that it had been given him by a lady recently from France. I wouldn't have doubted its genuineness if it hadn't been for Miss Emeringe recognizing that decanter and convincing us that it was an old Emeringe heirloom. I was sure then that it wasn't a present brought him from France.

"And now, strange to say, it looks as if that letter may have told the truth, and yet it's a forgery. I have a cable from Cohen in Europe."

Little Amby looked through the papers in a manila envelope.

"I believe, sir, that you were to have the family history of the Emeringes traced back, with a view to learning if any property in which they might have an interest was unclaimed. Did you discover any such?"

"Not a sou marqué, Watt."

"Then why did Tugend advertise for heirs?"

"You'd be the full half of a wonderful team, Watt, if we could find somebody to answer you. Did I tell you that Ginsbert was the notary who took the acknowledgment on Sargent's mortgage?"

"Why, no. And Sargent never mentioned that."

"It slipped out of his mind, if he ever noticed who took the acknowledgment, which he probably didn't. We can suppose that the mortgage was made in the hotel, without Sargent being there; Debrett, needing a notary, called in one he knew in the neighborhood—Ginsbert. Nothing odd about that. The chances are, however, that Sargent could give you the full details of his mortgage now; he must have taken a good hard look at it in the last few weeks. My information is that he's been trying to sell it and that his buyer has found fault with it."

"It's defective somehow?"

"It would look that way. If it is, and if the defect is in the original instrument as well as on the record, he'll simply have to go back to Mrs. Sanford Emeringe and get her to correct it or give him a new mortgage. A mere matter of form, but it must be done."

"But she's over in Europe."

"But she isn't. Here's Cohen's cablegram. I told him to put it in our cipher, but I suppose they wouldn't let him:

"ANG[illegible] EMERINGE [illegible] AMERICA FEBRUARY [illegible] LOCAL AGENT DANGOU[illegible] GIVE[illegible] NO INFORMATION HER MAID MARY HARBY —

"And so on, Watt; the rest of the cable is gossip. I see he called on her bankers; Cohen does like to get a rating on people. She may be right up there in her chalet on the hotel roof, even if the hotel people don't know it. They mightn't, you know. I'd like to get in touch with her. It's dollars to Chinese nickels that Debrett got that decanter from her. It's Emeringe goods all right, and she seems to be the only Emeringe that has got as much as a pot to pour poison in. Can't you study out some way to get in touch with her? Don't ask me how; you ought to know better than anybody."

Little Amby walked to the window and looked meditatively down into the noisy traffic of Centre Street.

"We're getting somewhere at last, Watt. We're raising connections. Not that I'm entirely satisfied that the poisoning wasn't just a dumb accident; the experts say there was more than the usual amount of prussic acid in the cordial, but I don't take any stock in expert testimony. Why was that mortgage held off record? Was it mere carelessness, as Sargent thinks, or was it because Debrett hadn't paid Sargent's money over to Mrs. Emeringe? Though it hasn't turned up in his estate—whether he died with it in his possession or not. Perhaps the maid engineered that mortgage; that would chime with my information that Mrs. Emeringe is a nervous wreck, also with Ginsbert's looking for Emeringe heirs. He saw Mrs. Emeringe when she came before him to acknowledge the mortgage. But why Emeringe heirs? The people entitled to step in and protect the estate of an incompetent are those of her own blood and not her husband's family."

Sanford had an appointment that evening to take Julie to a little restaurant where an elegant and scanty repast was sold and delivered for thirty-five cents. He left her on One-Hundred-and-Sixteenth Street, admiring the classic front of the Columbia library, and went to his chambers in the dormitory to dress for the projected dinner.

He found a sealed but unstamped envelope thrust under his door. In it was a sheet of white paper, being part of a sheet of Hotel Emeringe stationery that had been torn in two. This message was typewritten on it:

If you want the real truth about who did for those two men and why they did, go tonight at half-past seven to Mrs. Emeringe's apartment on the roof and wait in the dressing room behind the diamond window. Go alone and don't be seen, and not a word to a living soul till you know the true facts or it will mean the life of

A FRIEND.

Sanford dressed, stopping at times to scrutinize the mysterious paper, but it had said its say and was as incommunicative of further details as a phonograph record. He showed it to Julie when he rejoined her.

"You'd better show this to the police, or to Mr. Hinkle anyway," she suggested after a moment.

"Oh, no," he said smilingly. "Don't you see that it says not to show it to a living soul? If I thought it unsafe to go I'd turn it over to the authorities for investigation; but don't you think that common honesty requires me to accept the writer's conditions if I choose to take his offer? Pardon me, Julie, I don't mean to criticize your idea ——"

"You're going?"

"I think I should."

"And you're not going to show this to a living soul?"

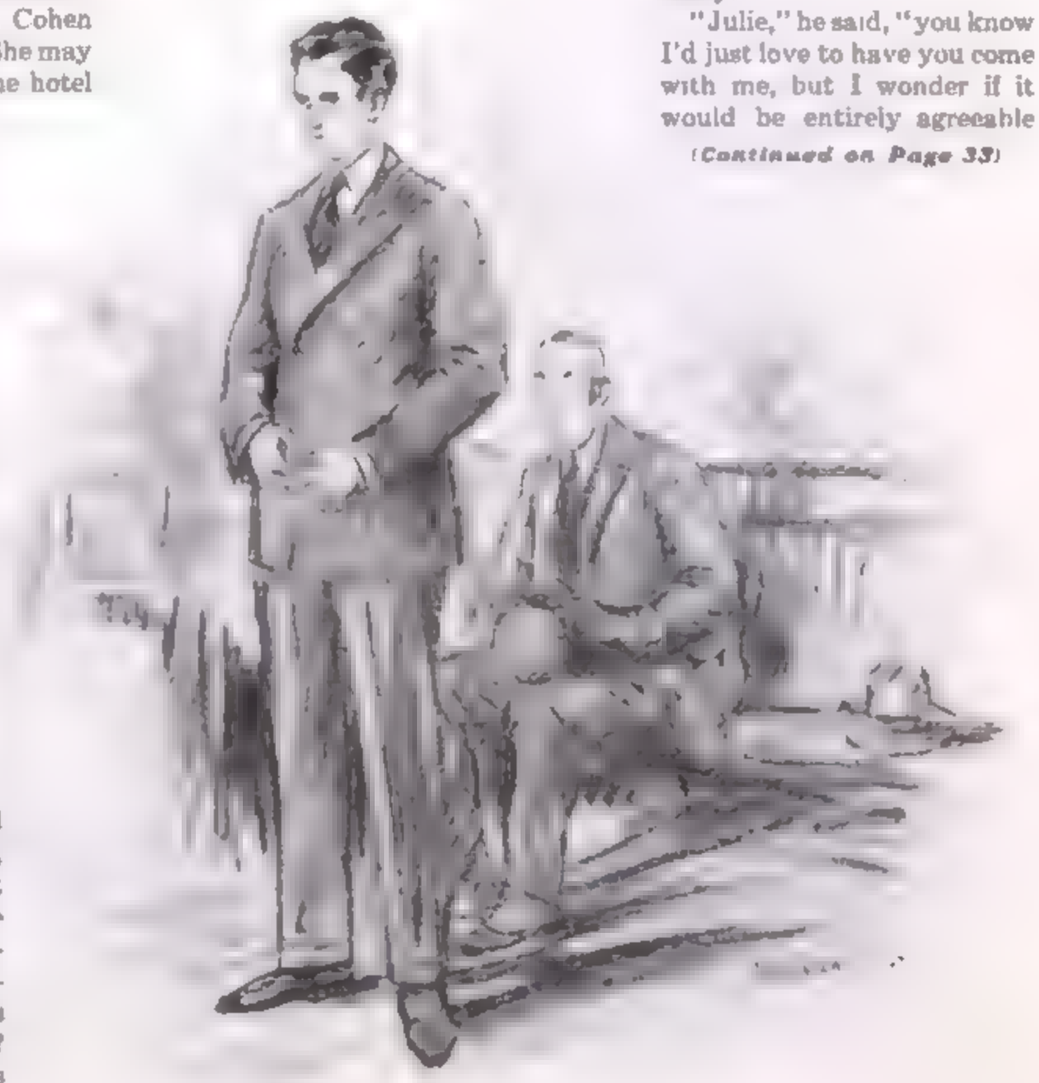
"I'm afraid you think me overscrupulous."

"Not at all, Sanford. And I don't think you're just trying to get out of paying for the dinner either. We'll have time for a sandwich and a glass of milk in this drug store, and then we'll go right down there."

They had their hurried bite and sup and took the Subway to the Hotel Emeringe. A disturbing thought occurred to Sanford as they entered the lobby.

"Julie," he said, "you know I'd just love to have you come with me, but I wonder if it would be entirely agreeable

(Continued on Page 33)



Wilbur Debrett Stood Up; He Had Gone Very Pale

PACKARD

Packard was born into the world of taste and refinement, and in that world its leadership continues supreme

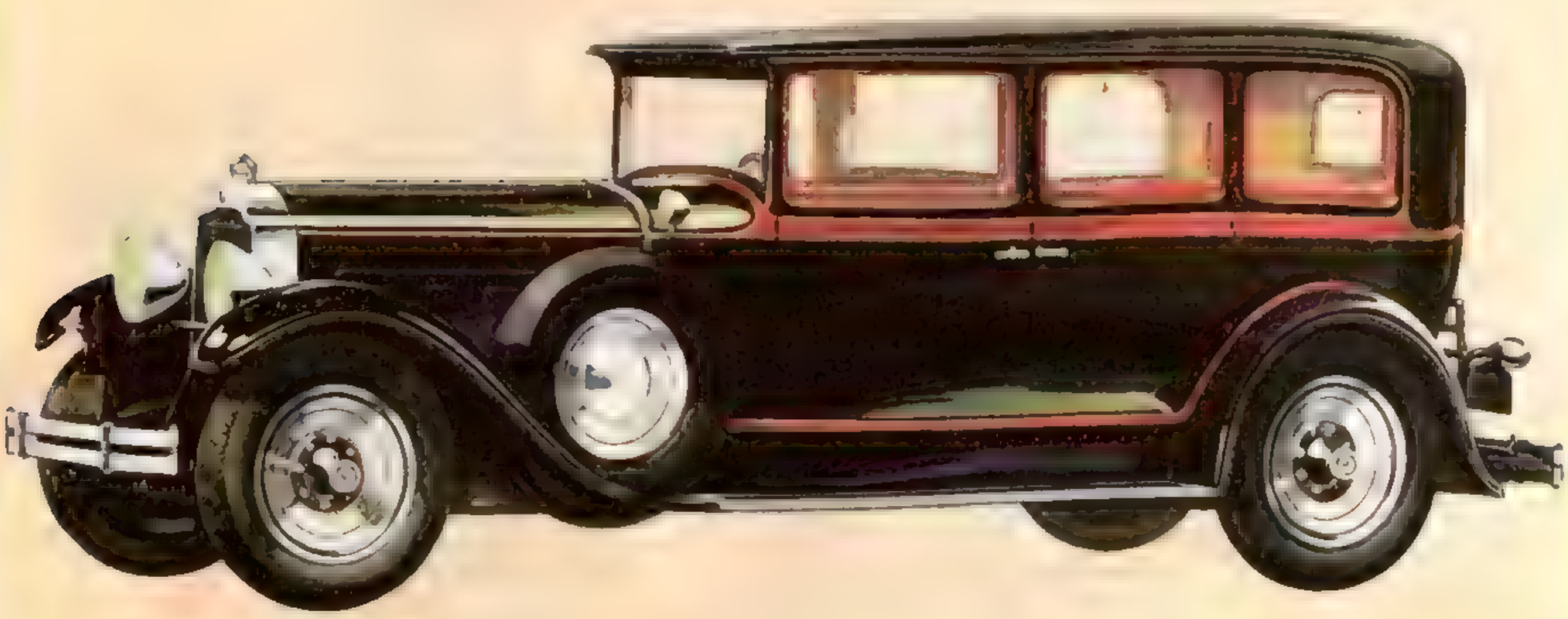
Packard has always designed and built for the discriminating. It chose that market deliberately thirty years ago and today would not know how to sacrifice quality and build cheaply.

But taste and appreciation grow with leisure and means—a reflection of our national prosperity. This generation numbers in the thousands those who may gratify their love of fine things, where there were but hundreds a quarter century ago.

Packard's clientele includes an increasing number of men and women of distinction who now may have the car they have always admired and wanted.

Packard cars today, with the grace of their characteristic lines enhanced—their enriched beauty of finish and appointments, their almost magical riding and driving comfort—offer literally a new luxury in motoring to a distinguished and rapidly growing international patronage.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



(Continued from Page 31

to the writer of the note. He said I should come alone. He could hardly ask me to break a previous engagement with you, and yet —— "

"I kind of think he might though, Sanford," she said. "It's well you thought of that at once."

"But I didn't, you know," he assured her. Now there's an interesting quirk in consciousness, Julie. Almost since we met I've related my affairs to you; it amounts almost to a confusion of identity. Do you feel at all the same way about me, Julie? Perhaps I should say rather a diffusion of identity. We are naturally sympathetic, I imagine, because we are of the same family—with the same name."

"Not the same name, Sanford. You know, Sanford, you're not the first man who told me I preyed on his mind. Even men of entirely different names. Though they attached importance to similarity of name, too, and thought it might be arranged. But it's half-past seven, Sanford; go ahead up, and I'll just sashay around until you come."

The elevator door closed behind him. She hurried to a telephone and called the Hotel Abernathy on Broadway.

"Let me have Mr. Hinkle," she said urgently. "Hello, Mr. Hinkle? . . . This is Miss Emeringe. Sanford has received a queer message, and it may be perfectly all right, but —— Can you come here at once? . . . Yes, I'll be in the lobby "

VIII

SANFORD knew that the elevator ran to the roof level, but he had discussed approaches with Julie in the Subway and she had advised against "driving your horses up on her front porch." He left the car at the twenty-third floor and walked to a stairway; a door that shut off the flight leading upward was unlocked. He ascended the steps and found himself in the vestibule of a pretty, rustic dwelling. The sun had set some fifteen minutes before, but there was yet light. To his left, through French windows, he saw a walled garden in late spring bloom; at his right hand was the entrance to the dwelling, its double doors standing hospitably ajar.

He entered a living room that was so high that darkness was already filling its upper corners like gathered drapery. Even at the ground level, distant angles were being rubbed out, made to flow, until imagination was unreproved in molding objects to its own desire. The room was thirty-five feet long, thirty feet wide and twenty high, but it seemed greater; vast, roomy as a dim and deserted chapel whose soaring vault whispers perpetually above the lone visitor.

The room was done in the Spanish style, then a discovery of decorators in their unending search for something better, even if cheaper. In a corner of the rough-cast walls was a staircase of light iron, a transposed fire escape with a lick of black paint and an extra twist or two for art. Sanford went to it across deep-piled and sheeny Oriental rugs. he had seen, etched on the shadowed surface of an upper wall, a lozenge-shaped window. He mounted the staircase. Three doors gave off the landing above; he opened the one that offered approach to the diamond-shaped window and entered a small room. A smear of light ahead of him suggested another exit, and he permitted the door to close behind him, which it did smartly and with a click.

The room was about ten feet square. He saw in it, when his vision accommodated itself to the gloom, a dressing table, mirror and low-backed chair. The light before him was diffused from a ground-glass panel in a locked door.

Sanford sat down on the chair and waited docilely.

The darkness thickened until the window was as faint as a ghost, and then it was suddenly hard and brilliant. He went to it. Lights shone in a chandelier suspended by an iron chain from the roof of the living room; their radiance was reflected from the yellow walls and from the green shades that were drawn down over the windows that looked into the outer air.

There below him, a man and a woman were sitting at a refectory table, having a sociable drink from a tall black bottle. The table was cluttered with other bottles, soiled drinking glasses, newspapers and wearing apparel. Such untidiness could not have been the fault of the man, who was evidently one to keep things where they belonged; his derby hat was on his head. He kept it there while Sanford watched him, though he eventually compromised by putting his feet on the table.

The two in the living room seemed informed as to each other's views; they had nothing to say. They sat lumpishly and drank from the black bottle. Bored at last, the man got up and turned on a phonograph. Sanford pushed the window and it pivoted.

"James," said the woman in a voice of hushed horror, "where are your brains?"

"I ain't got any brains," said James, but he shut off the music, "or I wouldn't be here, taking your guff. I would as lef be in jail—almost liefer."

"You certainly got your choice."

"Well, I don't have to take it. Go in and get me a can of caviar and a split of champagne."

"I guess you can get along without champagne. There isn't any more."

"What, no more champagne? Well, I'll be blessed. Here's a fine note."

"What were you telling that man in the street about, James? I left you outside the store, looking in the window, and when I came out you were gabbing to some perfect stranger at a mile a minute."

"Well, Martha, he stood there and we got talking, and I happened to mention to him that I lived over in the Emeringe where the poisoning was, and that I just came back from France. They're all wanting to hear about France. That's all I said to him, Martha, honor bright. I might have asked him would he care to come up for a hand of pinochle "

"Mercy's sake, is he coming?"

"No, he don't play pinochle."

"But you asked a stranger up here?"

"But he isn't coming, Martha."

"But you asked him!"

"But he isn't coming! Will you stop your silly arguments over things that don't matter? Go in and get me that beluga caviar and a bottle of that sparkling Nebiola."

"James Harby, what can you have been thinking of?"

(Continued on Page 87

"Don't Think I Didn't Come Ready for You. That I Did"

Of all those who express motor car body preference . . 95% Prefer "Body by Fisher"

An investigation made by a disinterested agency and reaching into every county of every state in America, has revealed that the vast majority of motor car prospects select a car with its body attributes foremost in mind. It also established that 95 per cent of all motor car buyers who are influenced by the body in purchasing a motor car, prefer Body by Fisher.

When the American people—who *know* motor cars—exhibit such solid and pronounced preference for any automotive product, there is only one answer: *That product must be unmistakably superior.*

As a matter of fact, the super-quality and super-value of Body by Fisher have been evident from the first. So evident, that Bodies by Fisher were early demanded by the manufacturers of the finest motor car chassis. Inevitably, Fisher thus became associated years ago in the public mind not only with better bodies—*but with better motor cars* as well.

Note the result: When General Motors gathered the finest motor car in each price class into one great organization, these better cars were already equipped—had long been equipped—with Body by Fisher. That is one reason why today the emblem "Body by Fisher" is the unfailing guide to the better motor car in every price field—a fact which is very plainly apparent when you glance at the list printed below—of cars equipped with Body by Fisher.

BODY by FISHER

CADILLAC • LASALLE • BUICK • OAKLAND • OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC • CHEVROLET

GENERAL MOTORS

MATERIAL

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"'You Took the Words Out of My Mouth,' Says Paul. 'May My Arms and Legs Drop Off if I Ever Speak to You Again, Pete Dell'"

FROM my window I can see Mr. Ladd at work in his garden. With care he weeds his few rows of peas and beans. Now and again he pounces on some baleful bug. All day, every day, he works on his patch of land and at dusk he goes into his small, neat house. Our mutual iceman, Mr. Heber Beecher, tells me that Mr. Ladd is a retired gentleman from the city and that his wife is an invalid. He has lived out here ten years. Though it is high time to do my own work, I watch Mr. Ladd and wonder how many hundreds of thousands of bugs he has executed, how many weeds he has pulled in those years.

I do not know much about Mr. Ladd or any of my neighbors, for I am a stranger who has but lately moved from New York to this tiny, out-of-the-way Connecticut village because it is a quiet place to work. Life ambles placidly along here. There are few excursions and alarums.

My house stands on a microscopic hill, and from it I can look down the length of Cannon Street, with its old elms and its older houses. Along this street of sleepy trees a band of hardy Yankee farmers once fired a volley of horseshoes from a homemade cannon at red-coated marauders.

Every morning I walk down Cannon Street to get my mail at the combined railroad station and post office. Mr. Ladd lives in the first house on the street, and when I pass him he looks up from his weeding with a friendly smile. Sometimes I pause to exchange a word or two with him about the perfection of his beans or the brightness, dampness or cloudiness of the weather. He is not a talkative man. He seems shy. Although his hair is as white as this paper and his sun-browned face a road map of wrinkles, he does not seem old. His spine is too straight and he moves with the quick vigor of youth.

Now my attention is jerked from Mr. Ladd by a sound which shatters the stillness of the mild June morning. It is a sound such as might be made by not very distant thunder, an intoxicated elephant in a tinware store and a piercing nasal tenor singing:

"Tell me, pretty maiden,
Are there any more at home like you?"

I am not alarmed, for I know that this din heralds the coming of Mr. Heber Beecher and his antediluvian ice wagon on their official morning call.

Ice is but a minor economic incident in the life of Mr. Beecher, although he informs me that he has made a tidy bit of money distributing it. His true vocation is to serve as the newspaper which our diminutive community cannot support. His ice he charges for—outrageously, I think—but his news he dispenses freely and liberally through his prominent nose. The Beechers have been in these parts since tomahawk times, and Heber, the present head of the clan, knows everybody and, likewise, everything about everybody.

I go out to the kitchen just as he is throwing out a large piece of old ice to make room in my refrigerator for a slightly larger piece of new ice; his invariable practice, which no amount of words, stern or cajoling, will make him abandon.

Mr. Beecher is a lengthy, gaunt man, with a whittled face, and arms and legs like ice tongs, and he is informally dressed in damp, baggy dungarees, a rusty cardigan jacket and a hat like an extinct volcano.

"John Weld's sow, Gloria, is a mother again," he greets me. "Last night—ten-twenty o'clock. Nine little ones. . . . Ed Corley has taken the pledge. His new wife made him, on account of his falling down a well while boiled. Ed never could carry his liquor the way his dad could. There was a man for you—old Tom Corley. At the fair up to Danbury in '98, old Tom drank a gallon of hard cider and stole the balloon. He used to drive the hack here. Had an old mare—Doris her name was—a rawboned, jug-headed critter that Tom treated a lot better than many men treat their wives. He was a rough and tough old rascal, but he certainly did have a soft spot for Doris.

"One day Doris got her tail caught in a steam roller and the danged thing was pulled right off. Tom kept the tail. He felt pretty bad because he said he knew Doris felt embarrassed going around without it, and so, finally, he got to tying it on the crupper of her harness. He'd be waiting down to the station for a fare, and if a couple of those Smart Aleck traveling men got off the train, Tom would untie the tail and dust out his hack with it, and I guess mebbe their eyes wouldn't bug out and they'd think they had the jim-jams. Doris died in the fall of 1913 and old Tom never was the same man after that. He sort of languished. . . . Gene Coffey's baby has a tooth. . . . My son, Gil, just got back from college, and that reminds me ——" He wiped his brow with a bandanna handkerchief. "Will you give Gil a talking to?" he said. "I mean, he needs some help ——."

"Is he in trouble?"

Mr. Beecher grinned.

"Yep. In a manner of speaking. Fact is, he wants to be a writer. Now I'm not agin it. Nor the wife, neither. We both say 'Go to it, Gil. It's a soft job.' He's a smart boy, my Gil is. Won all sorts of prizes in high school and college, and the professors say he has talent. His Grandma Wakefield left him a little money, so now he's going to hike off and write things, and I thought you, being in that line, might be willing to give him a few pointers."

"I'll be glad to. Tell him to come round and see me tonight at nine."

At nine that evening my door was knocked on by a young man whose lanky frame and sharp face proclaimed him the son of Heber Beecher. He wore a fraternity pin the size of an overcoat button, and an earnest look. I sat him down in my living room and began with the usual platitudes: If a man must write, he will write; the way to learn to write is to write ——

"Yes, yes," said Gil Beecher, "I know about that. I took all the writing courses in college. The writing part doesn't bother me much. It's material I need. Things to write about, you know. That's why I'm going to New York. Dad's against that. He says he can't see why I can't write out here, where I have a comfortable home. But how can I? What's there to write about? This place is dead—stone-dead. I know it inside out. I was born right down there at Number 14 Cannon Street, and I've lived there all my life. I know everybody. They're nice people, but they're—well, not very stimulating, if you know what I mean. After all, you can't make much of a story out of old Mr. Ladd weeding his onion patch, now can you?"

"What sort of things do you want to write?" I asked him.

He looked very solemn.

"Fiction," he said—"but true fiction. I'm a realist. Like Zola, you know. I want to write the truth about real people."

"A sound idea," I assured him.

"The trouble with you old people ——" he began. I concealed a twinge of regret for my bald spot and thirty-odd years, and said "Yes? What is it?"

"The trouble with you," said Gil Beecher, "is that you don't understand our generation. You think because we're young we're full of all sorts of sappy romantic notions about life. You write about us as if we never did anything but dance and pet and talk foolishness in the moonlight. Of course," he admitted, "some of that is done, but I can tell you—in my crowd, anyhow—the thing we like to do most is sit around and talk about serious things like life and philosophy and love and things like that. You don't find many of us wasting our time reading romantic books like The Three Musketeers and stuff like that. No, sir. In our fraternity-house library we had a complete set of Maupassant, and we argued one whole week whether Dreiser really understands life or doesn't. Well, anyhow, don't you think it would be a good thing for me if I went to New York and lived in Greenwich Village and got to know some interesting people? That's what I want to do. I guess that's what I've got to do."

I became importantly sententious, as one does when asked for advice.

"Any experience," I said, "is valuable to a writer."

"Then I'm going to New York," he said, "in a few days. I want to start writing right away, but I guess I'll have to collect some material first."

I gave him a note to a literary agent and the address of a man who rents basements near Washington Square to young Zolas, and he took his departure.

Next day, having gone through the rite of filling my ice box, which didn't need filling, Heber Beecher sat down on the steps of my back porch. Time meant little to Mr. Beecher.

"I'm obliged to you," he said, "for talking to Gil. So is the wife. I guess Gil gets his writing bug from her. She used to be a school-teacher, you know. Taught in the district school—not the new one; the old wooden one that used to be on Bank Street—the one little Harry Hume set fire to and burned down, eleven or mebbe twelve years ago. But of course you wouldn't remember that. This little Harry Hume was—well, he came here with his mother, who did dressmaking and gave out she was a widow, and she was a nice, respectable little woman who worked hard, but some funny talk began to buzz around about her—among the womenfolk mostly. Old Mrs. Rice—she that got struck by lightning in the churchyard on Memorial Day three years ago—spread it round that a cousin of hers who lived out in Indiana where this Mrs. Hume came from had known a Miss Jennie Hume out there, and this Miss Jennie Hume was a hired girl in the home of a big politician out there, and Mrs. Rice's cousin said that this Miss Jennie Hume left town under very suspicious circumstances, which didn't surprise nobody, on account of them knowing this big politician.

"Well, anyhow, a lot of folks, with nothing better to do, wagged their tongues, and ain't it surprising the way kids get onto things? My boy, Gil, was in this little Harry Hume's class in school, and Gil told me the other kids wouldn't have nothing to do with this little Harry Hume, although he was a bright and well-behaved little chap and his mother always kept him all dressed up as well as any of the children that had a lot richer parents.

"I Want to Start Writing Right Away, But I Guess I'll Have to Collect Some Material First"

"I guess being shunned that way must have made this little Harry Hume peculiar or something, because, anyhow, he set fire to the schoolhouse one Monday morning and dang near burned up all the kids in the township. Then what does this little Harry Hume do but pitch in and start hauling the kids out of the burning building, including my Gil, and all of them did get out with whole skins, except this little Harry Hume, and a piece of roof fell on him and hurt him pretty bad, and he admitted he had set fire to the school because he figured that if he saved the lives of some of the kids people might be nice to him, and everybody felt sorry for him then, but it was too late, on account of his dying over at the Danbury Hospital next day, and his mother took on like a wild woman, and moved away to Taunton, Massachusetts, and, I hear, married a well-to-do plumber, or mebbe it was a carpenter, I'm not sure which."

Mr. Beecher rose from the steps. His eyes, and mine, saw coming slowly down Cannon Street two figures. They were lean men, dressed in black, and even at that distance I could discern their dark, handlebar mustaches. They moved along without haste in Indian file, one about four feet behind the other. On other days I had witnessed this odd parade, always the same. They turned into Number 6 Cannon Street. Mr. Beecher chuckled. He sat down again.

"You ain't met up with the Dell twins yet, have you?" he asked.

"No. Are they the Dell twins?"

"Yep. Peter and Paul. Twin brothers. Their dad, old Cephas Dell, used to own the flour mill and some nice farm land. Left 'em well provided for, I reckon. They're in the insurance line. Got a two-by-four office up over the bank. I've known 'em since they was kids. They're past forty now. Funny fish, they are."

"How so?"

"Well," said Heber Beecher, "for one thing, they ain't spoken a word to each other in twenty years."

"Really? Why?"

"Sore at each other," replied Mr. Beecher.

"What about?"

"I guess," he answered, "there are only about two things that make men sore at each other—money and some woman. It was a woman this time. When Pete and Paul Dell was kids they always dressed alike and played together, and if a kid picked a fight with one of them he had both Dell boys to lick. All through high school it was the same way. When old Cephas passed along he left 'em that house there jointly and divided his money equally between 'em. I know. I was a witness to the will. They clubbed together and bought out Herb Hooper's insurance business, and things was going along nice and smooth until a girl named Myrtle Pratt moved to town to take a job in the Wetmore Lumber Company's office.

"Both the Dell twins met her at the same time. I know. I introduced 'em. It was at a strawberry sociable in the basement of the church. I said, 'Miss Pratt, these are the Dell twins, Peter and Paul,' and I saw 'em both get the color of the strawberries, and I said to myself 'Aha! This looks like wedding bells,' though, naturally, I didn't know whether it would be Pete or Paul who would win Myrtle Pratt, who was a pretty girl, if you like 'em plump. Well, sir, it gave the town plenty to laugh about, the way those Dell boys laid themselves out for that girl. At first they tried calling on her together and taking her to picnics and sociables together, but that didn't seem to work out very well, so the Dells began stealing marches on each other. If

(Continued on Page 44)

"Tom Would Untie the Tail and Dust Out His Hack With It, and I Guess Mebbe Their Eyes Wouldn't Bug Out and They'd Think They Had the Jim-Jams"

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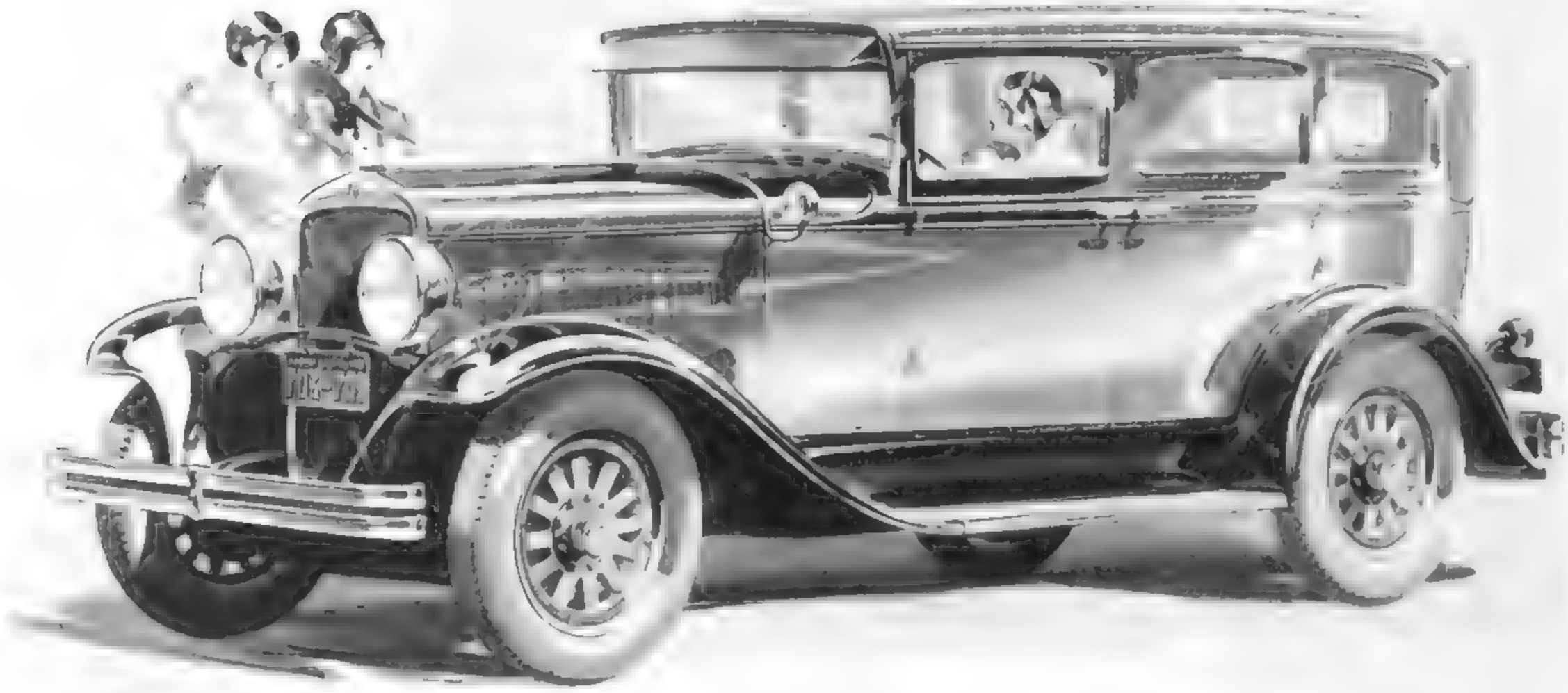


BRILLIANTLY MEETING THE ULTIMATE TEST OF OWNERSHIP

No new car ever before has attained a position of such dominance so quickly and so completely. Nothing, save widespread and outspoken public approval, could elevate a motor car to the commanding position held by De Soto Six.

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION *(Division of Chrysler Corporation), Detroit, Michigan*

Face Value—or What Price Portraits?—By Joseph Cummings Chase

OF ALL the heirlooms in a home of long standing there is none the worth of which is so problematical as the family portrait.

However, a portrait of a grandfather must be a very poor one to fail of being a prized possession. I wouldn't for gold part with the quite indifferent portrait I have of my own grandfather at the age of forty. It was done by an unknown itinerant painter who succeeded only in painting, with a linoleum-like finish, a stoutish, rubicund gentleman in conventional dress, looking more than anything else like a ripe apple. As a picture, it is terrible; but a definite family pride tells me that this is the judge-teacher-farmer-granddaddy who begat, and I'm strong for him—even for the portrait of him, be it what it may. Now if this picture were just a little better as a painting, I am sure that my pleasure in it would be proportionately greater. If by chance a family portrait is a fine painting it has not only a sentimental worth but an ever-increasing intrinsic value.

Not much is generally known of the long story of the aristocratic profession of portraiture. Even earlier than Apelles, court painter to Pericles of Athens, the profession flourished in Egypt, where there was a vogue for portraits painted upon mummy cases. There followed ages in which the transaction between artist and patron was merely a matter of barter and trade—often food and lodging in exchange for a portrait—but at times it was an honor mutually conferred by a great artist and a great king.

A sort of tradition obtains that only the rich and great are painted for posterity. This is by no means the truth. For the family of moderate means cherishes its family tree as dearly as may the wealthy descendants of a belted earl.

In America a man who has this inherent pride may resolve, if he has no recorded ancestors, to become an ancestor. Or he may begin to establish the collection with a portrait of his father. It is fortunate, in this case, if the determination is formed while the pater is still alive so that the picture can be painted from life. But if the resolution comes too late for that, the portrait is painted from photographs with the painstaking attention and assistance of the son. He stands by to tell the artist at work, "Father's eyes were more deep-set than that. His mouth was not so thin"; or, "Even the photographs fail to show the humorous expression of the eyes," and so forth and so forth.

It requires only one or two ancestors upon the wall to make the plan for a complete line of family portraits a continuing interest of each generation.

The Conveyor-Belt System

AN EVER-INCREASING number of families feel the romance of acquiring household possessions that can be passed on to descendants, and with this sensing of the family entity, a desire to add to such a collection is a natural one.

Sometimes the portrait impulse may come simply through a man's wish to snatch from passing time a moment when his wife's charm and loveliness can be caught never to be lost. Sometimes a mother may long to have the grace and irresistible tenderness of her child captured and portrayed, while she dreads every day the lessening of this most fleeting beauty.

No matter with what member of the family the line begins, there are the preliminary steps to take, and the most awkward step seems to be the inquiry about price. There is a certain squeamishness about asking the artist direct what may be the price for the labor of his hands, and a vagueness as to whether his may be a fancy or a reasonable charge. If people in general were not so much in the dark about this matter, and so shy of approaching a first-rate painter, they would not be the subjects of chicanery and faking as they now often are.

"Sonny" Seabury

There are in operation several portrait factories. Agents solicit from well-to-do families portrait commissions—portraits to be painted from photographs, usually of dear departed relatives. I know that in one small city an agent recently secured forty of these commissions at prices varying from $1000 to $5000. These portraits are painted by mediocre artists, some of whom paint the heads, some the clothing—with or without buttons—some the backgrounds, assembling a portrait after the manner of cheap car production. Of course, a few of these portraits are rejected. But the larger number of them, having something of a resemblance to the departed loved one, are accepted and paid for. The "artists" who produce these portraits work for a weekly wage, and it is safe to say that at least one factory earned for its owner not less than $200,000 in one year.

I hear of these factories every once in a while, because men who paint in them sometimes come to me and ask how they can learn really to paint portraits and to establish themselves independently. If the patrons of these factories knew that for the same prices they might employ artists of good standing, it is safe to assume that the factories would not prosper.

A certain publisher, in sifting out the painters whose work is to be included in a forthcoming volume concerning American contemporary portrait painters, came to the interesting conclusion that there are 75,000 recognized artists in America, a small proportion of whom are engaged in portrait painting. From those of this number who paint portraits, fifty were selected as of front rank.

Critics would undoubtedly reduce this number to fewer then twenty-five, because there are many excellent artists whose batting average in the matter of producing likenesses is not very high—though this shortcoming is a misfortune to the profession. Excellent likenesses awake in the casual observer longings for family portraits of his own, while doubtful likenesses discourage patrons in general. The profession could stand a considerable addition to its front-rankers and provide a suitable living for them all.

From a strictly art point of view, it is doubtless true that an achievement in the way of design is more important than a likeness—in a portrait—but the patron wants a likeness in exchange for his dollars. He feels that it should be a guaranteed part of his contract. So, if the painter is worth his salt, he will not only produce a likeness but will produce as well a picture that is his best effort in design.

In the time of Frans Hals and Rubens, the equivalent of $100 was a fair price for a portrait. Not long ago the press heralded the news that the Gainsborough portrait called the Blue Boy had been resold for around $1,000,000. This statement entirely smoke-screened the amount of the original payment to the artist, which was probably about $7500. With Gilbert Stuart and some of the other painters of Revolutionary times, $500 was a top price.

Time is Money

AT PRESENT the cost of a portrait is from $800 up to $10,000. And this holds good for the fifty front-rank painters. To be sure, several of that fifty cannot afford to paint a portrait for the lowest figure, but there are among the fifty those who, under certain circumstances, have been known to drop to the bottom price.

The prices that we portrait painters assert we receive for our creations has come to be, in many instances, highly amusing to me. For one reason or another, there seems to be prevalent among us a wish to create the impression that our price for a portrait is unvarying—that two, three, four or five thousand dollars, or whatever the sum may be, is our regular fee, and that no less will be accepted. Sharing with my contemporaries the privilege of occasionally painting college professors for institutions of learning, and knowing that the payment for that privilege is seldom more than $1000 or $1200—it being whatever amount some particular class of alumni has been able to raise—I can smile amusedly at the two-to-five-thousand-dollar declarations. The prices charged and received have always been a variable amount with all portrait painters.

When one considers the prices received by Frans Hals, Rembrandt, Rubens, Reynolds, Raeburn, Romney, Gainsborough, by Gilbert Stuart, Peale, Copley, Sully and the rest of the capable, distinguished painters of their times, it is difficult to understand why there is any lack of dignity in accepting for art work a sum that befits a patron's purse.

Down in our hearts we know that the length of time required to paint a picture has in reality nothing to do with its intrinsic value from a point of view either of art or of sentiment.

William M. Chase, whose death was a distinct loss to the profession and to the teaching of art, once told me this story: He was painting a young millionaire. The price was a large one. At the end of the fourth sitting he announced that the picture was completed. The young man walked around to look at it, and after a few minutes of close scrutiny, said, "It's fine. But don't you think that—at the price—you might paint on it a little longer?"

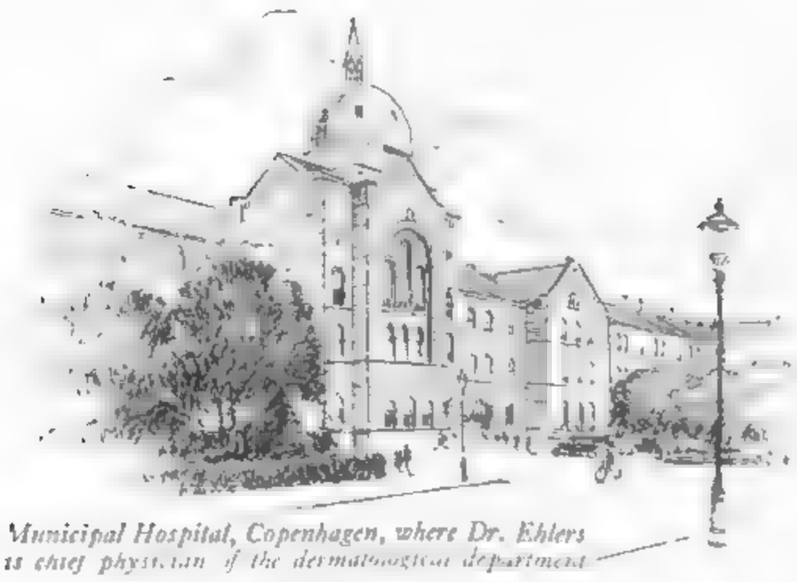
Samuel F. B. Morse, of Atlantic cable fame, painted many portraits in his day and doted upon doing them. About this time it was a custom for gentlemen who found

(Continued on Page 145)

WORLD AUTHORITY ON SKIN DISORDERS . . .

DR. EVARD EHLERS

says . . "I invariably prescribe yeast"



Municipal Hospital, Copenhagen, where Dr. Ehlers is chief physician of the dermatological department

DR. EVARD EHLERS

"It is many years since my teacher and friend, Dr. L. Brocq of Paris, taught me to use fresh yeast for staphylococcic infections of the skin. Since then I have invariably prescribed yeast in all cases of furunculosis [skin eruptions] as well as in rebellious cases of acne. The effect of yeast upon furunculosis is surprising and incontestable. It is often slightly laxative."

Dr. Ehlers

THE most romantic figure in Danish medicine—Dr. Evard Ehlers of Copenhagen.

Hazardous medical research in the tropics has brought him decorations from half the governments of Europe.

Holder of degrees from the universities of Paris, Strassburg and Copenhagen—what Dr. Ehlers says of the health properties of yeast is drawn from years of experience as a skin specialist of world-wide reputation. Many doctors now agree that unsightly, embarrassing and unpleasant skin eruptions are associated with clogging of the intestinal tube.

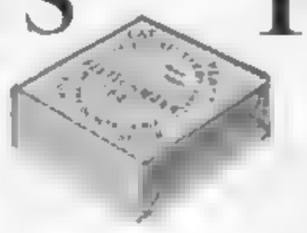
"In furunculosis the effect of yeast is incontestable," Dr. Ehlers says, and then advises, "the yeast treatment should be continued for several months, until the elimination of harmful bacteria is complete."

In a recent survey in the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast. Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast it contains millions of living, active yeast plants which combat harmful poisons as they pass daily through the intestines. Eat three cakes daily, before or between meals, plain or in water (hot or cold). To get full benefit you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers' and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time. It will keep in a cool, dry place. Start today. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. D-76, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

90 per cent of ills start here . . . Here is where yeast works

As this picture shows you, the alimentary tract is one continuous tube from throat to colon. Poisons caused by clogged intestines spread swiftly through your body. By eating Fleischmann's Yeast you can keep this entire tract clean, active and healthy. You can insure the flawless, healthy complexion which comes only from a clean, active colon.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH



THE DIMWITS

(Continued from Page 21)

he had only himself to blame, in my opinion. Maybe that's what made him so all-fired mad. A man always feels worse when he can't blame it on anybody but himself, and Ad knew way down he ought to've asserted himself.

The first inkling I had that Ad had broke in a stompede was when he come bulging into the locker room after a foursome and began cussin' because there was a sand bur on the floor and Ad found it on his way to the showers. This wasn't like Ad, who was generally a cheerful cuss; but it seems he had shot a rotten round and lost eleven dollars, and so far as I was concerned, that explained it tee-totally until I seen him sitting off all by himself on a bench and sort of sneering as he laced his shoes and listened to what the other guys were saying.

They were all whining about how tired they felt and, dog-gone, they wished they didn't have to go out tonight. Nine parties in two weeks, and three concerts and a lecture! How could a man keep that up and attend to business? Huh? Why, they couldn't hardly scare up enough energy to play the full eighteen holes, let alone pretending to be snappy at dinner.

"Then why not stay home and get some sleep?" a voice wanted to know.

Oh, well, the wife wanted to go and —— Then they suddenly realized, gents, that the sucker who asked this fool question was a bachelor, so they just snorted, excusing him on the grounds of ignorance.

Well, they kept on bellyachin' about going out so much nights and never having a minute to do the things they really wanted to do, until Ad finally give a wild laugh and says: "Yes, and that ain't half! You birds're kicking because you have to trail along with the wife. What'd you say if every minute of your spare time was fixed up for you while your wife was out of town visiting her folks? Huh?"

I could see this shook even the noblest husband there present, but before anybody could say a word, ol' Jerry Flynn opened up with his daily grievance. Jerry's habit is to get away back in that corner where his locker is and keep up a low moaning while he's dressing, about the bad breaks that come his way.

"I bet I sat down on the grass two hours this afternoon," he mutters, "waiting for that ladies' foursome ahead of us. When they weren't huntin' balls, they were pulling rule books on each other. I never saw the beat of it, the way they argued. One of 'em cried too."

"Why, Jerry, surely you don't object to women playing. They have as much right ——"

"Yes, I know," Jerry says, mighty cautious, and he shuts up. "But when I joined this club, they claimed it would be for men only. I'm not kicking. It's just the principle of the thing."

There were manly tears in Jerry's voice and anybody could see he was hurt. You can hardly blame him, either. Jerry is a high-minded cuss, with a sort of spiritual streak in him, you might say, and he naturally felt his confidence had been abused. They had led him on, that's what they'd done.

At this juncture Bill Abernathy busted in with three others, all wrangling about who owed which, and whose idea was it anyhow to play jingles? The whole four were hollin' mad, because they'd been held up by some ladies at the sixteenth when it was a ready too dark to approach good.

"Here," Bill announced, flinging away his shoes, "is where the great American revolution starts. You may have heard of the fight to win our freedom from the yoke of the Hessian tyrant, George III—you may think the war to deliver our black brothers from bondage was some mêlée. But, gents, they pale into insignificance compared with the stupendous emancipation of serfs I propose to inaugurate. The preliminary to this epic struggle—the first shot in it—will be a shot all round on me. Ed, find out what the gentlemen prefer as a dilution. I'll attend to the rest."

Everybody quit hurrying to get home, right then. They recognized that here was a man with a purpose—a guy who knew what he wanted and how to go about it too. Yes, sir, Bill showed at the jump-off that he possessed the qualities of leadership, so they gave him a cheer and gathered round.

He didn't even wait to take his shower and change clothes. In his stocking feet, Bill h'isted himself up on a bench and looked 'em over.

"My countrymen," he says, and his voice vibrated as good as Joe Bailey's, "this is a historic moment in the history of our sex—maybe a parlous moment too. Yes, something tells me it is fraught with dangers. But the goal is worth all the risks. Are you prepared to follow me?" he bellowed.

"At-a-boy, Bill! Stay in there and pitch! You tell 'em, big fella! We're with you!"

"Then," Bill says, "follow me. There ain't room enough here either to think or liquor good."

Well, there wasn't, at that, so they all stompeded after Bill into the dining room, where the waiters hustled around and bunched a lot of tables, and the whole mob went into a huddle over the first shot in the campaign.

The enthusiasm was tremendous. In fact, looking back thirty years, I can't recall a popular movement that ever got away to anything like the running start this one did.

After a while Bill Abernathy stood up and rapped on the table, and right away a hush descended on that earnest group of patriots.

"Fellow Dimwits," Bill says, and they let out a yell of congratulation, "the hour has struck. The great day has dawned. It's here."

There was a few fool interruptions at that point—you know how club meetings are—but Bill hushed 'em, and the older married men there present told the fatheads to shut up or get out, see?

"For many years," says Bill, with a ring in his voice and his manner sincere—"for many years the American people have fretted over the downtrodden and oppressed. The poor workingman that was the slave of the hellhounds of the system—the unions that waged battle for him—we've all been through those campaigns, and some of us bear the scars still. Later we went forth in our millions to fight to the death against the tyranny of military might. I need not go into all that. Our hearts have gone out to the suffering peoples in the farthest corner of the globe. I might delve into history and show how the manhood of America has ever been ready to give its blood for the emancipation of the oppressed, but it is a familiar tale to you—it is our proud and glorious heritage.

"But now another tyranny has raised its head—a tyranny more menacing and powerful than any that has gone before."

At this juncture Bill made a pause.

"Who are the serfs of this teeming land today?"

They jumped up as one man.

"Thank you, men. I see you know your onions."

They sat down. Bill waited until all was quiet again. Then, all of a sudden—"Womanhood!" he booms in a deep, reverential tone.

They all stood up, bowing their heads, and went into the two-minute silence. Waiting until they'd settled down in their chairs again, Bill didn't say nothing until you could have heard a pin drop. Then "Mother!" he says, and up they came on their hind legs, looking sort of noble and devout.

"I am glad to see you've been raised right. I'm glad to see that you are all good, normal American citizens," he says. "Those are sentiments every decent and chivalrous man subscribes to, and I'm here to say, gentlemen, they do you credit. I wanted an expression of this sort from you."

A voice: "Tell some more, Bill."

"They are sentiments that meant much to our fathers, mean much to us. Here in our hearts," Bill goes on, "we treasure those thoughts still. On such lofty pedestal we would fain keep our womanhood. But what has happened?"

At this juncture it took him five minutes to restore order, but he finally got going again.

"Bunk has invaded our most sacred ideals, cheapening the deepest emotions of a brave people. 'Mother' has become a catchword for political blatherskites; it has been shamefully exploited for commercial purposes. Our chivalry exalted womanhood, and now the very word is employed to bludgeon us into acquiescence with absurdities. You all know what I mean. Not a man of us dare use common sense in considering anything linked up with these two words.

"I've got a hunch," Bill says, "that our worthy grandsires h'isted the other sex to this pinnacle to keep 'em from making trouble. Yes, sir, I entertain an unworthy suspicion, gentlemen, that there was more than chivalry in this move. Those old birds doubtless reverenced their women next to their Maker—but it was a caution the way they worked 'em and kept 'em from demanding fifty-fifty. Yes, maybe there was some bunk in the good old days too.

"Yet there was some excuse for it. Listen! My grandmother came out to this country in a covered wagon, with five kids, the family stove, the dog and gran'paw. Gentlemen, I reckon that little woman worked sixteen hours a day. She never had anything in her life. Even when gran'paw began to make a pretty comfortable living off of his farm, she denied herself things so he could get ahead and build up. No amusements—if she got to attend a church barbecue once a year, it was something to talk about all winter. Think that over.

"Such was the type of womanhood our grandsires worshiped. Well, it was pretty soft for them, I'll say that. Gran'paw was sure sitting pretty so far as his own household went. He was the boss monkey there and no mistake. And he did it all by wearing a beard and putting his women away up where the angels in the stained-glass windows are.

"But times've changed. Women declined to be cheated. They got tired of being angels. They wanted their rights, and they got them."

Frenzied cries of "I'll say they did! . . . Rights? Ha-ha! I used to read about that word in school! . . . Don't stir us up, Bill, for pity's sake!"

"They got them, and then some. From the oppressed and exploited of humankind, they became the rulers. They leaped into the arena and dominated it. No matter which way one turns ——"

At this juncture Bill stopped a minute to take a drink and then suddenly got down to cases.

"Where is 'mother' today?" he bellows.

"Playin' bridge."

Now this hit too near the truth in Bill's case and it made him kind of sore, but he went on:

"What is the position of women today? What is their attitude toward our sex? What is our position in the home?"

Well, sir, strong men just broke down and wept.

"Don't, Bill, don't!" rose imploring cries. "Have a heart, boy!"

One thing you've got to hand it to Bill Abernathy for—he knows when to quit—everything, that is, except drinkin'. At this juncture he stopped sudden and switched. Holding up his hand to get their attention—"Gentlemen, we have with us today a suffering brother who appears to wish to unburden his soul. We will now listen to the testimony of Brother Ad Boon. Stand up, Ad. Mr. Boon, gentlemen."

They gave Ad a good hand, yet they acted surprised too. They all liked Ad, but nobody had ever suspected he was nursing a grievance. To me and most everybody else, Ad had always seemed to be collar-broken and steady in the traces.

Well, he didn't fly off the handle and rave, Ad didn't. No, sir! In a calm, level voice that carried conviction, he set out what had befallen him since his wife went to visit her kinfolks. He told 'em how she and her pals had ganged up to spoil his holiday, how they'd set themselves to steer his little feet along the straight paths of family dinners and bridge games with ladies who were safe.

Ad held himself in well and spoke mighty temperate, but I could tell this recital of his shook 'em to their soles.

A low, ominous muttering made itself heard and half a dozen sixteen-handicap men was seen to tighten up their belts, emitting strangled cries of "It's too much—too much!"

"And what man of you here is going to do what he wants to tonight? Huh?" Ad trumpets. "I'll go further—what man of you here ever has a say in how he'll spend his evenings? Who decides what you'll do? Who decides who your friends'll be?

"And that ain't all. What happens when we wish for a little innocent recreation among our fellows? How many stag parties've you guys attended since you were married? But there're women's parties most every day! You can go to art exhibits and concerts—yes, you can dance your fool head off with partners She picks for you—but what happens when you want to go fishin' or on a hunt, maybe?"

"The children get sick," came the answering chant, "or mother comes to visit us. Ask us another, Ad."

The big liars! At least a dozen of those miscreants spend three weeks of every fall shootin' at things here and there about the country—but that's the way it goes with every revolt. If the pendulum swings too far one way, she's liable to swing wide coming back.

"Gentlemen, as Mr. Abernathy so eloquently expressed it, the great day has dawned. The tocsin has sounded for the emancipation of the serfs. The fight to free the Dimwits is at hand.

"Every other helpless thing in this wonderful land of ours is protected. We've got laws to protect our wild life and societies to protect other lower animals. Then why not husbands?"

The cheers was deafening.

"I hereby move," Ad trumpets, "if I can find anybody to second it, that we organize here and now a national Equal Rights League. Fifty-fifty shall be our motto—Equal Rights our slogan.

"Too long have we been exploited. Too long have we submitted to a tyranny worse than the Inquisition. Are we to endure our present status forever? Then gone is the spirit of liberty! Farewell, Old Glory, and everything for which our fathers bled! Perish the thought!

"Now, men, we've got to act. Talking won't accomplish anything. When it comes to talking, we're sunk—we don't stand a chance. Action—concerted action—is our only weapon. And so I propose we organize a nation-wide league of the oppressed.

"We've got to compel women to give us our rights. What makes us the inferior sex, I ask you, except that we supinely consent to that position? The Creator intended we should be equal.

"I submit that our present status is unfair, cruel and wrong. And I want to issue a solemn warning to the other sex—if they

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HORIZONS BEYOND

LIFTING his head above the water, a swimmer sees the full sweep of horizon, where sky meets sea, only a stone's throw away! . . . High on the bridge deck of a liner a watch-officer looks out across the ocean to an horizon only six miles beyond! . . . *But on a clear night the pilot of the Air Mail, looking down on the dark world from an elevation of* 10,000 *feet, sees in one sweeping glance the clustering lights of Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Buffalo!*

For there are always new horizons beyond . . . horizons that open up to those who climb the higher altitudes to look upon a broader world spreading below . . .

Twenty-five years ago prophets saw the end of our great forests; today, because of substitutes for wood that might have been seen even then just beyond the horizon, lumbermen must specialize their products in order to find new customers. . . . At about the same time experts saw the end of our coal supplies; today, because of oil and electricity that were always available just beyond the horizon, there is a glut of coal for fuel, and wider horizons are being found for it in the new world of industrial chemistry. . . . Alarmists saw famine close at hand as the fertility of the soil itself diminished; today, because of the discovery of fertilizers and the utilization of improved machinery in farming and the cultivation of new regions that had long lain unplowed just beyond the horizon, farmers can hardly find markets large enough to absorb their bumper yields!

What, then, may lie beyond your horizon of today?

It is all too common a mistake for a man to fix his gaze upon a near horizon and refuse to believe that anything of value lies beyond. It is a common mistake to continue measuring achievement by obsolete standards, and to think in terms of finality.

All the streets will never be laid. All the wires will never be strung. All the houses will never be built. The great jobs that stretch to the horizon will never be done; for the horizon keeps eternally lifting to new unreached horizons beyond. Those who will not look are simply blinding themselves to the fact that we are only at the beginning of our commercial and industrial possibilities.

This year will probably be the greatest in the production of automobiles the world has ever known. . . . There will be an extraordinary increase in the number of motor-boats. . . . In spite of the competition of trucks, railroads will continue to be taxed to the utmost to carry all the long-haul freight that is offered. . . . *And above our heads the drone of the airship is singing a thrilling song of immeasurable horizons still beyond!*

It is one of the functions of advertising to search for these new horizons, to study constantly the commercial need for new markets, to mark the trends that lead outward to larger fields. . . .

© Dallin

Just as this page was being plated for the press, the Graf Zeppelin . . . first of all trans-atlantic air liners . . . passed directly over the new Ayer building, now rapidly nearing completion. . . . How better can we illustrate the significance of "HORIZONS BEYOND"?

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 40)

don't watch their step, they're going to destroy the institution of marriage. Who will willingly put his neck in the halter? Huh? No, men, we must be fearless. We must insist on our rights."

"We want equal rights—we want equal rights—no substitutes taken—we want equal rights!" they chanted.

"Spoken like men—I had almost said women!" cried Ad. "That's the unquenchable spirit that wins victories. As I look into your happy, eager faces, I am reminded of what the poet says ——"

But he never got a chance to tell what the poet said, because another Dimwit horned in and seconded the motion. Then Bill Abernathy had to explain what the motion was, and they passed it with vengeful yells. It was to organize the Equal Rights League for Men, both married men and bachelors above the age of twenty-five to be eligible for membership.

At this juncture the telephone in the locker room started ringing and Ed come on the run to tell Mr. Abernathy he was wanted. Bill looked at his watch and hot-footed it to the phone and I went along, too, because I wanted to ring up a party and explain I would be late for dinner.

I didn't try to listen. Honestly, I couldn't help hearing, gents. That phone was buzzin' like a dynamo and the way she barked hurt Bill's ear so that he had to hold the receiver about six inches away from his head.

Yes, it was Mrs. Abernathy speaking. She wished to inquire whether Bill remembered they were going to the Watsons' for dinner that night and had to call by for the Fullers. Did he or didn't he? And did he aim to come home, or was he out there getting boiled with a lot of other loafers?

Poor Bill just stood there and sweated. Now and again he would try to cut in with: "Now listen, honey ——" But he never got as far as first base. When she sort of slowed down for breath, though, Bill gave a frightened look around and started in to explain, and then bam—right in his ear! She had hung up on him.

You might think Bill would be mortified. Well, he wasn't. He whistled, passed a cheery remark with Ed just to show everything was all right and it was only fun, then lit a cigar and headed back into the dining room. A dauntless soul, if ever there was one—that same Bill Abernathy. Nobody could scare him—no, sirree. He pulled down his vest, glared at a waiter and went right back to the dining room.

"Gentlemen," he said, as soon as he could get a word in edgewise, "I move that we appoint a committee to draft the necessary constitution and by-laws, and then fix on an early date for the formal organization. All in favor say aye."

Of course they had to yell this down, because Bill was chairman and couldn't make a motion, but finally they got it straightened out in the form of a resolution and passed it with a whoop. They worked fast, too, I'm here to tell you.

The telephone was now going ding-a-ling every minute, and first one and then another of the Dimwits was called away to answer. The minute they got back, each and every one of them hollered for quick action.

Well, they made Ad Boon chairman of this committee and they put me on, too, because I been married four times and they figured maybe my experience would help. And then we adjourned, faster even than we'd met, and the way those hardy revolutionists hit for home made the roads smoke like a dust storm. I was going fifty-five when Bill Abernathy passed me. At least I think it was Bill, though it was only a whish.

"This league of ours," Ad Boon announces when the committee met a few days later, "is going to be the biggest thing in America. Why, millions will want to join! Our trouble will be to hold down the membership, not to swell it. The Ku-Klux will be nowhere. Just look at the letters I've received already."

He spread out a bundle of 'em on the table and they certainly did register enthusiasm. Somehow or other word had got round about the meeting we'd held and one of the evening newspapers printed a piece, giving a list of names.

"Yeh, but wait a minute—wait a minute," one of the committee pipes up. "These letters're dandy, but not a dog-gone one of 'em is signed. This O. B. Joyful now, and this Will B. Busted—it stands to reason those ain't their real names."

"They'll send their real names once we get organized," Ad told him. "Sure they will. That's just caution. Bill Abernathy has got a pile of 'em too."

Some of the committee favored making the league exclusive, so we decided to limit the membership at the outset to two million. Then, if it worked smooth, we would enlarge it to its natural proportions.

"The organization meeting ought not to be public," Ad says. "Because if it is, there's bound to be a lot of loose talk and some Smart Alecks'll go there just to show off and crab the thing. So I propose we only notify men we're sure of. Then we can open the membership lists after we're regularly organized."

"That's not a bad idea. Suppose we invite the same bunch who were at the last meeting. We can have a dinner first and do it up in good shape."

Well, that was O. K. with the committee and we settled down to the constitution and by-laws. When it came to setting out the aims of the league, there were so many suggestions that we spent four days sifting 'em. I won't give you the whole list—you can find it in the copy of the constitution and by-laws of the league—but the outstanding ones read about like this:

1. Husbands should be recognized as belonging to the human family and not treated as serfs or no-accounts.

2. From now on the male sex shall be on an equal footing with the female of the species. Men must insist on equal rights with women. This try-and-get-'em attitude must cease.

3. No man shall be required to break down and sob every time a public speaker utters the sacred name of mother or glorifies womanhood.

4. The open season for husbands shall not extend the year round, but they shall be protected the same as our other wild life.

5. The same penalties for misdemeanors or crimes shall be applied to men as women.

Of course that was sort of putting it backwards, but what we were out for was not to make it tough for the ladies, but a little bit easier for their victims.

Some of these, of course, was just glittering generalities, you might say, but we put 'em in to make the constitution look regular. However, every man there present recognized the real fight would come on what you might call the details of the new freedom. You know how European diplomats'll accept a proposition in principle and then gyp the other side in the working of the scheme—well, that's what we were afraid of.

Take Article 8, for instance. We got down to brass tacks in Article 8. It was: The husband shall have an equal voice in deciding how the couple shall spend their evenings.

Right there was where the battle would join, and the committee knew it. Yet not one of 'em showed the white feather. No, sir!

Then there was an article providing for two nights out per week. Some of the committee honed to add, "And no questions asked," but we finally voted that down as too radical. In fact, to prove how fair and square we aimed to be, we stuck in that clause for two nights out a week, these words: "With the right reserved to the wife to verify for herself that the husband is where he has represented."

I remember Number 11 was "A husband's friends shall be as welcome in the home as the wife's friends." That got a big laugh, but we left it in to bargain with, the same as you would set a high figure at the start of a trade.

12. A fixed sum shall be set aside out of the husband's wages or income each week for pocket money, the basis to be fifty-fifty, and the husband shall not be required to explain how he spent it.

13. Talk about fat and keeping the hips down shall be strictly limited to forty minutes per day. [This was Bill Abernathy's idea.]

14. The husband shall have the right to express an opinion now and again, without further penalty than laughter.

15. The husband shall have the right to choose his own partners at parties and shall not be required to dance with other men's wives just because those guys have danced with his wife. [This was put in by Sam Tucker, whose wife is a mighty pretty and charming woman, and Sam suffers therefrom.]

Well, there was a lot more besides these, and I'm here to say, gents, that by the time we got through we had as varied and far-reaching a constitution as any bunch of revolutionaries that ever took the field. And we had it printed and fixed up nice for the meeting.

You can imagine that all thia wasn't accomplished without the news leaking out. People were morally bound to get wind of it, and that same evening the paper printed another piece, but got the name wrong. Instead of the Equal Rights for Men League, the reporter put in the Dimwits' League. They never do get anything straight, those boobs.

After that mistake we adopted the name, because she stuck, anyhow. Pretty soon all the women were talking about it and the Merry Wives held a special meeting. We heard they laughed fit to kill. Well, let 'em. Maybe they wouldn't laugh so hard when we got going. They asked questions too. In fact, they pestered some of the boys so much that the poor fellas wouldn't hardly mention the league at all, and acted kind of sore and touchy.

Finally the great day dawned. I had my secretary ring up every man who'd been notified of the meeting to make sure there would be no hitch. It was to be out at the country club and the manager'd promised he would fix up everything in A-1 shape and keep it private.

Well, sir, at this juncture, dad-burn it if I don't get a long-distance call that takes me to Chicago. Yes, gents, I had to grab that 5:15 train and go to Chicago. Some of the boys'll tell you I run out on 'em, but it ain't so. It was a gen-u-ine call and meant a lot to me. So I wasn't at that meeting, but Ad Boon told me about it.

Ad's wife was still visiting her kinfolks and he had leisure to take an active interest in this movement of ours. In fact, I may say that Ad was probably the foremost Dimwit of them all. He was just burning up with earnestness, Ad was. He sure put his heart and soul into that crusade.

He went out early that night to make certain nothing had been overlooked. The tables were ready, the room was decorated with Old Glory and inspiring slogans, and the waiters stood around in their white jackets, all set to go. It was as nice an arrangement for a dinner as Ad had ever seen out there and he began to feel proud and hopeful. He made the band rehearse My Country, 'Tis of Thee, and Dixie, and the Yale football song and one or two others Ad thought would raise their fightin' blood, and by that time it was eight o'clock. But nobody had showed up yet.

"That's funny, Paul," he says to the manager. "The notices distinctly said half-past seven. I wonder if they could have gone astray. Or are you sure this is the right night?"

"This is it, all right, Mr. Boon. I can't understand it, unless ——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless they're not coming, sir."

"Why, of course they're coming! What put that idea into your head?"

"Well, I heard some of the gentlemen in the locker room this afternoon talking about tonight and they all seemed to have engagements they couldn't get out of. But of course ——"

"Sure! Of course!"

Ad says that at this juncture a dreadful fear smote him. At first he tried to pooh-pooh it. He told himself he was a low-down even to harbor such a thought for a second. And then he went to the phone and rang up Bill Abernathy. If anybody was staunch and true, it would be Bill.

A maid answered, and instead of fetching ol' Bill, she brought Mrs. Abernathy. Mrs. Abernathy wanted to know who it was before she would call her husband, and Ad didn't like the way she said it, either; but finally Bill come.

"Why—why ——" Bill stutters, when Ad asks him why he ain't out at the meeting. "You surely weren't in earnest, ol' settler? A joke's a joke, but I never dreamed you were actually going through with this meeting! A bunch of us was talking at the club today—we all thought it was just a joke—kind of ——"

"You big bum," says Ad, "you know just as well as I do it's no joke. You're scared, that's all. She's got you buffaloed. You're quitting cold ——"

I reckon Ad would have said plenty more, because he was at the boil sure enough, but just then Mrs. Abernathy called out something to Bill and he said, very nervous, "Huh? What'd you say, honey?" and hung up.

Mad clear through, Ad rung up two or three more of the stalwarts. Only one of them was home and he was like Bill—just having a little fun, kind of, and surely Ad wasn't going to trouble and expense over a fool thing like that.

"Expense is right," Ad says. "And get this, buddy—you'll pay your share too."

It seemed like the others had gone out somewhere with their wives—one of those parties they'd been beefing about. Three sent notes by their chauffeurs, addressed to A. Boon, that they were sick with chills and couldn't come, but they were with the cause heart and soul. Of the thirty-two men who'd started the ball rolling at that first meeting, Ad was the only one on hand.

"And that," said Ad, "is the manhood of America. Ed, fetch me a split. . . . No, wait. While you're about it, make it a pint—make it a quart, and plenty ice!"

Well, he was sittin' there all by himself, getting outside of his third libation and wagging his head very gloomy, when the noise of an automobile was heard without, as the play actors say, and pretty soon in surges a large fat party in a tan striped suit and baby-blue tie.

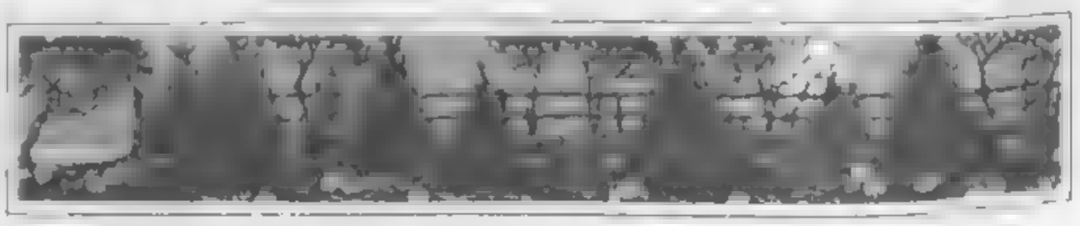
"Where's all the gang?" inquires this guy, whose demeanor betrays he is on pleasure bent. "I looked for a stir of life round this dump. How come? How come? Where're the other heroes in this noble cause?"

"Stranger," Ad exclaims, jumping up and grasping him warmly by the hand, "I don't know who you are, but it don't need more'n a glance for Ad Boon to recognize greatness. I salute you. But you see before you the only other man of the whole bunch who had the nerve to stand by his guns. That's why I acclaim you with glad rejoicings. You're a man after my own heart—honest, aboveboard, fearless. . . . Let's have one."

"Say, this party's shapin' up all right, after all," says the fat guy, with a cheerful grin.

"Yes, sir—to you I take off my hat. Besides myself, you alone of thirty-odd citizens dares to follow his conscience and do the right. How long you been married, friend?"

"Well," says this party, "I ain't exactly married, you might say. No, not exactly. You see, I'm a widower."



The cleat-like action of the thick rubber cross links gives a hitherto unknown security on muddy roads. The action is the same in slush and snow

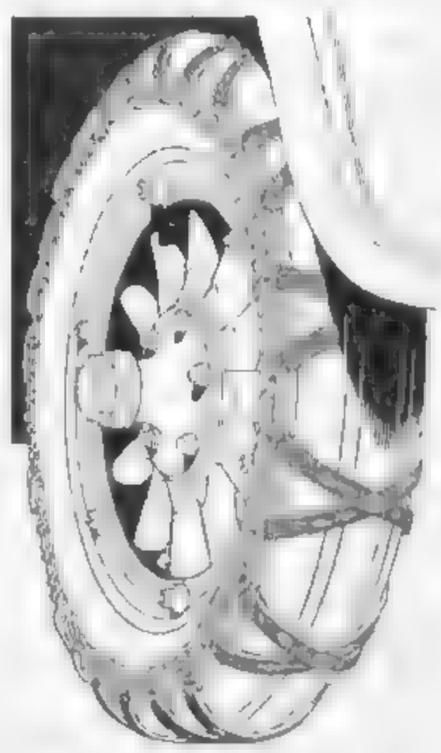
This RUBBER Tire Chain Grips the road in mud, slush, sleet or rain

Here is a new type of tire chain built by Goodyear. The cross links are made of sure-footed, quiet, long-wearing rubber. They are big and broad and heavily studded. *They grip the road.*

Before you buy tire chains, find out how they will act in mud. Goodyear Rubber Tire Chains make muddy roads safe for you and your family. They dig in with a cleat-like action and hold your car straight.

They hold their grip in mud and they grip the same way in slush, sleet or snow. Regardless of road conditions, they take hold of the road. On wet pavements, they have a window-wiping action which makes a dry and safe path for your car.

Because they are quiet and long wearing, these Rubber Tire Chains give agreeable results over long stretches of dry pavement. *You can put them on at the start of bad weather and leave them on all winter.* Here is a new measure of convenience. *Think what it means to the woman who drives.*



The tighter you put them on, the tighter they grip the road.

Goodyear Rubber Tire Chains are better tire chains. They are also the most economical to use. They wear about eight times as long as ordinary chains, which of course results in lowest cost per chain mile. And they do not injure tires; they actually prolong the life of tires.

Goodyear Rubber Tire Chains are the modern development of the tire chain idea based on security and convenience, quietness, tire saving economy and long wear. They are backed by the nation-wide Goodyear Service. Have your car equipped at the nearest Goodyear Service Station.

Made for all automobile tires and pneumatic truck tires. Easily identified by the rubber cross links, sponsored by the greatest name in rubber.

Quietness • *Tire Saving* • *Long Wear* • *Economy* • *Convenience* • *Security*

GOODYEAR

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TIRE CHAINS

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free.

WILL you write me a letter and give me your best answer to the questions which follow? This will give me a comprehensive idea of what you like in movies, and I will be better able to cater to your entertainment. Please do not answer "Yes" or "No." Give me constructive replies, if you will, and I am sure such co-operation will be mutually profitable. —C. L.

1—Do you like happy endings? 2—Do you think when filming a great play book or classic of some famous author we are justified in changing what may be the original sad or tragic ending to a happy ending? 3—Which do you like best? LOVE STORIES, TENSE DRAMA, THRILL PICTURES, COMEDIES, PROBLEM PLAYS, SEX STORIES, COMEDY DRAMAS, HEART THROB DRAMAS, SPECTACULAR PRODUCTIONS, ADVENTURE DRAMAS, UNDERWORLD STORIES, WESTERN PICTURES, SOCIETY DRAMAS, COLLEGE PICTURES, HISTORICAL PICTURES? 4—Do you like teams in pictures—that is, two stars linked together always playing as a team? 5—What influences you most to go to see a motion picture?—the author, star, director, popularity of story book or stage play? 6—Do you go to see pictures because of the title of the picture or name of producing company? 7—Do you prefer youth and beauty in leading rôles rather than middle age? 8—Have you any favorite classic or big story you would like to see screened? 9—Do you ever communicate with the manager of your favorite theatre and tell him what pictures you'd like to see? 10—Have you seen and heard talking pictures? 11—If so, how did they impress you? Did you like them? What is your criticism of them? 12—Which male stars do you like the best in the movies? 13—Which female stars do you like best in the movies? 14—Do you think the public is interested in pictures dealing with prize-fights? 15—If you saw a good picture that had no outstanding stars in it would that satisfy you as well as a mediocre picture with prominent stars heading the cast? 16—Do you remember who directs a picture after you have seen it? 17—When you see a good picture, do you always remember the title? 18—Do you like pictures that have lavish settings, costumes, fashions, etc., or do you prefer a simple story well told? 19—Do you like the lavish stage presentations that precede many big pictures or would you like to see them dispensed with? 20—Do you object to new stars in prominent parts in big pictures and would you prefer the older and better known stars to be cast in those leading rôles? 21—Would you object to seeing a big picture in two parts—one part on each of two different evenings? 22—Do you like serial pictures that are well made? 23—Do you read the fan magazines? 24—If so which do you prefer? 25—How much faith do you place in the reviews of pictures by magazines and newspaper critics?

Reginald Denny in "Red Hot Speed"

Laura La Plante as 'Magnolia' in "Show Boat"

John Bolas, a Universal Favorite

Carl Laemmle, President

Do you want to be on our mailing list? Just say the word.

To meet a popular demand Universal will send eight by ten inch photographs of actual scenes from "The Collegians" as follows: Set of 5, 50c; Set of 9, 90c; Set of 18, $1.80; Set of 25, $2.50. Send remittance in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

MATERIAL

(Continued from Page 35)

Peter escorted her home from her office at night, Paul would be on deck at her house next morning to escort her to work. If Paul sent her a one-pound box of candy, Peter sent her a two-pound box. The boys around town did quite a lot of betting on it. It was an even-money proposition. When Paul took her to a firemen's carnival and they rode nine times on the Ferris wheel, which made 'em ill, Paul looked like a winner; but the very next Sunday Peter took her to church and buggy riding afterwards.

"All this time the Dells was the best-natured rivals you ever see. They say they used to flip a penny to see which one would call on her Sunday nights, they having settled it that Peter could call Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and Paul Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. It was a nip-and-tuck battle and no hard feelings—at first, that is. But I guess mebbe you know how it is with love. It's grand when you've got it and poison when somebody else has. One of the Dell boys was bound to get it in the neck, Myrtle not being one of these Mormons, but she just couldn't make up her mind. There ain't much difference between men, anyhow, especially twins.

"Well, as I was saying, love is an unsensible thing. I know. When I was courting the wife, I called on her one night and found her sitting in the parlor with a big, dressed-up stranger, and without taking off my overcoat, I hit him a lick and knocked him over the melodeon and grabbed her then and there and made her elope to Danbury with me, although there was four foot of snow on the ground that night. Later I come to find out this stranger was a book agent who had called to sell her pa a set of Dickens, and she was just being polite to him till her pa got finished feeding the horses, and I had to pay sixty-two dollars to get him some new teeth—but that's neither here, there, nor elsewhere. What I'm getting at is that love made the Dells act like they did."

"What did they do?" I asked.

"Wrote letters," said Heber Beecher. "Yes, sir. They both had the same idea at the same time. Peter and Paul sat down one night and each wrote a letter to Myrtle Pratt. She showed 'em to Hattie Dunlap—my wife's niece—and Hattie told me about 'em. You know, they say that if two people live together long enough they get to look like each other. Mebbe there's something in it. The wife and I look like brother and sister. Peter and Paul looked alike from the start, being born twins, and they must have got to think alike, because the letters were as alike as two twenty-pound blocks of ice, except for a word here and there. I'll try to remember how Peter Dell's letter went. Something like this:

"Dear Myrtle: I feel it my duty to tell you that if you marry my brother, you'll be making a big mistake and will regret same. He's putting on his best manners now, in front of you, but once you marry him you'll find out what a mean cuss he really is. Having lived with said brother a matter of twenty-four years, I know whereof I speak. In private he has no more table manners than a hop-toad and he always tries to grab himself the breast of the chicken or the tenderloin of the steak, as the case may be. You got to watch him all the time or he'll fasten on to your best shirts. His snore is something disgusting for a refined person to have to listen to, and he's a secret corset player. And stubborn! If he gets an idea in his head you can't get it out with a pickax. Maybe he hasn't any big vices like drinking, smoking, going on trips to Hartford, and betting on the trotting races, but that's because he's so close he groans and has a fit every time he has to spend a nickel. Myrtle, I feel it my duty to tell you that my brother is a string saver. He's got a great big rag bag full of string he's been hoarding up, and he never threw away an old straw hat or newspaper or calendar in his life, so if you want to marry a fellow with instincts like that, all I can say is: Don't say I didn't warn you.

"That's how Peter's letter went," said Mr. Beecher, "or pretty much like that anyhow. The only difference between his letter and Paul's was that Paul accused him of practicing on the flute till all hours of the night.

"Myrtle got the letters in the same mail, and thought 'em over and talked 'em over with not more than six or seven of her girl friends—you know the way women do: no regard for privacy—and the upshot of it was she decided that they were both bad medicine and refused to marry either of 'em and married Luke Peabody, the foreman down to the lumberyard, who never saved string or anything else, and went on a bender every other Saturday night, regular as clockwork, and they moved away to Buffalo, and I guess Luke must of done pretty well, because one of their boys was in my Gil's fraternity and had a coonskin coat and a runabout.

"Naturally the Dell boys pestered Myrtle to find out why she'd turned 'em down, and finally Myrtle came right out with it and showed 'em the letters. Well, the day she broke the bad news to 'em I happened to be in the bank, filling the water cooler, when Peter and Paul met in front of the bank.

"'Snake in the grass!' hisses Peter.

"'Judas!' growls Paul.

"'I'll never speak to you again as long as I live,' says Peter.

"'You took the words out of my mouth,' says Paul. 'May my arms and legs drop off if I ever speak to you again, Pete Dell.'

"That was twenty-one years ago, come October seventeenth, and they've kept their promises. Personally, I couldn't. I'd bust. But they're different. I guess mebbe it's got to be a sort of game with them, and mebbe sometimes they'd like to speak—like on Christmas, say—but each is too proud to make the first break. They've stayed bachelors and they do their own housework ——"

"But how do they carry on their business?" I asked.

"Letters," said Heber Beecher. "They've been down to the post office just now to get 'em. They write each other every day, and they mail the letters, too, though stamps cost money. It certainly is comical. There they sit in their office, no bigger than a box stall, and write to each other like one of them was here and the other in Waco, Texas. I saw one of the letters once. It got mixed up with some insurance papers they sent me, and, being human, I sort of perused it before I decided it wasn't for me. It went something like this:

"Dear sir: In reply to your favor of yesterday, would say check from Caleb Dickerman—Policy F-036840—has not come to hand, and you, as treasurer of this organization, had better get after the old skinflint.

"Please note that the gray shirt with stripes worn by you yesterday is not your property.

"Would suggest that new screens be put on the house this year. Last night the undersigned was bitten by mosquitoes.

"Less pepper in the soup will be appreciated.

"Yours very truly,

"PETER C. DELL.

"That," remarked Mr. Beecher, catching up his ice tongs and preparing to depart, "is something for a man to comb out of his whiskers. Well, I got to shove off. Those city people who have taken the old Briggs place for the summer are giving a party tonight and that means a triple order of ice."

His antique truck clattered and banged down my hill.

Mr. Beecher was late next morning.

"I been gassing with Doctor McGregor," he explained. "You must of seen him—the old codger with the white whiskers and the game leg that lives next door to me. . . . Say, that must of been some party those city people had last night. Used up seven cases of ginger ale, Hod Sturgis, down to the store, was telling Gil. The wife's mighty nice and a good-looker. He's a broker. Hod was saying that he read in the paper she got a divorce from her first husband a while ago. It seems this first husband of hers—name Jefferson, or Anderson, or something like that—was a very rich fellow, just dripping with coin. Lord, I wish I was—but anyhow, this Jefferson, or Anderson, was the head of a big business—wholesale dry goods, I think it was—and he'd been at it for twenty-odd years, when all of a sudden what does he do but go circus-crazy. Yes, sir.

"One night at dinner, with all sorts of swell people there, he begins to holler that he never did want to go into business, but his old man made him, and all the time he wanted to be—what do you think?—a circus clown. Furthermore, this Jefferson, or Anderson, admits he's been sneaking away at night and has been acting as a clown in a little circus out in Jersey. He begins to bring circus people to his house on Madison Avenue—acrobats, snake charmers, lion tamers, tattooed ladies and I don't know what—and they may be all right in their way, but his wife couldn't see having a lot of society folks in for supper and all of a sudden a gang of contortionists busting in and doing tricks in the dining room. This Jefferson, or Anderson, kept performing dogs all over the place, but when he ordered a batch of trained seals his wife got real peeved.

"Then he proposed—and meant it—that he give up his business and that him and his wife should join up with a one-ring circus—him as a clown, her as a lady bareback rider—and she couldn't see that for dust, and went off to Paris and got a divorce, and he's out West somewhere tumbling around in a clown suit. I had to stop and tell Doctor McGregor about it. He don't see many folks. Sort of solitary. Not that I blame him, after the deal he got."

"What was that?"

"He was in the Spanish-American War and got a medal," said Heber Beecher. "He got a game leg too. After the war he had a big practice up around Waterbury and was doing fine, and they even talked of running him for mayor, because he was such a prominent citizen and looked up to. Well, one day he was treating a woman—a lawyer's wife—for jumpy nerves or something, and she was in the consulting room and the waiting room was filled with patients, and all of a sudden this woman set up a gosh-awful holler and claimed the doctor had been making advances to her; and so, of course, they had to arrest him, and although he kept insisting that he'd never done nothing of the kind and that she was hysterical, and so forth, the jury found him guilty. Guess he had a bum lawyer.

"Anyhow, he served seven years in the state's prison and then this woman, being mortally sick on account of having drunk rat poison by mistake for spring tonic, confesses that the doc hadn't done what she said he done and that she'd made it all up, and she'd been scared not to stick to her story, so of course they turned him loose; but by that time his practice had gone to pot and he wasn't any too chipper himself, so he moved down here and lives on his pension and sometimes writes pieces about folks' nerves for medical papers under another name."

He hauled a watch out of his dungarees. "Must be stepping along," he said.

The only news he had for me next day was that one of John Weld's infant pigs had expired.

On the following day he came up my hill blaring:

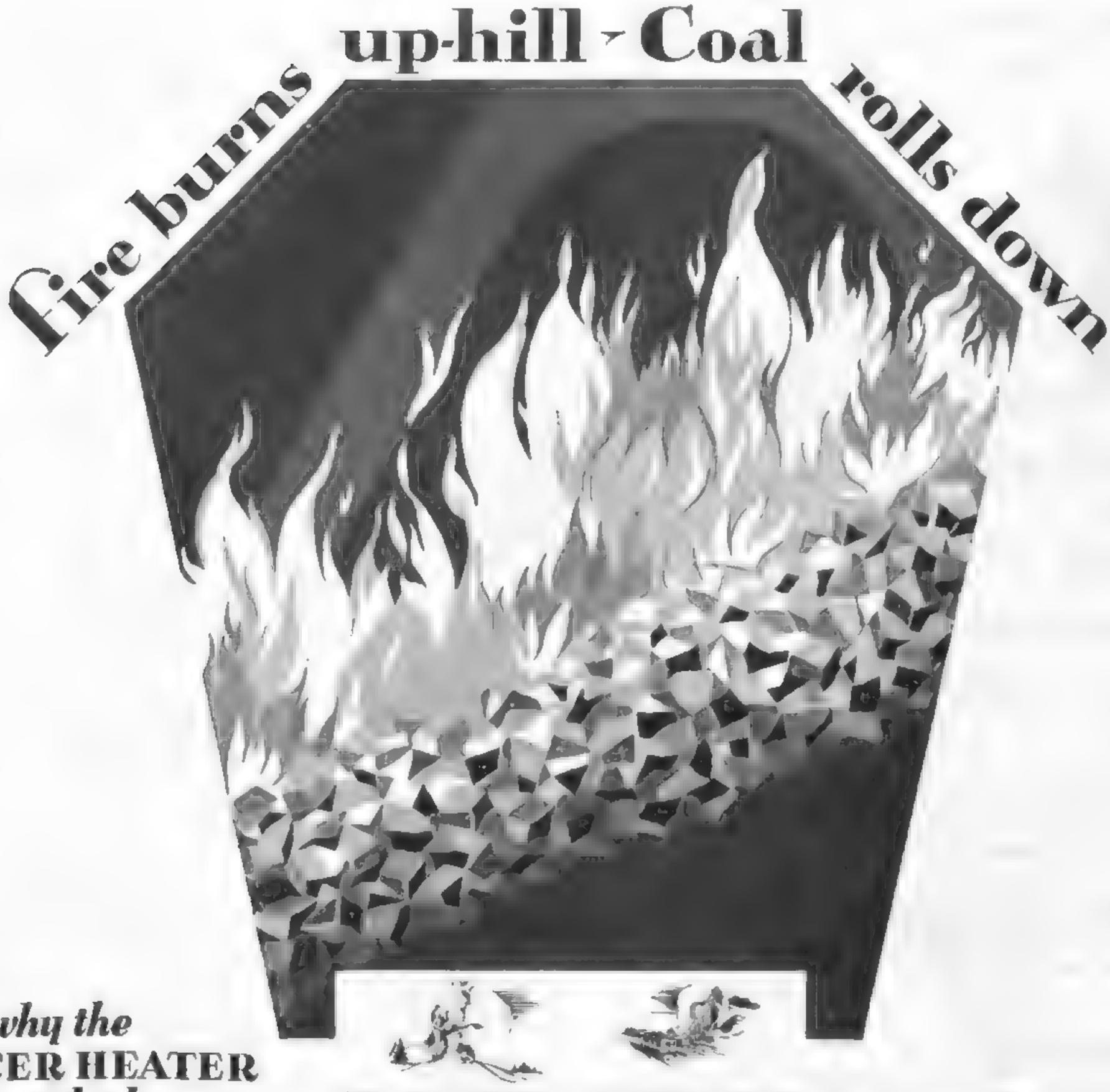
"Tell me, pretty maiden,
Are there any more at home like you?

"Nice day," he remarked, as he stuffed my ice box. "Old Mr. Ladd has a fine crop of beans. This is good bean weather. I'm glad of it. He just about lives for them beans of his."

He sat down.

"We had some visitors last night," he told me. "A friend of Gil's—a fraternity

(Continued on Page 46)



That's why the SPENCER HEATER *gives you the lowest cost heat you can buy!*

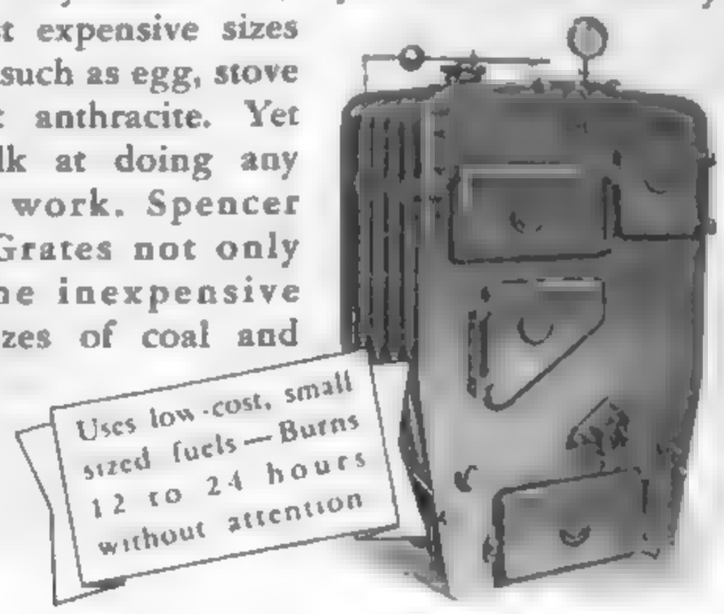
Before America was discovered, the Indians signalled with fires that sent smoke skyward. Even a savage knows that fire burns *up*. In a Spencer Heater is the most modern application of that well-known scientific fact. Spencer Gable-Grates are sloped to make fire burn up-hill, the way it burns best.

Coal at the mine is chuted *down* from tipple to railway car. At your home it is chuted *down* from truck to cellar bin. In the Spencer Heater, it is chuted *down* from a storage magazine to Gable-Grates, with the automatic slow-flow feed that saves you time, trouble and as much as half your annual fuel bill.

Even before Columbus, men knew that fire burned up-hill and coal rolled down. Yet even in this modern age, your annual heat bill may be twice as much as it should be because your home heater does not take advantage of these two natural laws.

Balky grates and cheerful Gables

Most home heaters are made with flat grates. They make a fire, if you feed them the most expensive sizes of fuel—such as egg, stove and nut anthracite. Yet they balk at doing any further work. Spencer Gable-Grates not only burn the inexpensive small sizes of coal and coke, but they cheerfully feed themselves.



Small size fuels have just as much heat value as larger sizes. Empty a gallon can of milk into four quart bottles and you have just as much milk. Break a lump of coal or coke into four small pieces and you have just as much heat value. The trouble has always been to get a grate that would burn small fuels right. The Spencer Gable-Grate does that because it is sloped to make the fire burn up-hill, the way it burns easiest and best. For example, it gives as much heat from a ton of No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite as ordinary heaters get from a ton of larger sizes. That's why you save all the difference in cost between small and larger sizes.

SPENCER *steam, vapor or hot water* **HEATERS**

Slow-flow automatic feed

These sloping Gable-Grates are fed automatically, by gravitation. Fuel is put into a magazine or storage place—enough to last as long as twenty-four hours. As fast or as slow as the fuel burns away on the Gable-Grates, the embers shrink, making room for more fuel. Down it rolls, automatically, bit by bit, just as it is needed, keeping the fire-bed uniformly thick and the heat even.

Write for the new Spencer Book, "The Fire That Burns Up-hill." It tells all about the Spencer and how it saves your fuel bills. Ask any heating contractor to install a Spencer in your present home or new building and see how it pays for itself.

Spencer Heater Co., *Division of Lycoming Manufacturing Co.,* Williamsport, Pa.

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dandruff and
falling hair

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40 East 34th Street, New York

Continued from Page 44

brother—dropped by and stayed to supper. He had his older brother with him. It seems this older brother is one of those slick fellows that used to work on a New York newspaper and thinks he knows it all and doesn't mind shooting off his face. I hate those kind of fellows; but, anyhow, he told us a few things. Lord knows how he found 'em out. I guess he found out about Mr. Ladd from a nephew of Mr. Ladd's who used to work on the same paper."

"What about Mr. Ladd?" I asked.

"It seems," said Heber Beecher, "that Mr. Ladd came down to New York City from a farm upstate when he was only twelve, or mebbe fourteen, and an orphan to boot. He didn't have no friends and he tried to get a job, and nobody wanted him on account of him being so small, and he spent all his money, which wasn't much to start with, and somebody stole his overcoat, and it was late fall, and he roamed around the streets starving to death and freezing to death at the same time. Well, one night he crawled into a corner somewhere and waited to die, and a girl saw him, and she took him home with her and fed him and got him warm clothes and kept him with her till he was strong enough to go to work as a messenger boy in a bank, where she knew one of the bosses.

"Now this girl was an actress and was pretty well known around New York and it wasn't no secret that she might have been a lot better than she was. I guess, mebbe, though, she had a kind heart, whatever else anybody might say about her, and she probably helped out a lot of kids the way she helped out young Graham Ladd, so she didn't particularly remember him. Well, anyhow, time went by and slowly this Graham Ladd worked his way up in the bank, which was just about almost the biggest in New York City, and finally the old president died and they was going to make this Graham Ladd president, which must of made him feel good, because he'd been working for it so long, and was a mighty smart hand at the banking business, everybody said; and, of course, once he was president, he'd have a chance to make himself a millionaire in next to no time.

"But while he was going up, this girl was going down. She'd been a mighty high-stepper in her time, I reckon, and had all sorts of admirers, including a judge and a big steel man and even a prince, and she'd always lived luxurious and once had a theater of her own. But she got on in years and one night she was knocked over by an automobile, and that just about ruined her, on account of her coming out of it blind and poorly in health, and the next thing she knew she didn't have any automobiles or diamonds or theaters or friends or anything, and was living from hand to mouth in a furnished room.

"Well, this Graham Ladd heard about it somehow, though he'd never seen her since he was a kid, and he went up to see her and, of course, she didn't know him from Adam, but he told her some yarn about how he had seen her on the stage and fallen in love with her and wanted to marry her and take care of her, and she, mind you, was a good fifteen years older than him. Well, I guess she was tickled to death; but when Mr. Ladd told the folks down to the bank about his going to marry her, they made an awful howl, and they argued and argued, and finally told him that if he married a woman like that he could kiss his job good-by, because big bankers have to be mighty particular what they do, especially when it comes to women. With that this Graham Ladd gets up on his high horse and tells 'em they can all go to hell, or words to that effect, and he marries her and moves out here where nobody knew 'em, and I don't guess he ever let on to her about him being the little boy she took care of. Every night he reads out loud to her. I know. I dropped in there one night, looking for a pup of ours that had strayed away, and there he was reading to her. Of course, this may all be a pack of lies. That newspaper fellow was an awful windbag."

Heber Beecher hitched up his dungarees and prepared to mount his rickety truck.

"This morning," he said, "my Gil went off to the city on the 7:38. He says he's going to write some stories after he's lived there a while and got to know some folks and looked around and found something to write about."

THE POETS' CORNER

Bound for a Castle in Spain

MYSELF will travel nevermore
The old gay road to Spain,
But three fine sons I'll send me forth
To find my youth again.

To Richard give my suit of mail
And a sharp Toledo blade;
To Jack my old oak sea chest
That long ago I made;
But Michael wears two silver spurs
And a crucifix of jade.

While Richard guards the road to Rome
At the pass of Charlemagne,
My Jack is sweeping pirates
From the sparkling Spanish Main;
But Michael rides a jingling mule
Across Cordova's plain.

To Michael folks tell curious tales
The lore of monks long mute;
And Richard's bride is singing
With a clear voice like a flute;
But Jack will fetch my oak sea chest,
Filled with pirate loot.

Once more I'll travel the old gay road,
Bound for my castle in Spain;
My three fine sons shall ride with me
Straight to the gates again!

Douglas Cary Wendell.

Youth Remembers

VINE-COVERED stone and chimes'
slow midnight call;
The lilac hedges of a college town;
A lighted Gothic window; book-lined wall;
A convocation; cap and gown;
Low beach fire and pale smoke like
blowing hair;
A bright resolve and one fleet moment's fame,
Swift hurrying step upon a winding stair,
Young laughter; Michigan-Wisconsin
game—
These memories I can endure—and smile.
But should we come upon a fountain in the
night
Dripping—dripping—leave me for a
while;
For I shall know the pain of past delight.
If birds are crying, white clouds in the west,
Be patient with me. I do love you best.

Helen Baker Parker.

A Woman's Song

A HOUSE to clean and a man to scold,
And a warm, little sleeping babe to hold,
What does a woman want but this
A house and a man, and a child to kiss!

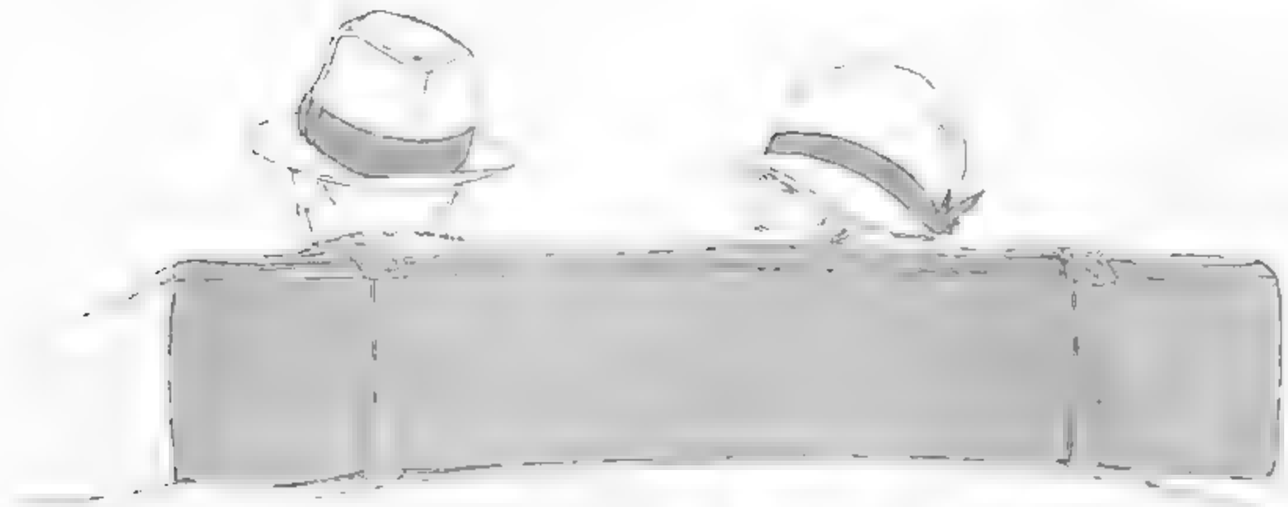
A cake to bake and a floor to sweep,
And a tired little child to sing asleep,
And a man to welcome when work is past
These are the things whose lure will last.

A vote and a job? Oh, I suppose
That there are women who yearn for those,
Who'd rather be foot-loose, gay and free.
But—a house and a child and a man, for me!

For a house, I'll choose this house to keep,
To scrub and dust and paint and sweep;
For the child, our own Elizabeth Ann;
And silent, awkward you for the man!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

A Scene in West Burke, Vermont



Bigger and Better Tires

Picture a snappy new automobile equipped with tires made fifteen years ago. The roads would be jammed with tire changers.

Tires have kept pace with cars. In spite of four wheel brakes, higher speeds, and smaller wheels, tires stand the racket.

Looking ahead is an old LEE *of Conshohocken* precept. When tacks were making sieves of all tires, the LEE Puncture Proof with its overlapping steel discs wouldn't let the most determined nail get at the air.

When high pressure tires were glorified if they did 10,000 miles, LEE *of Conshohocken* brought out their De Luxe Flat Tread which nonchalantly delivered 20,000, many of them 30,000 and 40,000.

When Balloons arrived, their sidewalls were so amorphous they had difficulty holding in air and holding up the car. So LEE *of Conshohocken* made a 6 Ply Heavy Duty Balloon.

Fully three years ago we produced a Super Balloon and named it *"Shoulderbilt"* because of its square, sturdy shoulders.

For the new model Ford we had ready a Super 6 Ply Heavy Duty *Shoulderbilt*, a safer, better tire, an aristocrat in appearance and a Trojan for work.

Quite modestly we can claim vision and sound judgment. A new masterpiece is coming along—a Super De Luxe Balloon—*a bigger and better tire.*

LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

General Offices: Conshohocken, Pa., U. S. A

Factories:
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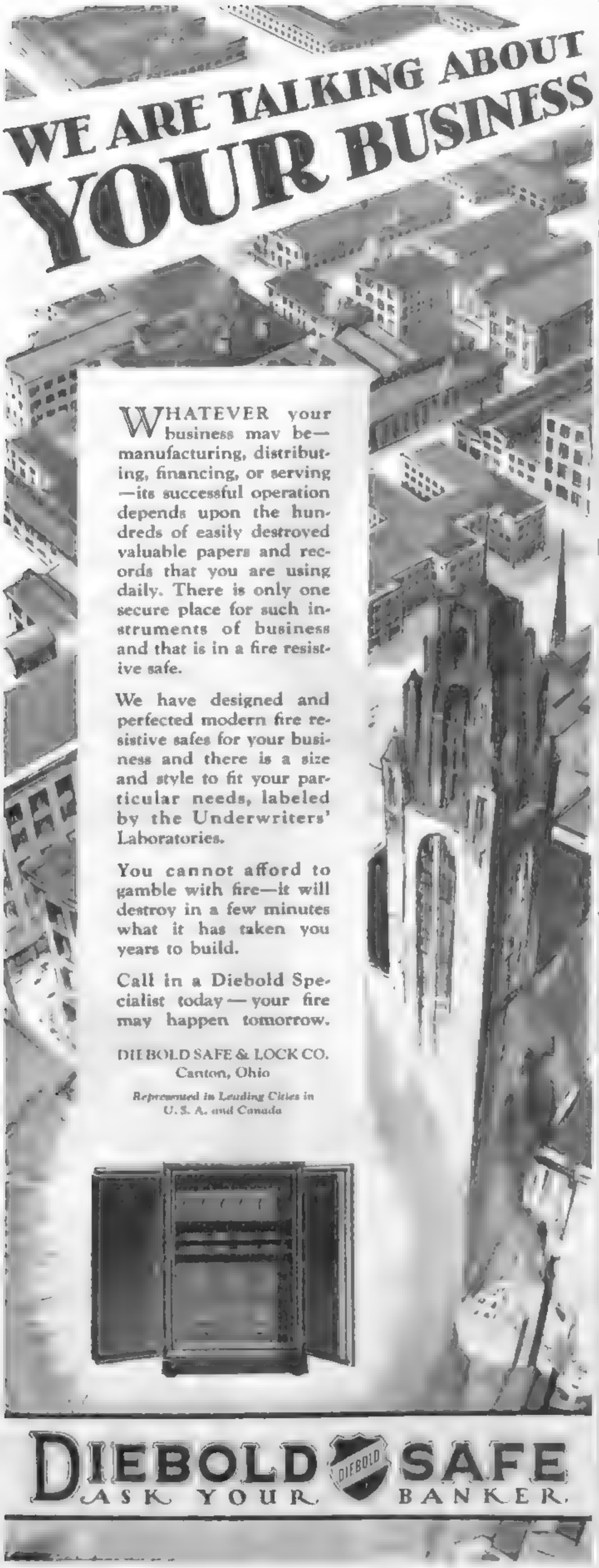
LEE of Conshohocken

ALL TIRES BY LEE *of Conshohocken.* ARE GUARANTEED FOR LIFE AGAINST MANUFACTURING DEFECTS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THE TUBER

(Continued from Page 9)

he saw Mr. Howard Lydon, Ph.D., his mentor in comparative civilization. Mr. Lydon stopped and thrust one hand into a pocket of his well-cut trousers, sweeping off his hat in bewilderment. Mr. Faulkner touched his cap brim as the car swept past.

"Good fellow—young Lydon," he confided to the girl. "Not musty like most of the profs. Of course he's badly cracked over some things, but I dare say he'll get over it in time. Great future ahead of him. Knows how to wear clothes and talk. I've got a great drag with him. Kindred souls, Howard and myself."

The girl looked at him. "If you're quite through talking, you may turn the next corner and take me back."

"Not at all not at all," he said easily. "We've arranged all that."

Judith reached forward suddenly and snapped off the ignition. "Perhaps," she said coldly, "it would interest you to know that Mr. Lydon was calling on me!"

Mr. Faulkner looked at her. "Zounds!" he muttered. "Why didn't you say so? That's bad. . . . Quick, Sebastiano, the knife!" He snapped on the ignition and backed into a driveway. He pulled mightily on the wheel, jockeying the car around. "Not a word!" he hissed. "We Faulkners may be bold, but we do not stand profs up—never—at least, not during examination week. It would not be right or honorable, now would it?" He threw in the clutch and started back the way he had come. There was a loud roar and a sizzle from the off front wheel. He leaped out and held the door open for her.

"Go," he said, "and godspeed! Tell him I took you around the block for the air—tell him my name is Roger Sloane and ask him to excuse me—tell him I am home in bed and you haven't seen me for three weeks."

She looked at him for a moment, then she tossed her head and started off on foot while he stripped off his coat and got to work on the tire.

Twenty minutes later he was skirting her lawn stealthily. There was a light in the drawing-room, but no one inside. He went around back. Martha the maid was sitting on the porch.

"S-s-s-s! It's Stuart Faulkner. Is it all right?"

"No, sah, it's all wrong, sah. Mr. Lydon he comes, an' when Miss Knowles ain't here, he goes off again pretty mad. When Miss Knowles comes back, she's pretty mad, too, and goes straight upstairs."

"Oh, dear!" said Mr. Faulkner. "Death, where is thy sting?"

"Yes, sah, dat's what Ah think."

Still later, when Mr. Faulkner climbed the stairs to the chambers he occupied jointly with Mr. Mongoose Sloane and found Mr. Sloane cramming assiduously in a morris chair, he bent down with his back to his roommate and said "Kick me." Mr. Sloane kicked him, whereupon Mr. Faulkner went disconsolately to bed.

The next morning, as Mr. Faulkner came out of his examination in Dante in English and started down the corridor toward the entrance, Mr. Lydon beckoned to him from a cross passageway.

"Yes, sir?"

Mr. Lydon opened his office door and waved Mr. Faulkner inside. "Sit down, Faulkner," said Mr. Lydon.

"Thank you, sir."

Mr. Lydon sat down and sank his hands in his trousers pockets. Mr. Faulkner grinned.

"Faulkner," said Mr. Lydon, "as an institution of learning, we should be flattered by your presence in our midst and the chance it has given us to study you at first hand. I'll be perfectly frank with you—I have not only benefited by the mass experience of the faculty but I have entered into individual research in your case. I have studied you and your methods fairly closely, but I must confess that certain manifestations puzzle me. I trust you won't mind clearing up a few points. As a matter of personal information merely, is it true that you can, with the aid of words such as 'eleutheromaniac,' 'tropological,' 'hedonistic' and 'logos,' discuss a book intelligently without reading that book?"

Mr. Faulkner looked uncomfortable. "Well, sir, when occasion has demanded, I've tried my best —— Of course I'd have to know something about it."

"That's comforting to know, I'm sure. No man can be expected to do more than that."

"No, sir."

"And is it true, also, that you never crack a book in a course?"

"No, sir, that's not altogether true, I'm afraid. I know it's the reputation I have; but, as a matter of fact, I do crack books on occasion. You see, there are very few courses that I like. Those that I don't like, I look upon as hazards. I take them as problems that must be solved, condense them into the bare necessities and leap them as I would leap a hurdle. The main idea in my mind is to get over them."

"In other words, if it weren't for the honor system, you would consider yourself justified in cribbing, even? The main consideration is the passing mark?"

"Yes, sir, it is. But I don't think I would ever crib, because that wouldn't do me any good. You see, a fellow's got to get some good out of college, I suppose, and the good I get I think is in selling myself."

"To the profs in exchange for a passing mark?"

"That's not entirely fair, sir. I've run a fair B average in a few points."

"In the courses you could get a B in without too much effort—isn't that so?"

"Well, yes, sir—perhaps."

"What do you suppose such a theory is doing to your immortal soul?"

Mr. Faulkner smiled. "I'm afraid I never thought about that angle of it. If I don't like spinach, I just don't eat it."

"Not even if the doctor says it's good for you?"

"Doctors disagree a lot. But if they insisted, I'd eat just as much as would do me good and no more. That's common sense and human nature, isn't it, sir?"

"Now let me see," said Mr. Lydon. "Do you like caviar and *pâté de foie gras?* I mean, what is your practice with courses that interest you?"

"I eat them up."

"I see. And I suppose my course is one that interests you."

"Yes, sir, to be quite frank, it does."

Mr. Lydon nodded. "I thought it would be."

"It's like"—Mr. Faulkner stumbled—"well, it has the lure of chemistry to me. Catching the facets of past thought is like coming suddenly upon a new element in a laboratory. There's something deeply stimulating about it. I mean, I don't pretend to be a philosopher or a critic of thought, but there's something vital to your course that gets me. It has the awe-inspiring vastness of solar space; it has the exquisite exactness of the molecule—the profoundness of the absolute zero. I'm afraid I'm more of a scientist than an artist, but that's what I mean."

"Yes—rose windows and the austere majesty of a Gothic cathedral."

Mr. Faulkner stared. "Well, yes, sir. I don't think I ever heard it put that way before, but ——"

"I see." Mr. Lydon frowned. "Now let me see, Faulkner. You have an examination with me on Tuesday. Let us look upon that as a test of our theories, shall we? If you pass, we shall bow to yours. If you fail, we shall hold to mine."

Mr. Faulkner stood up. "Yes, sir. . . . And about last night—I'm sorry I dragged Miss Knowles away. She was back shortly after you left."

(Continued on Page 50)

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LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R·R

(Continued from Page 48)

"Oh, not at all—not at all. To the brave, the fair." Mr. Lydon beamed. "Good morning."

Mr. Faulkner managed to get into the open air. "I am," he informed himself, "sunk. No matter what happens now, Lydon will flunk me. Out cutlasses! The dogs of Saracens are upon us!" He scribbled hastily on a scrap of paper, recasting the fabric of his averages. He shook his head. "Done!" he said. "Fried to a turn! And the fungus growth looked like a gentleman to me! I would have sworn to it!" Across the campus he walked, slowly and in silent meditation. A bold coup, perhaps? He stopped and nibbled tentatively at his little finger nail. Professor Allen was coming down the walk toward him. He brightened momentarily as he touched his forehead in respectful salutation. "That was a very fair examination, sir. I enjoyed it immensely," he said. "It's a pity, isn't it, sir, that we have no great esoteric poets in English that we might enjoy without the stifling medium of translation?"

Professor Allen brightened. "It's our cross, Faulkner. Dante is not Dante when we read him in English."

"Yes, sir, I realize that more and more. Some day I hope to be proficient enough in Italian to understand him at first hand."

"You study Italian?"

Mr. Faulkner spread his hands in deprecation. "I'm afraid it's hopeless to attempt it unless one goes to Italy."

"True, it is easier on the soil."

Professor Allen passed on. Mr. Faulkner paused again and consulted his slip of paper. It read:

Chemistry	C!!!!!''
Astronomy	B?
Dante	B!
Cont Poetry	C or B —depending on the gods.
Math	C—with help of long-handled spoon.
Comp Civ	'''''

He put two more exclamation points beside the B in Dante and went on toward his luncheon in silence and meditation. Toward four o'clock he began to brighten perceptibly, however, until he was almost cheerful. By eight, as he wended his way toward Judith Knowles' house, he was quite his old self once more.

Ahead of him, under the shadow of the elms he saw a figure approaching, and as he neared the cement walk the figure paused. It was Mr. Howard Lydon.

"Good evening, Faulkner."

"Good evening, sir."

"Working hard, Faulkner?"

"As a matter of fact, I am, sir. I was just on my way to get a book a fellow borrowed from me."

"I see," said Mr. Lydon. "I trust you get it."

With rancor in his heart, Mr. Faulkner passed on, while Mr. Lydon mounted the Knowles veranda and rang the bell. At the corner, Mr. Faulkner paused, clenched his fists and said things. He sat down on the curb. "I must do something about this," he told himself. "It's not fair just because he's got a yen on Judith."

He discussed several methods with himself. He might adopt a studious pose and be seen publicly with copious quantities of books in the crook of his arm—childish and not enough time to create an impression before the exam. He might be found continually in the library, but suppose Lydon didn't come in—time wasted. He might go to Lydon with pointed questions, but Lydon was wise to that method and would laugh in his face. No, short of murder, there was nothing. Lydon would flunk him and that was that. He got up and shrugged, then he crossed the street and rang Elizabeth Pike's doorbell. She was not in, so he went down the block to Josephine Howell's and sat with her in her porch swing until ten, unburdening his and Schopenhauer's philosophy of life.

Mr. Faulkner wrote a ream on the Scopaic eye. Mr. Faulkner unburdened himself of countless paragraphs on the temple of Ammon Ra at Karnak, drawing deft comparisons with the Acropolis at Athens and pointing out the difference between the incisive and constructive thought of the Greek as typified in the form-to-function equations of his orders and the sluggish, nonprogressive pessimism of the Egyptian as illustrated by his illogical, closely crowded lotus columns. Mr. Faulkner went into derisive ecstasy over early Chaldean frontality and serene abdomens in sculpture. Mr. Faulkner called upon the gods to deplore the decadence in architecture in respect to the true arch and the dome.

Mr. Faulkner, in fact, outdid himself, and signing his name to the three pink-covered books he had filled, Mr. Faulkner said, "That's the dope, whether he passes me or not," chucked the books on the desk and went out.

Four hours later, Mr. Faulkner unable to stand the suspense, crossed the campus once more, and entering the building, tapped discreetly upon the door of Mr. Lydon's office.

"Come in. . . . Ah!" said Mr. Lydon. "Ah!"

Mr. Faulkner frowned. "Look here, sir," he said, "I know you don't like me; I know you think I'm a waster and a loafer and all that; but I just want to ask you if you think it's fair to flunk me on a personal basis. I didn't mean to stand you up with Miss Knowles the other night and I don't see why my other courses should have any influence on my mark in this."

Mr. Lydon caught his lower lip between his thumb and forefinger.

"Neither do I," he smiled. "And you really think I'm flunking you because of Miss Knowles?"

"I can't see any other reason for doing it, sir. I've enjoyed your course. I've worked in it—I've done my best."

"What makes you think I'm flunking you then?"

"What you said to me on Friday about its being a test of your theory and mine."

"I see. Well, now here are your examination books." Mr. Lydon reached for them on his table and folded them so that the mark at the top was not visible. "What do you think the examination was worth?"

"Well, sir, I don't know."

"Precisely! But what do you think?"

"Well, sir, I think they ought to be passing."

"Oh, come! Surely you put a higher value than that on your work! You say you liked my course—were interested in it."

"Well, I had hoped for a B."

"Yes—in the ordinary course of events, with a general discussional course, making our own textbook from lectures, you would have got a B with no effort. Your natural cleverness would have done that for you, wouldn't it have?"

"Oh, I don't know, sir. I don't claim to be very clever."

"But something else happened," Mr. Lydon went on—"something that wouldn't have occurred to anyone but you. You have learned a lot of words in this course—a lot of dangerous phrases which you have turned loose on all the other profs and found them useful in—I believe the undergraduates call it tubing. This constant use of the material of the course has kept it fresh in your mind. That's why your daily test average has run well over a B."

"And just because of that, I'm to be flunked!"

"It was a nefarious practice, Faulkner—wasn't it? Cowardly, in a way, to use a Gothic cathedral to bludgeon a God-fearing chemist—to use Myron's discobolus on an earnest seeker after mathematical truth?"

"Well, sir, I ——"

"But you did something far worse—you deceived me—the man who gave you that information. You were untrue to yourself and your theories; you have studied this course without giving me an intimation of your intentions."

"Well, sir—I mean I did read all the outside references over the week-end, if that's

(Continued on Page 53)

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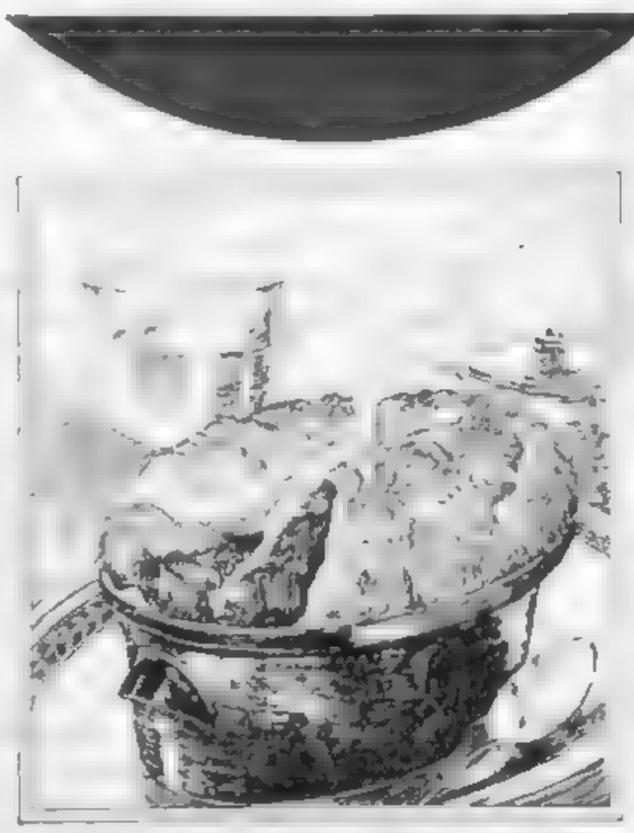
These schools have awakened a new enthusiasm among the Pennsylvania cooks. As testimony to the success of their efforts, letters pour in every day from seasoned travelers who are connoisseurs of the world's best fare.



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(Continued from Page 50)

what you mean—I mean, I don't see—I just thought I'd read them—I didn't mean anything by it."

"That's exactly what I mean. You've disappointed me—betrayed me—done me dirty. You've made the slight extra effort, and there's the result. It hurts me more than I can possibly tell you." He threw the books on the table. On the top one there was, in brilliant red crayon, an A.

Mr. Faulkner clapped his hand to his forehead. "That can't be right! I mean, it isn't fair to the other fellows—people like ——"

"Are you trying to tube me, Faulkner? If you are, you can save breath. I never change my marks for the cleverest tuber. I've given you an A and an A it will remain. Good afternoon."

"Will you shake hands, sir?"

"No, blast you!" said Mr. Lydon with a twinkle in his eye. "Get out!"

Bathed, slicked and draped in easy flannels, Mr. Faulkner stopped Mr. Sloane's car at eight o'clock in front of Miss Knowles' house.

She was on the veranda. He vaulted the hedge and crossed the lawn toward her.

"Listen," he said, "if he's coming tonight, I shall fade into the evening mists."

"Who?" asked Miss Knowles.

"Mr. Lydon. . . . I just dropped by to tell you I was sorry about the other night. He's a darn decent fellow and I don't want you to think I'd cut him out for a minute."

"No, Mr. Lydon couldn't come tonight. He's supposed to, but he phoned he couldn't make it until tomorrow."

"I see. . . . Well, he's a good guy and I don't blame you for liking him."

"Just a minute, Intelligent," said Miss Knowles. "What do you think he comes here for?"

"Well, I did think he had a case on Martha and called on you so that he could hold her hand for a moment when she opened the door for him."

"I see," snapped Miss Knowles. "Well, he hasn't! It just happens that Martha has a condition in ancient history that she must work off before she enters Smith in the fall and he comes to tutor her."

"Light of my life!" yelled Mr. Faulkner. "The Fates are good to their boy Stuart." He took her wrist. "Come, we shall go to Cedar Lake—to live, to dance, to breathe life at its best! So it was that Cleopatra beguiled Antony. So it was ——"

"Don't you dare drag me! I can walk! Think I'm an invalid?"

"Walk? Nonsense! We will have a sedan chair." Mr. Faulkner clapped his hands together. "Ho, chairmen! Ho, bearers! A chair for my lady."

"Shut up, sille-e!"

He held the car door open, bowed her in and got in beside her. He let in the clutch.

"Seriously, though, Judith, I want to talk to you. If you go away to Smith in the fall, Stuart won't be there to advise you. You want to get the right idea about college at the start. I mean, some people just try to get passing marks—skim by—that's all. Don't do it. Make the little extra effort—it never hurts a fellow. Take Roger Sloane. Study never hurt him, for instance. He's working his head off right now on math That sort of thing. It certainly builds up character"

She looked at him closely. "I am laughing," she said. "I am laughing in my bracelets."

"No," he said, "I mean it, Judith."

"Since when, Stuart, have you started to crack books?"

"Me? Crack a book? I never crack a book. I think too much of the old college for that. You know what happened to me once when I cracked a book? I got an A—that's what happened to me. And you can very well see where that would lead to. I'd be Phi Bate in no time. I just can't afford it—that's all. It's a luxury I've had to deny myself."

"I see," she said.

"Yes. . . . And now if you'll promise to be a good little girl and study very hard"—he grinned—"Stuart will let you kiss him—there—on the cheek."

"Do I hear sleigh bells?"

"No," said Mr. Faulkner, "it is the gladsome tinkle of joy in my heart, for I love you very dearly and I do those little favors for people I love dearly. So it was with Aucassin and Nicolette, Dante and Beatrice, Tristan and Isolde. . . . Have you any money, woman? I have thirty-five cents only. Oh, well, the birds and the bees—they get along and we'll get along."

MILLIONS NOW LIVING ARE ALREADY DEAD

(Continued from Page 15)

"William!"

"Yes, honey."

"What would happen to you if Uncle Asa got out of the shovel company?" The uncle was a relic of days when Mr. Gundry, then a friend of her father's, galloped her along the rocky road to Dublin on the point of his wide old-fashioned boot.

"You mean, die?"

"I mean get out," said Miss Thayer shortly. "Resign. Get tired. Be discharged. Anything!"

"Why, gee, honey, I never thought! What made you ask that?"

Pursuing a definite line of thought, honey disregarded the question entirely.

"Would—would you step into his shoes?"

The line of thought was patently disturbing to the amiable William. A furrow of disquiet creased his wide brow and reflected itself in his mild blue eyes.

"Why, gee, I never thought ——" he began again.

"Well, think now," commanded the straight figure beside him.

"Why—why, I hope so, honey. I know the plant and the product inside and out. I ——"

"You don't know who the stockholders are," the straight little figure pointed out coldly.

"Oh, that ——" William waved a large, uncertain hand. "Thornton is secretary and treasurer. I never thought much about ——"

"I know," said Miss Thayer tersely.

Then William laughed—a jolly, carefree, complacent laugh.

"What funny ideas you get every once in a while."

It was an unfortunate moment for a jolly, carefree, complacent bit of mirth. Especially the note of complacency which ran through it all. It made Miss Thayer think of what the sales manager of the Huntville Shovel Company had said. Millions now living are already dead! The phrase seemed to her steaming mind to be a gage of battle thrown in her face. A challenge to her to save the amiable giant hanging over the wheel with a placid smile on his broad, good-natured face.

With a curt nod to the invisible adversary, Miss Thayer accepted the challenge. As the roadster halted like a scared rabbit from the pressure of a mighty toe, she sent forth the first scout of battle. A scout that was to nettle and harass. A scout that limped back broken and defeated.

"Mr. Timms is coming to see me tomorrow night," said the scout. The scout also sighed.

"Fine!" said William cordially. "If your mother feels like it, we can have a little bridge."

II

IF THERE was time for detail in this tale of Thayer versus Timms, it would not be amiss at this point to go into the mental calisthenics indulged in by the only daughter of Mrs. Agatha Thayer immediately preceding five o'clock Thursday afternoon.

Lacking the precious moments, it only can be said, therefore, that at that hour the telephone on the old-fashioned desk of the president of the Huntville Shovel Company jangled commandingly.

"This is Marjorie Thayer, Uncle Asa. I want to see you for a few minutes about something terribly important. Could I stop by the house in about three-quarters of an hour? . . . Thank you, Uncle Asa. . . . No; alone. Ab-so-lute-ly alone. . . . Thank you, Uncle Asa. Good-by."

And at a quarter to six Miss Marjorie Thayer was standing in the middle of a projected peony bed watching Mr. Asa Gundry gravely arranging the soil according to rigid specifications.

"Uncle Asa," she was saying, and her round face was very grave, "I want to ask you some questions. May I?"

"A million," said Uncle Asa promptly. "Two million."

Miss Thayer smiled gravely. "In the first place, is it true, Uncle Asa, that the First National Investment Company is the controlling stockholder in the Huntville Shovel Company?"

Uncle Asa, with a spade buried in leaf mold, almost lost his balance. "Why—why—why, what put that question into your pretty little head?"

"Please, Uncle Asa, is it?"

"Yes, it is."

"And the First National Investment Company is owned by the First National Bank of Huntville?"

"That's right."

"So that if—if you were to resign or something from the shovel company, the First National Bank would have the say about your successor, wouldn't it, Uncle Asa?"

Uncle Asa turned the leaf mold over and over very gravely.

"In the final analysis, I suppose, yes," he admitted finally. "Technically the board of directors elect the president and officers. Directors, of course, are elected by the stockholders to represent them, so you see ——"

"I know, Uncle Asa, but in the end it all boils down to the fact that the First National Bank, controlling most of the stock, would control the election. Isn't that right?"

"Absolutely."

Then in a sudden burst: "Is is it true that—that you are thinking of resigning, Uncle Asa?"

Mr. Asa Gundry threw a piece of brick, lurking in the loam, over the garden wall. Then he regarded his broad dirt-laden boot resting on the spade. Finally his steel-rimmed glasses lifted quizzically to the eager girl fumbling with her driving gloves.

"I guess," he suggested hastily, "that before we go leapin' and boundin' along this line any farther, you better tell your Uncle Asa what all the shootin's about."

"I can't tell you that, Uncle Asa. I promised not to."

"It's about William, of course," ruminated Mr. Gundry, nodding his head at the spade handle. "I think mebbe I get the general drift. What happens to William when the doddering old president gets out, eh?"

"Not doddering!" protested Miss Thayer vehemently. "That angle never occurred to me." She laid an earnest hand on the old blue sweater coat that hung like a shroud from Mr. Gundry's bony shoulders. "But it is about William. You—you see why I'm anxious, don't you, Uncle Asa? You've known William since he was a kid and you know how he is. He's so placid. So easy-going. Sometimes he makes me wild! I'd give anything sometimes just to have him stand up for himself or say something that wasn't—well, amiable."

Uncle Asa had a nod for that. "I know what you mean, but somehow"—another

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piece of brick went over the garden wall - "I never thought of William that way."

Miss Thayer shook her head sadly. "You wouldn't, Uncle Asa. You—you wouldn't, because you're too much that way yourself. I know that you would do anything in the world for both of us, but—but the question is: What could you do if the First National Bank opposed it?"

Uncle Asa dropped his head suddenly. "Nothing."

Miss Thayer nodded grimly. "You see?"

"But what makes you think the First National Bank wouldn't accept William on my recommendation?"

"Well, for one thing, there is Mr. Widener. I—I don't think he likes William very much. You see, years ago, when Mr. Widener used to live on the Widener farm, before—before he became president of the bank William and his gang of boys used to dam Mill Creek to make a swimming hole and—and that lowered the water in the Widener meadow and—and ——"

Uncle Asa was chuckling. "Don't I know it? Jep tore the dam down in the morning and the boys built it up again in the afternoon. Ha-ha! The water in Jep's meadow looked like it was bothered with tides."

"That don't help William now."

"No, it don't," assented Mr. Gundry, "and I thought of something else Jep ain't going to like about William tomorrow."

"What's that?" demanded the girl breathlessly.

Mr. Gundry's head was down, the steel-rimmed glasses fixed upon loam-covered boots as usual. His voice was very serious:

"William's goin' to play Jep for the Class B championship tomorrow afternoon. Told me about it. Sure as anything he'll give Jep an almighty pasting."

Miss Thayer shuddered and the grin which had started to form like tiny ripples about Mr. Gundry's eyes instantly died away.

"Jep won't like that," pursued Mr. Gundry with a shake of his head. "Especially after the way he's been beating them Class A players like Timms. Thinks he's pretty good, Jep does, and—and Jep's a proud man."

Miss Thayer nodded.

Uncle Asa took his eyes from his boots and sent them aimlessly across the garden. "Mebbe you never heard of Timms," he went on carelessly. "He's our new sales manager. Came after you left."

"I met him last night," said Miss Thayer briefly.

"Oh, you did." Still carelessly "A smart fellow Timms. Hasn't much time for an old plodder like me that don't play golf or anything. Sort of glosses me right over." Uncle Asa chuckled innocently. "I—I suppose, just like you, he's figgered out that I don't amount to much when you come right down to it."

"I never figured that, Uncle Asa!"—indignantly.

Uncle Asa wagged his head solemnly. "You've been a-laughing to yourself for the last two minutes," he accused her.

"But not at you, Uncle Asa!" Once more the jersey-clad arms went out to assure the scrawny neck of their undying loyalty. "I just had a wonderful idea! I'll tell you about it some day"—breathlessly. "I can't wait now, Uncle Asa. Thanks a thousand times for answering my—my silly questions. Good-by."

And she was gone. The steel-rimmed spectacles followed the lithe figure as it dashed down the garden walk and out toward the street, much as the eyes of J. Thorpe Timms had followed the rose-colored tulle through the moonlight And then another piece of brick sailed over the garden wall

III

AS THEY say in the storybooks, a radiant and forgiving heroine met her lover at 7:30 on Thursday evening and led him lightly and happily around to the rose garden which contained, in addition to a rustic bench, a cracked concrete bird bath and unlimited privacy.

No sooner did the rustic bench creak with the weight of the descending lover than the heroine was talking eagerly.

"I—I called you up and asked you to get over here a little early because—because, William, I want you to do me a favor. Will you?"

The answer was simple and satisfying: "Why, of course, honey, if—if it's in my power."

"This is in your power all right." Marjorie Thayer laughed merrily. "It's much easier than rolling off a log. And—and besides, in doing something for me you'll be doing something for yourself, and even Uncle Asa. Isn't that wonderful?"

William smiled placidly and nodded his head.

"Then it certainly is all set. I don't know any two other people I'd rather do something for than—than you and Uncle Asa. What is it, honey?"

An earnest white hand sought William's sleeve. An earnest little hand bestowing a gentle pressure more potent than any sales elixir yet compounded.

"William, you're playing Mr. Widener for the B championship tomorrow, aren't you?"

William thought that was a funny question. His amiable face said so. "Y-yes, but ——"

"William"—tensely—"I want you to lose that match!"

"You—you mean, throw it?"

"Call it anything you wish. Will you do it?"

William looked across at the cracked concrete bird bath.

"Does Uncle Asa want me to do it?"

"He doesn't know anything about it," said Miss Thayer impatiently. "This is my idea. Will you help me?"

"Why?"

"You wouldn't understand," Miss Thayer said shortly.

"You—you mean by that if I knew I—I wouldn't do it?"

Miss Thayer frowned. "I don't mean that at all. It isn't anything terrible, is it? Just letting a silly old man beat you at a silly game?"

William went back to the bird bath. "You—you wouldn't ask me to kick his ball into the rough, would you? Or play a silly game of craps with a pair of silly loaded dice, would you?"

"It isn't the same sort of thing at all," said Miss Thayer patiently. "It's done every day. Why, only last night you were laughing the way Mr. Timms let ——"

"I often laugh at things I wouldn't do myself," observed William to the bird bath. "You—you wouldn't want me to do something I thought was cheating, would you, honey?"

"Even if I thought it was perfectly all right and—and I wanted you to very, very much?"

"I'm sorry," William muttered to the bird bath. Then his broad face lightened and he chuckled good-naturedly. "Gee, what a funny kid you are at times! Getting all excited about a little thing like a golf game!"

"Little thing!" William, bewildered by the vehemence of the repetition, stared up in astonishment at the scornful figure that sprang from the rustic bench. "Little thing! I suppose our future and happiness and everything is a little thing. I suppose it is nothing to get excited about. Oh, I know! Nothing is worth getting excited about with you. Placid! Meek! Easy-going! Self-satisfied! That's you, Mr. William Hamilton"

William asked the bird bath very seriously: "What has our future happiness to do with whether or not I win a golf game from Old Man Widener?"

"William," said Miss Thayer very quietly, "would you lose this golf game purposely, if you knew it was going to help you when—when Uncle Asa got out of the Huntville Shovel Company?"

"I didn't get my job by playing golf," William told the bird bath doggedly, "and I wouldn't want to keep it that way, or by not playing it on the level. If—if I can't get along by doing the best I can, why ——"

"Bunk," snapped Miss Thayer, still rigid. "Twaddle!"

"All right. Have it your own way"—calmly.

"All right, I will! And here is the way I'll have it." Miss Thayer spoke very slowly, as one repeating a lesson, rather than one issuing an ultimatum. "I'll be at the club tomorrow afternoon for tea. When you finish your game I want you to come and tell me whether you won or lost. If you have won, our engagement is at an end."

"I'll have to do my best, honey"—still calmly.

"You're a fool!" Defeat in every atom of Miss Marjorie Thayer's being was a blazing thing. "I'm sorry I ever met you! I'm sorry I ever wasted my time on you! Please go."

At the curb a bewildered William met Mr. J. Thorpe Timms arrayed beyond the lilies of the field. He nodded briefly in acknowledging the latter's airy greeting.

"Leaving early, eh, William?" William nodded. "A good night's sleep before the big match, eh?" Then Mr. Timms laughed.

About to step into the asthmatic roadster, William turned. "What's the joke?" he demanded.

"I was just thinking about a little saying that a friend of mine used to like to quote."

"What was that?"

Mr. Timms passed it along as he turned up the walk. He passed it along with another airy smile.

"'Millions,'" he said, "'now living are already dead.'"

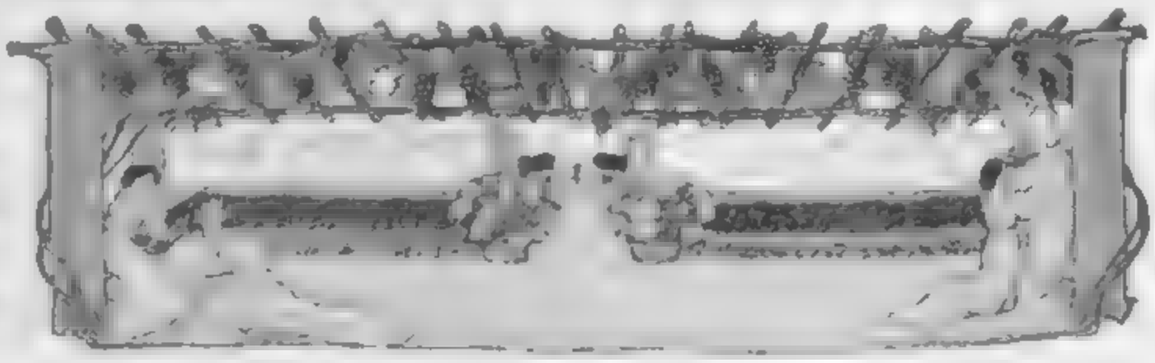
IV

THE eighteenth hole of the Huntville Country Club is a long par four that ends in a short dog leg which parallels the club parking space and ends up, like a green poodle dog, in the lap of a group of gigantic elms. The grateful shade thus provided is dotted with little tables and chairs that pass for comfortable.

On Friday afternoon at half-past five o'clock Eastern daylight-saving time, Miss Marjorie Thayer and Mr. J. Thorpe Timms sat in two of these chairs and watched, one tensely, the other amusedly, the progress of a big young man and a tall thin old man up the gentle slope to the last green. The ball belonging to the big young man was short of the green while the tall old man made his approach shot from some short rough hole high to the left. The big young man put his ball on the green, but some twenty feet from the flag. The tall old man lifted a niblick in the gleaming light of the dying sun and put his ball in the trap on the other side of the green. Thereupon the tall old man broke the shaft of the club over a bony knee and with a short nod to the big young man, walked away toward the men's locker room. The big young man thereupon picked up his ball and walked over to the little table and said to the young lady:

"I won. Eight and seven."

"That is all I want to know," said the young lady, and her head was high.



"Congratulations, William," said her companion, and laughed loudly.

"I'd like to see you for a few moments, Marjorie," said the big young man steadily. "Will you wait'll I change my clothes?"

"I am sorry, but Mr. Timms and I are leaving almost at once, Mr. Hamilton."

"Sorry, William," added Mr. Timms, and laughed again.

"I'll be back in a few minutes," said the big young man, and turned on his heel.

When he returned, the chairs were empty.

Beyond the screen of cedars which separated the lawn of the club from the parking space there came a familiar gleam of red and white. The big man made for it on the run. He arrived just as the immaculate Mr. Timms was about to push his starter.

"I'm here, Marjorie," he said.

Marjorie turned her head away.

Mr. Timms laughed. "Sorry, William. See you later sometime." He touched the starter button.

But the big young man stopped that suddenly. He grasped Mr. Timms by the arm. "Don't do that," he said. Then: "Please get out, Marjorie."

J. Thorpe Timms was a man of the world. "Really, William," he observed, "I can't allow you to annoy Miss Thayer like this."

"Don't annoy me," said the big young man evenly.

"I will!" said Mr. Timms heatedly. "Really I can't permit ——"

What Mr. Timms could not permit was suddenly and calmly lost to the world. With what seemed to the agitated eyes of the girl to be but a single movement, the big young man reached into the car and removed the struggling and kicking Mr. Timms; with what seemed but a simple and effortless continuation of the same movement, he carried the twisting figure to the side of the hill and tossed it into the first series of low bushes which ran down the hill toward the eighteenth fairway. Then he returned to the car.

"I'm here, Marjorie," he said. "Now, will you please get into my car and tell me what all this monkey business is about?"

As Miss Thayer walked toward the asthmatic roadster she held her head defiantly high, but her eyes were suspiciously shiny.

An hour later, by the side of a deserted roadway, she sobbed out the conclusion of the campaign. It was this:

"And—and I don't care what happens. Let him have the old job. You—you—I—I found out you're not so amiable as you look."

The big young man patted her shoulder awkwardly.

"That's all right, honey," he whispered placidly. "Let's drive around by Uncle Asa's and tell it all to him."

So they did and Uncle Asa was very much impressed by it all.

"It serves everybody right," was his verdict. "As a matter of fact, Marjorie, after our little talk yesterday, I was going to show Mr. Timms something he never thought of getting a look at—the stockholders' list of the First National Bank of Huntville. You see, it happens that Jep only owns sixty-two shares of First National stock, even if he is a golfer."

"Oh, Uncle Asa!" Miss Thayer had both arms tight around the scrawny neck. "You mean that he—he hasn't the whole say? That ——"

Uncle Asa nodded. "As a matter of fact, Jep is a good deal of a stuffed shirt. That's where Mr. Timms and his straight line fell down. He didn't draw it to the farthest point. If—if he had he'd 'a' discovered that the biggest stockholder in the First National Bank of Huntville was Mr. Asa P. Gundry, the ——"

But really there isn't time to go into all that. We were talking about J. Thorpe Timms, weren't we? Well, let's get down to brass tacks. We heard the other day that Thorpe had left the Motorless Trailer Company to associate himself in an executive capacity with Toy Tots, Inc.

Check?

"Fools!" *said Cyrus,* "do you not know Horses fear Camels?"

CROESUS had massed his finest cavalry before the gates of Sardis. On the morrow he would start his demolishing charge into the ranks of the Persians.

The camp of Cyrus was in consternation. Around him gathered his advisers. "Let us retreat or surrender," they said, "before we are annihilated."

"Fools!" said Cyrus, "do you not know horses fear camels? Remove the packs from their backs and put men upon them. When the Lydian cavalry charges, ride the camels into their midst."

The vast mounted army of Croesus was routed in hopeless defeat, as frightened horses turned and stampeded.

Knowledge won for Cyrus before the gates of Sardis. He first established facts, then used them with tremendous effect.

In industry, knowledge wins our modern battles—knowledge wrung from endless research and endless experiment.

Oxygen waged its ceaseless war upon existing finishes. Then came Duco—created by du Pont—which checkmated forever the evil effects of oxidation—for Duco dries by evaporation, a purely physical action, and is immune to the oxygen in the air.

Hard, waterproof, colorful, enduring, it has been acclaimed by one industry after another.

First came the automotive industry. Today the leading motor car in every price field is finished with enduring Duco. Over two thousand authorized Duco refinishers are equipped to give lasting beauty to your present car and are pledged to use Duco alone.

You can secure the unique protection of Duco on almost every article for your home. Furniture, refrigerators, pianos, typewriters . . . a host of home furnishings are finished with enduring Duco colors or with transparent clear Duco, which gives a lustrous, satin-smooth surface that reveals the natural beauty of the grain.

The results of that knowledge gained through years of exhaustive research in the du Pont laboratories are now yours for the asking. Duco is the plus value which thousands of leading manufacturers are putting on their articles to give them added prestige and merit.

To protect yourself, ask if the finish on everything you purchase is made by du Pont and look for the oval du Pont seal.

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Wherever you see this du Pont Duco trade-mark on tag or seal you will know that the finish is Duco.

ONE *of these* Cars

Will give 100,000 miles' service— the other 30,000 miles

YET—They're Identically the Same Car

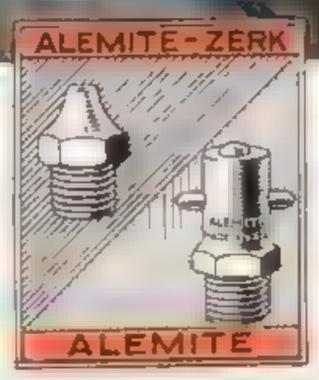
Improper Lubrication and Cheap "Greases" will rush one to an early death. *Proper* Lubrication will keep the other NEW indefinitely. 80% of all repair bills are due to Improper Lubrication. *A new service now to protect car owners.*

WHETHER the new car you're getting gives you 30,000 miles of service and constant repair bills, or 100,000 miles' service and remarkably *few* repair bills is almost entirely up to you. Two cars of identically the same make, delivered the same day, will often show this difference. When "trade in" time comes, one will be worth perhaps hundreds of dollars more than the other.

The difference is in lubrication. 80% of all repair bills are due to improper lubrication and poor "greases." Most gear troubles, noisy, grinding gears, are due to them. So, too, are most rattly, squeaky chassis. Most *owner-dissatisfaction* is due to them. Automobile dealers are pointing this out to customers, and emphasizing *lubrication*, on delivery of new cars now. The Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System on your car makes proper lubrication easy.

The secret is in having your car *Alemited*, instead of just "greased." There is a great difference. It makes old cars run like new; quiets noisy cars; protects gears; cuts repair bills tremendously.

Take care, though, that you go to a genuine Alemite-ing Station. Don't go to an ordinary "greasing" station. Avoid inefficient methods and cheap "greases"—greases filled with soap, "fillers" and acids; dangerous greases that are flooding the market since the universal adoption of the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating Systems on cars.



95% of the cars selling today—including the new Ford—are equipped with either the Alemite or Alemite-Zerk System. Both are equally efficient. Look for the word "Alemite" or "Zerk" on the body as shown at right.

Alemite and Alemite-Zerk equally adapted for Industrial Lubrication.

Look for the Alemite Sign

For your protection and for ours, too, we have appointed genuine Alemite-ing Stations in every community. Every station has the sign shown at the left. Look for it as you drive. These stations are frequently inspected, and it is only the stations showing this sign that can really ALEMITE your car.

What to Ask For

100% Alemite-ing consists of the following service. Ask for it.

1. Genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant is forced into the heart of every chassis bearing on your car. This lubricant is a pure, solidified oil that will stand up under 3,000 pounds pressure, resists heat up to 200°, and will lubricate bearings properly at 30° below zero. Eliminates burnt-out bearings and rattles in your car that come from worn, corroded bearings.

2. By means of a Gear Flusher, the operator thoroughly cleans out your differential and transmission, removing all grit, dirt and any chips of steel. He then forces in new Alemite Gear Lubricant. Most of the grinding noise and rumbling you often hear in a motor car comes from the use of cheap grease in transmission and differential, which thins out in summer, allowing gear teeth to run dry. In winter, it "freezes" up and makes gears hard to shift. And the grinding gears act like a dragging brake on your motor.

3. Your springs are sprayed with Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil. It penetrates thoroughly, spreading a thin layer of graphite between the leaves of your springs. Makes your car ride easier and eliminates spring squeaks.

(Chassis bearings and springs should be lubricated every 500 miles. Gears every 2,500 miles.)

These figures, however, are merely average. The best guide is to watch for odd noises in your car; for squeaks, grinding noises and slow pick-up are usually the first signs that a car needs Alemite-ing

The Alemite Manufacturing Corporation, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2700 North Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

A New Service

Ask your dealer, garage or service station about the new Alemite Service R. A. S. —Recorded Alemite Service.

A plan that will warrant a remarkable increase in the *resale value* of your car. A plan endorsed and sponsored by leading car [illegible] throughout the country . . . R. A. S. —get details from dealer, garage or service station.

THE MIDDLEMAN

Continued from Page 19

"But it isn't a circular, Mr. Carpenter," I argued. "To all appearances it's a personal letter. I have the stenographer type the customer's name and address at the top, and then the name is typed in again several times below."

"Which makes it a darn sight worse," he interrupted sharply. "You send a man a circular and then by a cheap trick try to fool him into believing it's something else."

He picked up Form Letter Number 3 from my desk and tore it into strips.

"This is what I would do if anyone sent me such a trick communication," he said as he threw the pieces into the wastebasket; "and, moreover, I'd have no more dealings with the house that sent it. Now suppose you do the same thing to the balance of your three-dollar literature and try to use some imagination instead!"

It was the only time I ever saw Thaddeus Carpenter really angry. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why, in the more than twenty-five years that have elapsed since that day, I have never tried to make a form letter do the work of a personal missive or to look like one. And I never pay attention to any communication that comes to my desk with my name typed from one ribbon and the body of the message typed from another ribbon. I know plenty of other executives who harbor the same prejudice.

VI

THOUGH my first trip on the road had turned out fairly well, I never realized my early ambition of becoming a regular traveling salesman. For several years I acted as general assistant to Thaddeus Carpenter, with most of my activities in the financial and credit departments of the business. Occasionally I would make a short selling trip, but this was incidental, and a part of Mr. Carpenter's idea that no one could be a really good credit man unless he had some practical knowledge of the everyday problems of the men to whom he extended credit.

Mr. Carpenter himself was a remarkably good credit man. At that time the Empire Wholesale Company was doing more than a million dollars a year and its losses from bad debts were seldom as much as two thousand dollars. Mr. Carpenter was born on a farm in Central New York State, and one of his early jobs was that of driving a wagon for a crossroads general merchant, selling goods to the residents of the countryside. It was a saying of his that all the decisions he had to make in later life were based on knowledge of human nature that he gained through doing business with the seventy-five or so families on that country route. This was particularly the case in the matter of extending credit to the customers of the Empire Wholesale Company. Whenever a difficult decision came up he would get all possible data regarding the applicant for credit, such as the man's personal habits, how much store rent he paid, how often he changed his window display, whether he waited on customers personally or left the selling to his clerks, and all that. Having digested these facts, Mr. Carpenter would lean back in his office chair and close his eyes.

"Let's see," he would say: "This fellow reminds me of So-and-So, who worked the farm on shares just south of the bridge on the creek road and afterward bought the place. I reckon it's all right to take a chance on this fellow." Or, if the information was not to his taste: "I don't exactly like the set-up. Makes me think of So-and-So, who lost his farm because he depended too much on his hired men. I guess we'd better keep hands off."

His decisions were often based on the homeliest of circumstances. In those days competing small-town business men frequently indulged in bitter personal feuds; and once an Empire Wholesale Company salesman, Wesley Morton, came in from a trip with news that trouble was brewing in one of the towns in his territory. We had two customers in the place who had got into such a state of mutual hatred that neither would buy from a house that sold the other, and Wesley had to choose which one he would call on in the future. It was a particularly hard decision to make, because both merchants were slashing prices to such an extent that business was being done at a big loss, and it looked as though the feud might end with the bankruptcy of one or the other. We didn't want to pass up the town altogether, yet naturally we didn't want to be on the loser's books if a smash-up came.

Mr. Carpenter asked Wesley all sorts of questions. Outside of their fantastic tendency to quarrel, both merchants seemed to be normal men and reasonably skillful storekeepers. Both owned their store buildings and there was not much to choose from in the matter of their inventories. Finally Mr. Carpenter began to inquire as to their manner of living. Did they own their homes, or rent, or what? Wesley said one of them, Mr. Cargill, had quite a nice house, but Mr. Daniels lived over his store. Mr. Carpenter suddenly became interested.

"So Daniels lives over his store, does he? I wonder if you can tell me one thing more, Wesley. Does Daniels' wife keep a hired girl?"

Wesley said he was positive there was no domestic help employed in the Daniels family. Mr. Carpenter slapped his hand down on his desk decisively.

"We'll string along with Daniels and drop the other fellow. It's a pretty dog-gone hard job to break a man who lives over his store and whose wife does the housework!"

As in most cases, Mr. Carpenter's judgment turned out to be sound. Neither merchant actually failed, but after a couple of years' warfare Mr. Cargill moved to another town, leaving the field to his rival.

In the early 1900's business was beginning to shape itself into present-day methods, though the change came slowly and a good many of the old ways held on. Haggling and price juggling were still general. I think the Empire Wholesale Company was as ethical as most firms, but our prices were not the same to everyone. Our salesmen went out with price books that told them what various items cost, and it was the salesman's business to get as much profit as the trade would stand.

Shrewd buyers got their merchandise at a very small margin and those less shrewd paid enough to make up the difference. Collections were slow. Many of our customers settled their accounts twice a year, and frequently these settlements would be only partly in cash, the balance strung out in monthly notes.

Price juggling was not confined to strictly commercial lines. The city of Statesburg was beginning to experience the growth that has so amazingly continued to the present day, based on its favorable situation as a manufacturing and railroad center, and freight rebates were given large shippers almost as a matter of course. Most of the executives of important concerns had annual passes. For those less fortunately situated, several ticket scalpers had offices on Railroad Avenue, opposite the union station, and each had in front of his establishment a board on which was chalked every day the cut-rate prices of tickets to almost every large city in the United States. It was an open secret that the scalpers bought many of their tickets direct from the railroad offices.

No one seemed to have much conscience where dealings with the railroads were concerned. I had a desk in Mr. Carpenter's private office, which was entered through a larger room where the bookkeepers worked, and one day in the fall of 1901 Jim Kernigan, our doorman, brought word that a very important gentleman wished to see the president. Mr. Carpenter was in another part of the building; I told Jim I would find him, and meanwhile to bring the gentleman in. When I returned with Mr. Carpenter the gentleman was already there, sitting at ease in the armchair reserved for visitors. I will call him Mr. Blake, though that was not his name. About all I can recall of his appearance is that he had a heavy red mustache, smoked a cigar and had a silk hat on his knees.

Mr. Blake got down to business at once. He stated that he was general purchasing agent for one of the railroads coming into Statesburg, and that he knew the Empire Wholesale Company had occasionally sold it supplies when it needed anything in a hurry. Mr. Carpenter replied that such was the case.

"I hope you made a good profit," Mr. Blake remarked genially.

It was evident Mr. Carpenter feared he was to be asked for a commission on these past sales, because he put on a long face and said competition was too keen for wide margins. Mr. Blake became quite sympathetic.

"Now that's too bad," he said. "Everyone is entitled to a profit these days." Then he went on, still more sympathetically: "I guess I can give you a piece of business now where you can make a real profit."

He started to pull some papers out of an inside pocket and then shoved them back again as though documents were unnecessary between friends.

"I'll tell you what I want you to do," he said at last. "I want you to

(Continued on Page 60)

"Who Said Anything About Delivering?" Mr. Blake Interrupted. "I Said I Wanted a Bill for Fifteen Thousand Pounds of Wire—That's All. You Don't Need to Deliver Anything!"

DOUBLE ... the tire

THE traditionally popular name for the United States twenty-dollar gold-piece is the Double Eagle.

Among the mintage of all the nations, this coin gleams forth as the standard of value of the world.

Something of this valuable implication was desired in the name to be chosen for the new Goodyear *super*-tire.

Something was wanted to suggest also the tire's imperial quality, its soaring and unwearied flight, its unexampled measure of usefulness and worth.

So, in naming this great tire which commemorates the thirtieth anniversary of Goodyear's founding, DOUBLE EAGLE was the designation chosen.

IDENTIFICATION:
On the sidewall of this tire you will find in silver silhouette the Double Eagle world-mark of superfine quality and value, symbol of that Goodyear union of seasoned experience and youthful progress which has produced the tire of tires

THE MASTER TIRE

The tire deserves the name; the name deserves the tire.

THE making of this tire of tires has been a personal accomplishment with Goodyear men, rather than a matter of factory routine.

That veteran of the rubber industry, P. W. Litchfield, under whose charge have been produced millions more of tires than have been built by any other man, poured into it the lessons of a quarter-century.

But it has been a part of his industrial philosophy that the wisdom of experience is better for the leaven of youth.

So he has reared around him a staff of younger men, whose eager and exploratory minds might be searching out new directions of advance.

The benefits of this idea, the special advantages of seasoned training and young invention, find fruitful union in the new Goodyear Double Eagle.

The Double Eagle being a special tire, made and sold only under its own name, Goodyear has built especially for it an

GOOD

THE GREATEST

EAGLE

deserves the name

A perfectly balanced tire of most advanced balloon type, the Double Eagle is finer, stronger, handsomer than anything that has gone before.

It is not a heavy duty tire—it is something infinitely more: a *super*-tire in the best and truest sense.

It is built in limited production for those fortunate people to whom first cost is secondary to result.

BY design and by intention, the Goodyear Double Eagle costs more to buy than other tires.

It is conceived to occupy a separate and individual place apart.

It admits to competition not any tire—not even the famous Goodyear All-Weather Tread Balloon, which in the popular sense remains the world's standard.

THE TIREMASTER

It is an indulgence to build and to buy; if building and buying the finest thing of its kind may be called indulgence.

You will see the new Goodyear Double Eagle Tire on display at your Goodyear Dealer's.

He may not urge you to buy it, because it frankly is a better tire than the usual motorist needs.

But if you would like to forget you have tires, if you drive hard and fast, if safety and security are a consideration, if you want tire perfection—here it is.

We venture you'll find that under anything like normal conditions the Goodyear Double Eagle will last as long as you keep your car.

P. W. Litchfield, President of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc.; President, Chairman, or Advisory Board Member of twenty-four affiliated or subsidiary corporations. Under Mr. Litchfield's direct charge, Goodyear has made more than 125,000,000 tires, and now crowns that unequaled record with the Goodyear Double Eagle Tire

equally superior inner tube—and calls this distinguished buff-color tube also the Double Eagle

YEAR

NAME IN RUBBER

Copyright 1928, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc.

FREE
Mail coupon below for free booklet telling all about the health values of Carbonic Gas.

For

"Shopper's Headache"

... a good Bottled Drink
prepared with Sugar and Fruit Juice,
and charged with high-grade
Carbonic Gas, gives almost
immediate "pick-up."

Try it . . . about 3 o'clock

167 calories of energizing food value—almost as much as in a glass of milk—are furnished in a carbonated bottled drink, made as described above.

"Shopper's headache" results from exhausted energy. Replace that energy in this easy and attractive way.

You feel the effect almost immediately. And this is *natural*, not artificial, aid.

Carbonic Gas, the vitalizer of carbonated bottled drinks and fountain sodas, is highly beneficial, too—a mild digestant, natural stimulator of the circulatory organs, and alkalinizer of the blood.

Little tots as well as grown-ups, therefore, gain from the free use of high-grade carbonated beverages.

Memorize This Sign

"Liquid" Red Diamond is a brand of the *highest grade carbonic gas*, made by the largest manufacturers of Bottlers' and Soda Fountain equipment in the world. More than half the Bottlers and Soda Fountains in the country already are employing it, and most of them display the "Liquid" Red Diamond to indicate the fact.

Acquaint your children with the "Liquid" Emblem and have them look for it wherever they buy cold drinks or fountain sodas.

Mail coupon for booklet, now.

THE LIQUID CARBONIC CORPORATION, CHICAGO
31 *Distributing Points*

RED DIAMOND GAS

Liquid

The Liquid Carbonic Corporation,
Dept. 11-24, 3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me, without charge, a copy of your booklet, "Bubbling Health for the Whole Family."
*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

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give me a bill for fifteen thousand pounds of wire—the same stuff you furnished us a small quantity of a few weeks ago."

Mr. Carpenter showed his pleasure, but had to answer regretfully: "I'm afraid we can't deliver a quantity like that right away. But if you can wait ——"

"Who said anything about delivering?" Mr. Blake interrupted. "I said I wanted a *bill* for fifteen thousand pounds of wire—that's all. You don't need to deliver anything!"

Mr. Carpenter looked puzzled at this extraordinary statement, and his visitor proceeded to explain in detail:

"I guess the right price for fifteen thousand pounds of wire would be one thousand dollars. All right, you give me a bill for that sum. I'll O. K. the bill and the treasurer of the road will mail you a check. You ought to get your money within a week. I'll be back in Statesburg about that time and we'll split it—a nice clean five hundred dollars for each of us!"

He said this in the most genial manner and with no sense of secrecy. Not only was I sitting within a few feet of him but the door to the outside office where the bookkeepers were working was wide open. Perhaps he was extra bold from the fact that he was a brother-in-law of his railroad's president, but I think it was mainly because in those days there was a general impression that anything got out of a railroad was legitimate plunder. Even Thaddeus Carpenter, in ordinary dealings a most punctilious man, appeared not to be offended at Mr. Blake's proposal, though he declined to go into the deal. We understood later that Mr. Blake got what he wanted from a firm in St. Louis.

The Empire Wholesale Company's stock of merchandise used to hold a great fascination for me, and in my spare time I liked to go through the different floors to look at the things we had for sale. There were something like forty thousand different items, though in the early 1900's we had very few electrical goods and no automobile accessories. We still handled a great many imported articles, particularly edged tools of English manufacture, though these were fast giving way to American-made goods. Yet already our sales of hand tools were beginning to fall off—a decline that has increasingly continued until the present. In the older days every farm was a self-contained unit, with a shop for all ordinary repairs; and even city dwellers prided themselves on their ability to do such work. As the United States became more prosperous more people were able to hire things done that they had previously done themselves.

Another factor making for fewer sales of tools was the increasing number of articles that were turned out by machines in industrial plants and that needed only to be put together. I recall that on the third floor of the Empire Wholesale Company's building there was a great collection of hand planes for cutting tongues and grooves in flooring planks. Years before, when carpenters still did this work by hand, some optimistic department head had placed an unusually large order to get a special price. Some of them are there to this day!

Not only were styles in merchandise changing during the early 1900's but new styles of doing business were being evolved. The word "efficiency" began to be heard. Many trade magazines that had formerly been content to print news notes and general summaries of the state of business began to present essays that purported to instruct their subscribers in business management. As is usual in the early stages of most innovations, a good deal of this literature of efficiency shot rather wide of the mark and dealt more in theory than in fact. I recall reading an article in one trade publication of the day where the writer strongly recommended that every merchant should publish a weekly or monthly house organ. The writer advanced many good arguments to prove that such an organ would make employes better acquainted with one another, would create an *esprit de corps* and spread a spirit of loyalty and efficiency that must inevitably result in vastly increased dividends. No doubt a well-conducted house organ may do all these things; but what still strikes me as incongruous is the fact that most of the subscribers to the trade magazine in which this essay appeared were merchants whose average sales force consisted of about one clerk and an errand boy!

In our own city of Statesburg a new retail merchants' association was formed from the ashes of a similar organization that had died a natural death some time previously, and in the first flush of enthusiasm the members subscribed enough money to finance a series of lectures on business subjects. One of the lecturers was a professor of economics from Chicago and his message was upon the importance of cash discounts. A few days later Mr. Barton, of the Barton Wholesale Grocer Company, was in our office talking with Thaddeus Carpenter, and I heard him say resentfully that the cash-discount expert had made such an impression that several of his own retail-grocer clients were trying to deduct the cash discounts on bills sixty days past due.

We had our own troubles in the Empire Wholesale Company from this early trend toward a bigger and better business efficiency. One of the lectures was on the subject of cooperative buying; and as a result, about a dozen retail hardware dealers in the city banded themselves into an organization for the purpose of buying their goods collectively and securing quantity prices from manufacturers. Duncan Christie, the man for whom I clerked evenings when I first came to Statesburg, was a sort of unofficial chairman of the group, and once or twice a month they met at Mr. Christie's store to decide on the items they would buy, each merchant pledging himself to take a certain quantity. If it was decided to buy shovels, for example, they might be able to make up an order for as many as fifty dozen. Mr. Christie would then write to several manufacturers for prices on such a quantity and place the order wherever the best price was to be had. The goods would be shipped to him. Upon arrival he would notify the other merchants and they would send to his store for their shovels, paying for them at the same time.

It was quite a while before we heard of this arrangement at the Empire Wholesale Company. Naturally, the merchants weren't advertising their plans to us, because it was to their advantage to keep on friendly terms with a local wholesale house where they could get immediate delivery on items that were needed in a hurry. We only knew that our city sales on certain lines suddenly began to fall off, until one day a retailer from one of the near-by towns was in our place to buy some goods and described the arrangement to Mr. Carpenter. It seems this man was on very friendly terms with one of the members of the group, who had told him about it in detail. After this man had gone, Mr. Carpenter suggested that I call on Duncan Christie to learn what I could about it.

Accordingly I went to see Mr. Christie next morning. He was a jovial, pleasant man who had always been friendly with me when I clerked for him, and the friendship had lasted after I quit to put in full time at the Empire Wholesale Company. At this time he had the largest retail hardware business in the city, occupying the entire ground floor of a corner building on Market Street. The main salesroom was entered from Market, and at the rear was a storeroom where spare stock was kept. I found Mr. Christie in his railed-in office just at the archway where the main store joined this storeroom. He bade me take a seat and then asked me what was on my mind.

"Oh, nothing much," I answered. "Business is sort of quiet down at the Empire Wholesale Company and I thought I would come around and see how it is with you."

He laughed shrewdly. "Maybe Thad Carpenter suggested that you make a friendly call?" he asked.

"Yes, he did," I admitted. "I guess Mr. Carpenter thought he owed you that much courtesy now that you've gone into the wholesale business."

"What do you mean," he demanded at this, "that I've gone into the wholesale business?"

I told him what we had heard—namely, that he was chairman of the group of retailers who pooled their purchases in order to save the wholesaler's profit. I added that Mr. Carpenter was in no way irritated, because he realized that everyone was entitled to buy his goods as cheaply as possible; but if it was not impertinent we would like to know how the plan was working out.

"If that's all Thad Carpenter wants to know," Mr. Christie responded amiably, "you can tell him it's working fine. We're saving some money."

I had known him long enough to risk a leading question.

"Naturally there is a saving when goods are bought in big quantities," I said. "But how about you personally, Mr. Christie—isn't it costing you a lot of time and trouble doing all the correspondence and ordering the merchandise and storing it until the others come after it? Of course they aren't paying you for your work."

For a long moment he made no answer. Then he suddenly rose from his chair and went toward his back storeroom, motioning me to follow him. There he bade me look around. The room was literally packed with a miscellaneous collection of shovels, rope and other merchandise that had been ordered by the members of the buying group. Mr. Christie laughed ruefully.

"Don't tell Thad Carpenter about this," he said, "because he'd never get through joking me about it. But I don't mind telling you, and here is the way it goes: These fellows all sign up for a certain amount of stuff and I order it shipped here to me. They are supposed to come after it as soon as I notify them it's here. Some of them do that. But some of the others put it off for weeks at a time, and meanwhile this storeroom is all cluttered up with merchandise that doesn't belong to me. If I should have a fire I suppose I would be responsible for it. Besides all that, it cramps me for room. I've had to move my own reserve stock into the basement, where it's mighty inconvenient to get at."

"It seems to me, Mr. Christie," I remarked, "that you are going through the motions of a wholesaler without getting paid for it."

"I'll say so!" he laughed. "And what I've told you isn't all. I told you to say to Thad Carpenter that we're saving money on our cooperative buying. That isn't strictly so. I guess the others are saving money, but not me. Just today I was figuring up, and when I take into account my own time and the time of my bookkeeper and my stenographer and all that, I find my own goods cost me about 10 per cent more than I could buy the same stuff for in the open market. I can't very well back out of it now, but between you and me I wish I'd never gone into it."

I told Mr. Christie I would use discretion in relating the details of his predicament to Thaddeus Carpenter, for I knew how much the latter gentleman loved his joke. Mr. Carpenter was not in when I returned to the Empire Wholesale Company office. I asked the bookkeeper who had charge of the local accounts for his ledger and spent the next hour analyzing the purchases and payments of the members of Mr. Christie's buying group. Mr. Christie himself and some others were paying promptly for whatever merchandise they bought from us, usually sending a check on the tenth of the month for purchases of the preceding month. So far as they were concerned, it was none of our business how they managed their affairs. But three or four were the type of accounts that wholesale merchants have always had on their books, and will continue to have so long as business continues to be transacted. From one

(Continued on Page 63)

KLAXON

today - as for 20 years
the SAFEST, SUREST WARNING SIGNAL

The function of a horn is to warn! Klaxon demands attention. Its deep, penetrating note instantly and effectively signals pedestrians and warns motorists that your car is approaching.

This long experience, plus the high standards of quality, precision and workmanship which are traditional with Delco-Remy, give positive assurance of maximum dependability and long life.

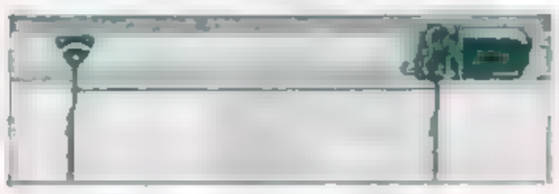
Today's Klaxon is the mature development of twenty years experience in the design and manufacture of automobile horns.

KLAXON HORNS

Make certain that your car is equipped with a Klaxon—today, as for twenty years, the safest, surest warning signal.

STARTING
LIGHTING
IGNITION

DELCO-REMY
DUAL LOCK

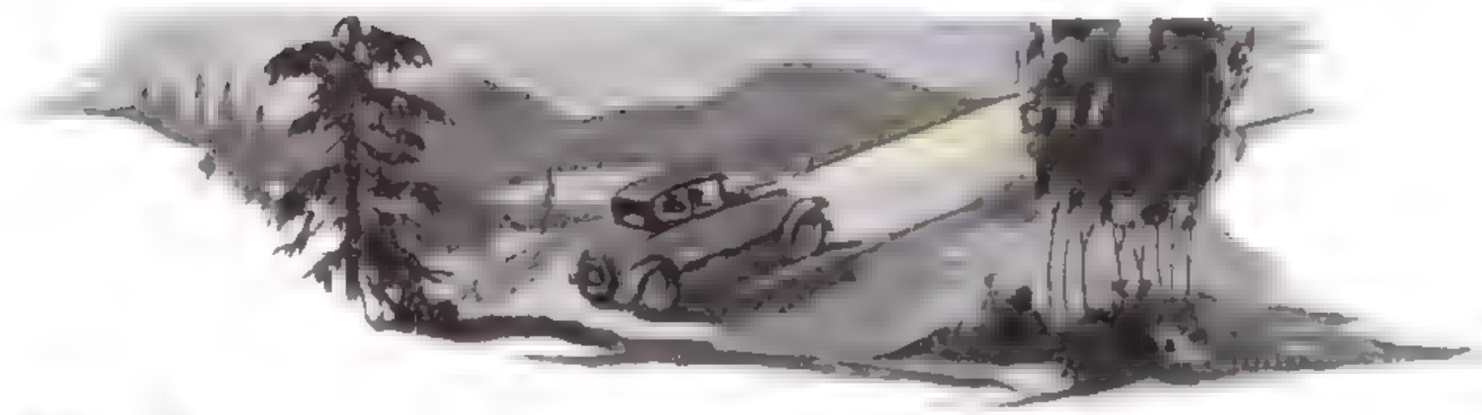


DELCO-REMY *ELECTRIC*
WINDSHIELD WIPER

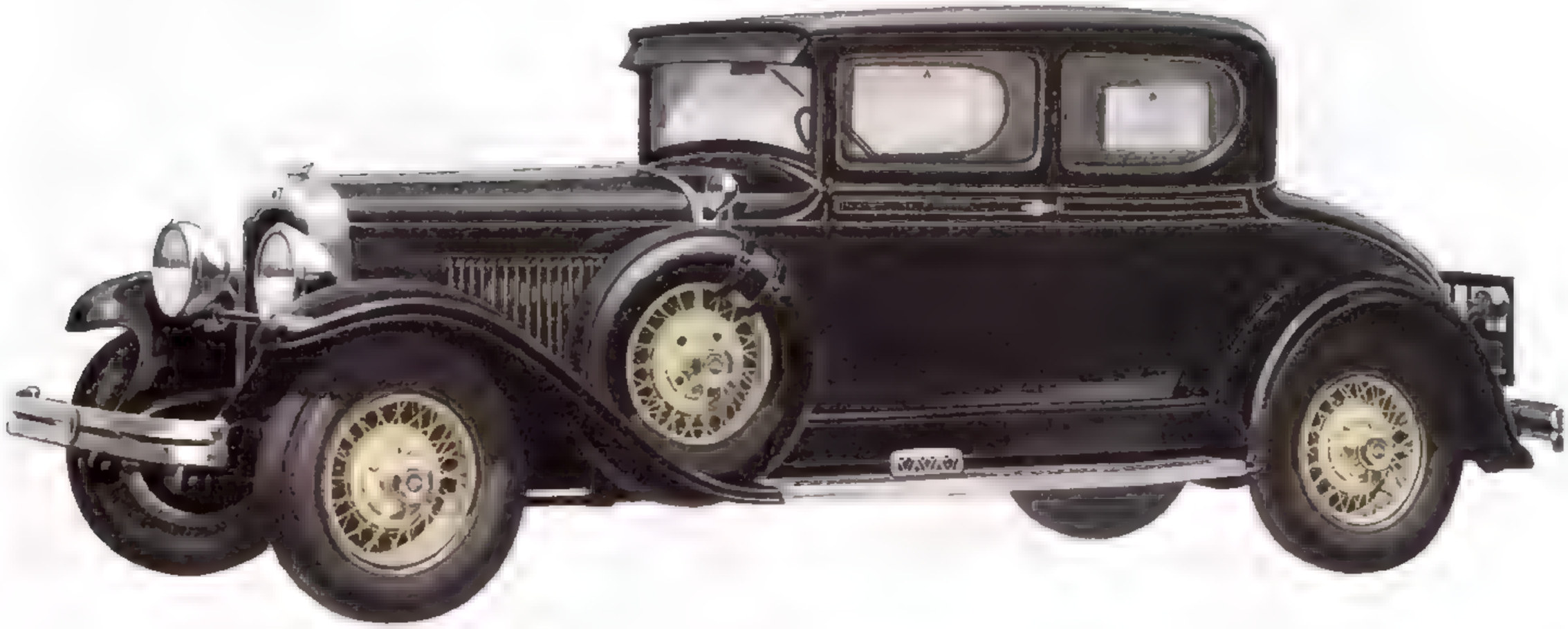
LOVEJOY
HYDRAULIC
SHOCK ABSORBER

Delco-Remy

DELCO-REMY CORPORATION, ANDERSON, IND.



When you can't tell *whether it's up or level* ‹ ‹



SAILING through the darkness of the night silently and swiftly in a Flying Cloud of 1929, along the tunnel of light from gleaming lamps, the road races toward you hour after hour.

You know that between you and your destination are grades both up and down. But you'll find it hard to tell when the road swings upward.

For it is a part of a Flying Cloud's effortless flight that it sails up the grades as though they were a level stretch. And in the dark, when the pitch is steep, unless you watch closely, it's mighty hard to tell whether you're still traveling on the level—or sweeping up a long incline.

There's a 1929 Reo Flying Cloud near you. Ask your dealer for a demonstration. Go for a long drive over rolling roads and feel for yourself the eerie sensation of climbing, climbing while your eager "Cloud" sails up as though the road were level.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

FLYING CLOUD

Sport Victoria, *illustrated above* . . $1895	Coupe $1625	
Victoria $1795	Sport Sedan $1795	Sport Roadster $1785
Sport Brougham $1745	Sedan $1845	Roadster $1685
Brougham . . $1645	Sport Coupe $1725	*f. o. b. Lansing*

REO

WOLVERINE

Brougham	$1195
Sedan	$1295
f. o. b. Lansing	

(Continued from Page 60)

year's end to another they never cleaned up with us entirely, but merely paid us from time to time what they could manage and let the balance run on. Mr. Carpenter had always been quite liberal in such matters, particularly with young men beginning in business, and in a great many cases had put merchants on a solid basis who could not have succeeded without this help.

Of the slow-pay merchants in Duncan Christie's coöperative buying group, one was owing us about nine hundred dollars and the others larger amounts. One was in our debt for four thousand dollars. The man who owed us this last sum was John Brophy, who had started in business a few years before on small capital and had been given a good line of credit by Mr. Carpenter in the belief that he would eventually pull out and become a prompt payer. Going over Brophy's account, I found that in the past he had owed us as high as six thousand dollars, and had gradually cut this down to the present sum, which showed he had been making progress. But even at the best, he was taking nearly six months on the average to pay for his purchases, and our regular terms were sixty days. Since he had gone into the coöperative buying arrangement his purchases from us were smaller, and yet he had not reduced his indebtedness to us at all.

When Mr. Carpenter returned I told him something of what I had learned from Duncan Christie, and also explained how I had analyzed the slow-pay accounts. Like a good many inveterate jokers, Mr. Carpenter had a strain of grimness when he felt he was being put upon, and he showed this when I said the members of the buying group always laid down the cash when they took their goods from Duncan Christie's storeroom.

"If those fellows can pay spot cash for their bargain merchandise," he remarked caustically, "I guess it's about time for the Empire Wholesale Company to be a little more fussy about their accounts. What's sauce for the goose ought to be sauce for the gander."

He dictated a letter to each of the slow payers in which he stated that the Empire Wholesale Company felt it must tighten up on its credits and insist upon the observance of its regular terms. The letter closed with the request that the merchant should at once send a check for the amount of his past-due purchases.

John Brophy was first to respond to this communication, coming to our office early the next morning somewhat out of breath and evidently disturbed in his mind. Mr. Carpenter had recovered his usual good humor and greeted him with one of his stock jokes:

"Land alive, John, you must have got up before breakfast to be down here so early. Didn't you sleep well?"

Brophy was in no mood for levity. He pulled out Mr. Carpenter's letter and laid it on the latter's desk, demanding to know if it meant what it said.

"Why, yes, John," Mr. Carpenter answered dryly, "it just seemed to me that we ought to get our money a little more promptly. Can't you spare us a check for the past-due part of your account? The bookkeeper says it is about three thousand dollars."

"You know I can't do that," Brophy replied shortly. "You've always let me pay as I was able ——"

"That's just it, John," Mr. Carpenter interrupted. "We let you pay as you were able. But now we think you are able to pay a little better than you are doing. How about the shovels and rope and stuff that you are laying down the cash for?"

"I know what you mean, all right," Brophy responded defensively, a little red in the face, "but I'm in business to make money; and when I can save 15 or 20 per cent I guess I've got a right to do it."

Mr. Carpenter assumed his most disarming air. "Of course you're in business to make money, John," he said soothingly. "We're all in business for that. But my idea is that money isn't worth making unless you can make it fairly. Now I leave it to you: Is it quite fair to let the Empire Wholesale Company hold the bag for several thousand dollars while you spend your cash money elsewhere? We don't expect to get all your business, but we do expect you to pay us as promptly as you pay other people. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

Brophy had to admit that it was fair, and the upshot of the interview was that he resigned his membership in the coöperative buying group. Others followed suit after similar heart-to-heart conversations with Thaddeus Carpenter. The experiment was terminated to the great relief of Duncan Christie, who had found his amateur wholesale activities such an unlooked-for burden.

VII

THE year 1907 is usually alluded to as a panic year. It was that and more. It was, I should say, the dividing point between the old and new in American business methods. One of its results was to make harder the problem of the average wholesale merchant.

Roughly, the change may be described as follows: Mass production in manufacturing had been developing for a long time and culminated, during the early 1900's, in a situation where the factories of the country began to turn out merchandise faster than the existing agencies of selling could dispose of it. But up to 1907 this was not felt acutely, because the country as a whole was tremendously prosperous and people were so eager to buy that most factory products found purchasers without overmuch selling pressure.

All this was changed when the financial crisis of 1907 came on. Wholesale and retail merchants everywhere had been buying heavily and found themselves overstocked. There were a good many bankruptcies, and even those merchants who survived were chary about placing further orders until they should get rid of surplus stock. In such a situation the manufacturers naturally had the hardest time of all. Merchants, both wholesale and retail, could go along for a considerable time, selling what they had on hand. But many manufacturers, depending on a constant stream of fresh orders to keep their plants going, found themselves in a bad way. They were faced with the alternative of practically closing down or of finding new outlets for their goods.

It was natural, then, that many manufacturers should begin to question if their goods were being pushed vigorously enough. At that time the majority of manufacturers sold through wholesale merchants, and these came in for a good deal of criticism for their antiquated selling methods. All over the country manufacturers began to consider the advisability of organizing their own selling forces and going direct to the retail trade.

At the Empire Wholesale Company we began to sense this changed attitude almost immediately. Hardly a week passed but that some factory executive whose line we were handling came to talk over the situation, many of them frankly disposed to discontinue business relations with us. One day our doorman, Jim Kernigan, came to my desk saying a very important gentleman wished to see Thaddeus Carpenter, who was, unfortunately, on a trip to Chicago and would not be back for a couple of days. The gentleman appeared a bit disgruntled at this, Jim said, and then asked to see our sales manager, Eugene Redmond. Jim had told him Mr. Redmond also was away, at which the gentleman asked impatiently if there was anyone in the place at all who could talk intelligently about business. I told Jim to bring him along and I would do my best.

The gentleman had refused to give Jim his card, but handed it to me when he came into the office. It read: Hiram R. Davidson, President, the Davidson Ax and Tool Company. This was a Pennsylvania concern whose goods we had handled extensively

(Continued on Page 65)

The Happy Day

"You surely deserve release from work and care. We owe our success to you and other men who always gave us the best they had. Pay days will be provided for you, as long as you live, out of the Cooperative Retirement Fund which you helped to build. You have earned the right to take it easy. Good luck!"

AFTER the man who has won the right to retire in ease and comfort has been congratulated, the wise president and board of directors who thus show their appreciation of faithful service also deserve congratulations. Such appreciation inspires new courage in all hearts. The interests of capital and labor are inseparably linked. Through cooperative efforts their most difficult problems are being solved.

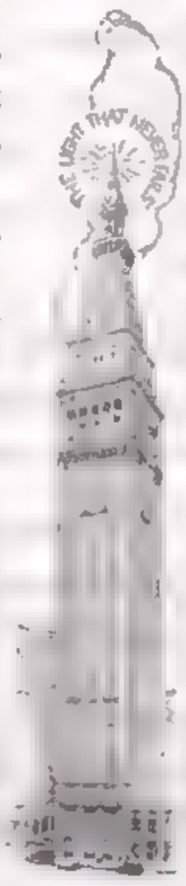
Many of the biggest employers of labor are themselves employees and do not own the companies they manage. These men have learned that officers as well as men in the ranks do better work if they know that years of loyal service will be amply rewarded.

Stockholders expect dividends. Employees expect good wages. In wise management there is a fair and just division of earnings which must be preserved in a delicate balance. Not all of the yearly earnings may safely be paid out in dividends and pay checks.

Long-headed business men lay aside money for new and more effective equipment when old machines shall be worn out. In the same way they make plans that permit the honorable retirement of veterans and the filling of their places by younger men.

Big business recognizes that it is good business to establish the independence of faithful workers in their later years. By planning together for their mutual advantage, employers and employees can build a sound Retirement Plan based on earnings and savings that will provide a regular, definite income for life.

No man of spirit wants charity, but he does want an opportunity to become independent.



Business has welcomed the development of modern pension plans which have made possible retirement with a fixed income. While, in the past, many privately owned businesses have provided quietly for the needs of retired employees, scientific pension systems are a comparatively new development.

Some of the earlier plans, dictated more by good intentions than by sound financing, are so hopelessly involved that they will have to be revised or completely abandoned.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has made a comprehensive study of more than 350 different pension plans in operation today. To employees and employers interested in a sound solution of pension problems, the Metropolitan will be glad to mail without charge, Booklet 128-E, "Sound Retirement Plans and What They Should Provide".

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

If you're the Motorist who says,

"Give me a Quart of Oil"

. . . stay out of the sky!

Inferior oil can bring down an airplane like a crippled bird in less than a minute. And inferior oil can betray the motor of any automobile just as completely. Perhaps in six months. Or a year. Or two years. But the result is the same . . . Junk.

The new proving ground for motor oils is in the sky. The airplane engine finds the weak spots and finds them quickly. If you fly, you may pick an inferior oil *once*. But you seldom make that mistake twice.

And from the beginning of aviation the word has been passed around . . . from pilot to pilot . . . from field to field . . . from port to port . . .

. . . that VEEDOL can be trusted. And that VEEDOL'S 100% paraffine base fights the tremendous heat and friction of an airplane motor to a standstill.

With the eyes of the world turned to the sky, no wonder millions of motorists have heeded the choice of Bernt Balchen, Clarence D. Chamberlin, Art Goebel, Eddie Stinson, Captain C. B. D. Collyer and hundreds of other pilots . . .

THE *NEW* VEEDOL

And no wonder that every orange and black VEEDOL sign is drawing an increasing host of drivers who reason that if Commander Byrd chooses VEEDOL to fly over the South Pole . . .

. . . then a crank-case filling of this same tough, heavy-bodied VEEDOL will beat any possible combination of speed, weather, heat or friction.

And they are right. It will.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York City.

THE *NEW* VEEDOL MOTOR OIL

MADE 100% FROM PENNSYLVANIA AND OTHER PARAFFINE BASE CRUDES

(Continued from Page 63)

for a great many years. Mr. Davidson was a very tall man, approaching sixty, with white mustache and a beard that was parted in the middle. I recall also that he wore a high standing collar with wings, and a white vest.

"I don't know whether it will do any good to talk to you or not," he said to me abruptly. "How much do you know about the jobbing business, anyhow?"

I told him I had been with the Empire Wholesale Company ten years, most of which time I had been Mr. Carpenter's assistant.

"You ought to know something about it then," he commented. "At least you ought to know by this time that the wholesalers aren't doing a good job."

I realized from the state of mind Mr. Davidson was in that I had to handle him diplomatically. I asked him mildly just what might be his complaint against the Empire Wholesale Company.

"The same complaint that I have against all wholesalers," he answered irritably. "You don't sell hard enough. You handicap me as a manufacturer. I don't get the volume of business I'm entitled to when I depend on you to do my selling for me. I don't mind telling you something that you can pass on to Thaddeus Carpenter: I'm just starting out on a trip to visit a number of wholesalers, and if they can't convince me they're on their jobs better than I think they are, I'm going to go over their heads and sell the retail trade direct."

I was under considerable of a handicap in this interview. In the first place, I had no official title with the company to give weight to anything I might say; and in the second place—which was worse—I was thirty years younger than my visitor. I have found that a man is usually willing to listen to arguments from someone near his own age, when he will not listen to a much younger person. I knew I had to do something extra to convince Mr. Davidson that we were selling as much of his product as was humanly possible, and the best thing I could think of was to take him through our establishment and let him see at first hand how hard we were going after business.

"It isn't necessary to tell you, Mr. Davidson," I said mildly, "that Mr. Carpenter would be sorry to lose your line. All our salesmen like it and our customers like it. When things pick up we're going to do a normal business again. But I think you should realize that just at present ——"

"Oh, I know what you're going to say," he interrupted testily—"you're going to say that because of a little financial slump no one has any money to buy goods with. That's always the argument of people who have been making an easy living and don't want to be jarred into energetic action."

I knew he was talking more strongly to me than he would have done to Mr. Carpenter. I asked him if he would allow me to escort him through our establishment and he rather grudgingly agreed to do so.

First we went into the bookkeeping department, where I introduced him to our head bookkeeper, Miles Anderson. I asked Miles how many accounts of dealers we had on our books and he said about three thousand. Then I asked how promptly we averaged getting our money on the sales we made. Miles laughed grimly.

"Usually they average to pay in two or three months," he said, "but since this so-called panic has been on I've quit estimating. I'll show you one or two examples."

He ran through one of his ledgers and stopped at a page where was recorded the account of a dealer named Endicott, a man who was in business in a crossroads village about a hundred miles south of Statesburg. Endicott had started in business a few years previously on small capital and we carried him along because we knew he was a good moral risk, believing in the long run he would pay out. He had never been entirely out of our debt since he started business. On the average he had owed about a thousand dollars, and was in the habit of sending us a hundred dollars a month on account. But since the tight-money situation had set in he had paid almost nothing. In three months we had received several letters of apology and one check for thirty-five dollars.

I could see Mr. Davidson was puzzled. He put on his eyeglasses and went over the account several times, noting the shipments of merchandise and the payments.

"And you still let this fellow have goods, with a record like that?" he finally demanded.

"Why, yes, Mr. Davidson," I answered; "and if you care to look at some of the invoices, I think it will be found that we have been shipping him quite a bit of the product of the Davidson Ax and Tool Company along with his other stuff."

Mr. Davidson hurriedly said it would not be necessary to go into such details. Having gone this far, I thought it would do no harm to give my visitor another example of what wholesalers had to do for their customers in times of depression. Thaddeus Carpenter believed that a merchant could not do his best when under the constant worry of unpaid bills, and he had been offering to accept notes, payable the following January first, from customers who were behind in their payments. His theory was that a note, definitely setting back payment, always acted as a spur to a man inclined to be discouraged. A good many of our customers had gratefully accepted Mr. Carpenter's offer. The Empire Wholesale Company was fortunately in such a strong financial condition that it did not have to discount such paper at the banks, and a bundle of these customer notes was in one of the office safes. I got them out and showed them to Mr. Davidson. There were about fifty of them and the total amount represented was around thirty thousand dollars.

Mr. Davidson sat for some time looking over these evidences of debt, representing an angle of business different from anything he was accustomed to in his own operations. The Empire Wholesale Company invariably paid its bills to manufacturers the tenth of each month, and I knew that practically all the wholesalers who handled the Davidson Ax and Tool products did the same. That a wholesale merchant had at times to act in the capacity of banker had never occurred, I believe, to Mr. Davidson before.

He made no objection when I suggested that we should go down to the shipping floor. Though business was so slack, Mr. Carpenter insisted that our salesmen should cover their territories as usual, and while few merchants were buying in profitable quantities, there was a constant trickle of filling-in orders. By 1907 the old practice whereby traveling men waited until they came in from their trips to turn in their order sheets had been abandoned, and we were trying, though not always successfully, to ship out all orders the same day they were received.

On this particular morning the shipping floor was quite a busy place. Different items of merchandise were coming down from the stock rooms and being assembled in bins ready for packing and shipment, and to an outsider it might appear that the Empire Wholesale Company was escaping the general business slackness. But to one who knew, it was patent that there was no great profit being made. The merchandise in each bin represented an order from some merchant, and the orders were noticeable for assortment rather than for volume. I asked Mr. Davidson to stop at one of the bins and look over the items. I remember particularly that there was one galvanized ash can, a sixth of a dozen spading forks, a couple of six-inch wrenches, some solder, and other items I have forgotten. I do, however, recall this: The total order amounted in money to less than forty dollars and the various items in it had come from twenty different factories in widely separated sections of the country.

At the next bin we examined I was still more fortunate in finding an exhibit to convince my guest of the fact that the profession of wholesale merchant was no sinecure. In the bin were two handsaws, made by his own concern, the Davidson Ax and Tool Company. I picked up the order sheet that was lying beside them and saw that these two items constituted the entire order of a merchant in Youngstown. One of the packers, Milt Boyle, was constructing a special crate to hold them. I asked Milt how much he estimated in time and material it would cost to pack the two handsaws and he answered that it would be about one dollar.

"The Empire Wholesale Company isn't going to get rich on this shipment," I remarked to Mr. Davidson. "The total value is three dollars—our gross profit is sixty cents."

"Of course you make a charge for packing?" Mr. Davidson asked.

I told him we did not. He seemed quite scandalized at this and remarked that it was an unbusinesslike proceeding to sell merchandise where the cost of shipment amounted to more than the profit.

"Perhaps it is unbusinesslike, Mr. Davidson," I answered, "but it's just one of those things a jobbing house has to put up with. I don't mind telling you that at one time we tried to charge for packing, and it wouldn't work. You see, it was this way: The dealers who were well rated and paid their bills promptly always insisted on deducting the packing charges when they settled. The only ones who paid for packing were dealers who didn't have much credit standing and were afraid we would cut them off from further supplies if they got too fussy. So we decided the practical thing was to stand the expense ourselves. It saves a lot of argument."

Mr. Davidson smiled grimly at this inside information, and I think more than anything else it gave him an idea of the difficulties he might encounter in case he decided to eliminate the wholesale merchants and sell direct to the retail trade. He was quite cordial when he finally took his leave. Of course there was no way of telling how much he was influenced by his visit, but some weeks later he wrote Thaddeus Carpenter a personal letter stating that after due consideration the Davidson Ax and Tool Company had decided to make no change in its methods of distribution. Naturally, I had described the details of the interview to Mr. Carpenter; when he read this letter he laughed and tossed it over to me, accompanying it with one of his bits of shrewd philosophy.

"I guess you did the right thing when you took Hiram R. Davidson down to the shipping room," he said. "An ounce of demonstration is always worth several pounds of argument."

It was about this time that a concern in Statesburg, the Bailey & Evarts Company, got into financial troubles. For a number of years these two men had successfully operated a high-class chinaware and house-furnishing business on one of the side streets. In 1906 they leased the ground floor of an office building on the principal corner of the city and organized what they called a specialized department store. In addition to their original lines they put in complete stocks of sporting goods, fine stationery, leather goods and shelf hardware. As organized, the project seemed to have great possibilities, for though they paid one thousand dollars a month rent—an enormous sum for those days—they had the best location in town, the center of all street-car traffic and elaborate show windows on both Main and Market Streets.

As is so often the case, however, business at first did not come up to expectations and friction developed between the two partners. It takes time for the public to adjust itself to new buying habits; and, faced with the heavy expenses of the big establishment, Mr. Evarts not only lost his early enthusiasm but began to blame his partner for leading him into a losing project. In the early part of 1907 Bailey did a foolish thing by buying out Evarts' interest and attempting to go alone without securing additional capital. He paid a few thousand dollars down, taking the amount out of the business, and signed notes for the balance that were payable over a period of two years.

Such an arrangement is always dangerous, as many a business man has learned to his sorrow, though it is being done every day in cases where a man is harassed by a disagreeable partnership and is willing to take any chances on the future to get out of present irritations. Anyhow, Frank Bailey soon found his mistake. He had not only a reduced capital on which to operate, at the very time when he needed more capital, but he had counted on future profits to pay the notes given his ex-partner. Then, further to complicate matters, shortly after making this risky arrangement the financial crisis of October, 1907, came on, and he was in a bad fix indeed.

One day he came to the office of the Empire Wholesale Company to consult with Mr. Carpenter, bringing with him a statement of his debts. We had sold the firm most of its opening stock of shelf hardware and sporting goods, and Frank Bailey was on our books at the time for about five thousand dollars. Three other jobbing houses were in for nearly fifteen thousand dollars. Then there was a miscellaneous lot of debts, amounting to around ten thousand dollars, that he owed to some forty different firms.

Mr. Carpenter went over the typewritten sheet, checking off the creditors one by one. He paid little attention to the larger accounts, merely saying that some way could probably be found to arrive at a satisfactory settlement. But the forty small accounts seemed to worry him. They were in sums running from fifty to three or four hundred dollars each.

"How does it happen, Frank," he asked finally, "that you've got your books all cluttered up with these little items? You seem to have good credit with several first-class jobbing houses that ought to be able to supply you with pretty near everything you need. It wasn't necessary to go all over the map to buy what you wanted, was it?"

Mr. Bailey answered that he might probably have confined his purchases to fewer houses, but salesmen were constantly calling on him with items that were too good to pass up, and frequently offering prices a little below regular.

"So you've been bargain hunting, have you, Frank?" Mr. Carpenter commented. "It's kind of bad business unless you're on a spot-cash basis." Then he added: "You do business exclusively with the Second National Bank, don't you?" Mr. Bailey stated such was the case. Mr. Carpenter queried again: "Why do you stick to one bank? There are half a dozen others here in the city."

"Because it wouldn't be good business to do so," Mr. Bailey answered a bit irritably. "You know that as well as I do, Mr. Carpenter. A man has got to make his business with a bank important enough so the bank will take some interest in him."

"I knew you'd say that, Frank," Mr. Carpenter commented, "and you're right. The same thing applies to buying merchandise, too, and I'm afraid you're going to have it proved to you pretty soon. If you have trouble it isn't going to be your big creditors who will bring it on. They can afford to string along with you because your business is worth something to them. It's the firms that you owe fifty or a hundred dollars to—they're the ones to look out for."

This prediction came true before many weeks passed. The dull times held on stubbornly, and Bailey made so little headway in straightening out his obligations that a meeting of his creditors was called to consider the situation. The meeting was to be held on a Monday at the Hotel Erie in Statesburg, and on the Saturday preceding we had a call from Newton Hubbard, credit man of the Western Jobbing House of Chicago. This firm was Bailey's largest creditor, being involved for about nine thousand dollars. The Empire Wholesale

(Continued on Page 68)

GOING HUPMOBILE

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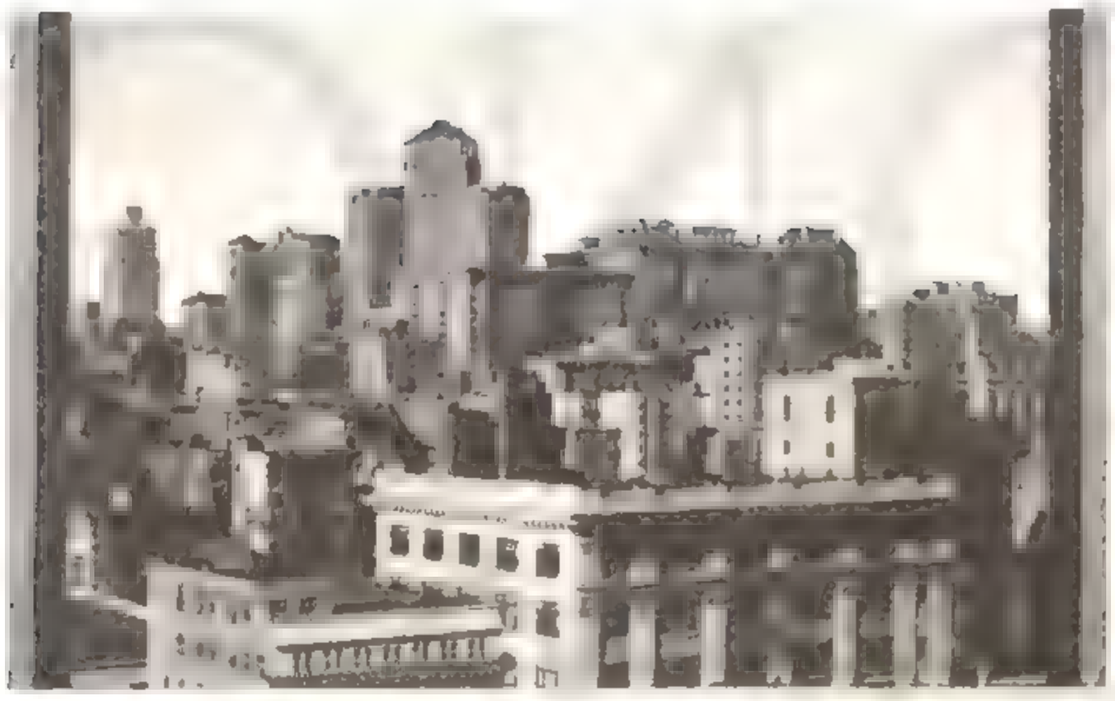

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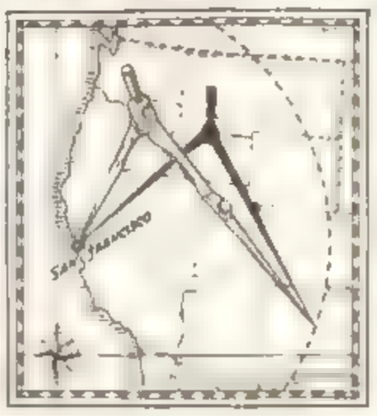

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Continued from Page 66)

Company was next with five thousand dollars. Mr. Hubbard was a tall, spare man of around fifty, formerly a practicing lawyer in Chicago, who had become connected with the Western Jobbing House through handling some of its legal cases, and had been so successful that eventually he became a member of the firm. His call on us was for the purpose of learning what our attitude would be in the forthcoming creditors' meeting—whether we were going to force a settlement at once by throwing Bailey into bankruptcy or string along further in the hope of eventually putting him on his feet. Thaddeus Carpenter made this point clear at once.

"Bankruptcy would mean about twenty cents on the dollar," he said, "and I guess we can't afford that. We've got too much involved."

Mr. Hubbard stated he was of the same mind and it was agreed that the two firms, representing practically half of Bailey's indebtedness, should work for some sort of compromise.

Mr. Carpenter sent me to represent the Empire Wholesale Company at the creditors' meeting that was held on Monday in one of the private rooms of the hotel. Frank Bailey was there, nervous and worried, accompanied by his lawyer. Besides Newton Hubbard, the others present were William Hawley, president of the Hawley Mercantile Company of Cincinnati, and a man named Fredericks, who represented a New York jobbing house. These last two had claims aggregating about six thousand dollars. The smaller creditors, whose accounts did not justify sending a special representative, were collectively represented by a local attorney, Herbert Nelson.

It was my first creditors' meeting and I was intensely interested in the proceedings. Bailey's lawyer opened by distributing sheets on which were listed his client's assets and liabilities, and then explained how the crisis had been brought on by exceptional circumstances that could be righted if his client were given time. He asked for an extension of twelve months, during which time Mr. Bailey would agree to incur no further debts, but would pay cash for such purchases as were necessary to keep his business going; aside from this, he would place all receipts in a special fund from which each creditor would be paid pro rata until the present indebtedness was settled in full.

Newton Hubbard rose and stated that such a settlement would be accepted by the Western Jobbing House, which was by several thousand dollars the largest creditor, and asked that the others present also should accept. I stated I had been instructed by Thaddeus Carpenter to agree to any arrangement acceptable to Mr. Hubbard. After some discussion both the New York and Cincinnati representatives agreed to this course.

I chanced to be sitting directly opposite Frank Bailey and could see he was immensely relieved at the turn his affairs were taking, for the claims of these four firms aggregated nearly three-quarters of his liabilities. He had half risen to his feet to express his appreciation, when Herbert Nelson, attorney for the minor creditors, spoke up.

"I regret very much, gentlemen," Mr. Nelson said, "that I have no authority to extend the same liberal terms to Mr. Bailey. If my principals were here, perhaps some of them would be inclined to do so. But my instructions are to accomplish only one object—namely, to collect money due and as promptly as possible."

He reached in his brief case and pulled out a sheaf of statements, one of which he held up for us to see.

"To make my position clear," he went on, "I call your attention to this. It is an account amounting to sixty dollars, now long past due, which Mr. Bailey evidently has been unable to pay. Please consider what it would mean if my client should agree to extend payment on this and take his money in driblets during the next year. At the best he would receive five dollars a month, which would scarcely pay for the bookkeeping. Furthermore, he would have nothing to gain by such liberality. This is, I believe, the only bill of goods Mr. Bailey ever bought from my client, and it was bought because of a cut price. My client has no reason to expect further business from Mr. Bailey."

The lawyer tossed the paper aside and picked up a handful of others that he displayed to his audience.

"Practically all these accounts that have been given me to collect are in the same category," he concluded sharply. "I think you gentlemen will agree that the only proper course is to force a settlement at once, and in justice to my clients that is what I must do."

For a moment no one spoke. Frank Bailey slumped down in his chair, a picture of discouragement. Mr. Hubbard asked me in a low tone if I was sure Thaddeus Carpenter would abide by any arrangement he should make. I said he could depend on Mr. Carpenter's promise, given two days before. Mr. Hubbard then took the two other principal creditors aside for a brief conference, after which he addressed Herbert Nelson.

"I know you have a perfect right to bring suit against Mr. Bailey," he said, "and we all know the result would be bankruptcy. None of us involved would get more than a few cents on the dollar. I have one proposition to make you that you may take or leave: The four principal creditors will agree to let their claims rest until all your clients have been paid in full. With reasonable luck, you ought to get your money in three months."

"If you're willing to go that far," the lawyer countered shrewdly, "perhaps you'd be willing to go a little further and guarantee these accounts."

Mr. Hubbard shook his head decidedly. The lawyer considered a few moments and then gave in.

"Very well," he said, "put it into writing so I'll have something to show my clients. I'll see that none of them upset the apple cart."

The agreement was signed and Frank Bailey went back to his big Main Street emporium, where he eventually worked out of his difficulties.

After the meeting, Mr. Hubbard walked with me to the Empire Wholesale Company's office, and on the way I asked him what he would have done in case the lawyer had insisted on a guaranty of his clients' accounts.

"Why bring that up?" Mr. Hubbard answered whimsically. "But since you ask the question, I'll say I would have done it. There was too much at stake. We couldn't afford to let Frank Bailey fail."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Squibb's Shaving Cream is different from any you've ever tried. The reason is that it is based on four years of experiments in the Squibb laboratories. Followed by months of the most careful testing in a barber shop opened especially for that purpose.

In this barber shop Squibb's was tried in comparison with the best-known shaving creams on the market. Under every condition. All kinds of beards were shaved. With hot water. With cold Tender skins. Bronzed outdoor faces. Straight razors. Safety razors. Complete records were kept. On every count, Squibb's proved a real contribution to better shaving

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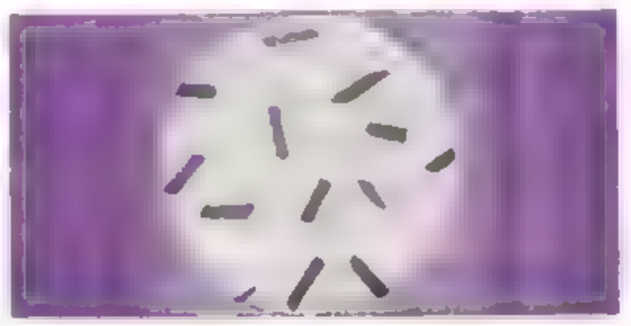
No. 1. *Hairs cut with a popular shaving cream, showing uneven, raggedly cut hairs This is why, at best, you often feel tugging or smarting when you shave—why your face has little "tufted spaces" after a painstaking shave.*



No. 2. *Hairs cut with Squibb's Shaving Cream, showing clean cuts, different from every other cream tested—though using the same razors. And the reason why E. R. Squibb & Sons can now say to all men: "Here is a cream that is a real improvement . . . that will give you a cleaner, better shave—a more pleasant shave."*

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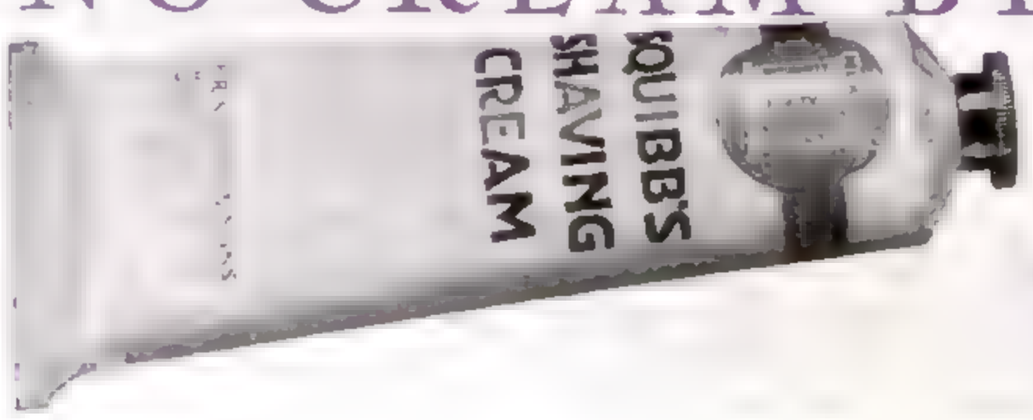

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DYNASTY

Continued from Page 28)

health was enfeebled, waiting for news of a cold or pneumonia—any word which would bring him into his long-deferred inheritance. Middle-aged, futile, tragi-comic, waiting himself into mental flatulence, dominated by a sharp-tongued wife who made absurd plans only to have them overthrown by her father-in-law's malicious longevity.

The old man drew closer to Hiram childishly, and Hiram found himself unhampered, all powerful—and upon the threshold of sixty!

Hiram Bond at sixty! It is with his face at that date as depicted in Lejune's famous portrait that the world is most familiar—that face which the world has accepted as a type, as a sort of embodiment of the financial genius of its age. It is a heavy face, jowled and mustached sweepingly, with eyebrows which would have served as mustaches for any ordinary man. The upper lids folded over so that they obscured the half of the iris, and beneath were pouches which, somehow, indicated strength rather than weakness. The hair, bristling if thinning, was white; the jaw seemed always to be set. Indomitability spoke from those grim features, and the keenness of brilliant youth mingled with the shrewdness of age looked from those eyes. For the rest, he was still the giant of old, rising by a head over the tops of ordinary men; walking a bit more heavily than of old, but still with spring in his step. Not beautiful, this aging man, but imposing, arresting, distinguished, a personage of personages.

It was not many days after this sixtieth birthday of his that he strode down Carthage's Main Street, no longer redolent of coffee and fabrics and rubber boots—a paved thoroughfare, with modern shop fronts upon which familiar names had been replaced by the impersonality of chain stores, and along which automobiles whisked in the place of ambling horses and leather-smelling buggies. The age of Hiram's emergence from youth had vanished; he had reached another, less element, less comfortable, more efficient age—more efficient but, even to Hiram, less admirable. He was feeling this change today, and regret and a shade of loneliness shadowed his eyes.

Before the front of the brick edifice which arose on the site of what had been King's bar, Hiram met face to face an elderly woman and a little girl of five or six. A very fragile old lady, this, grown wispy with the years.

"Libby!" said Hiram, and paused.

"How do you do, Hiram?" Libby said, looking up timidly at his tremendous height.

"This," said Hiram, thrusting his thumb abruptly toward the building, "used to be King's saloon. Do you remember, Libby? We are not so young as when I took the pledge."

"But you, Hiram, have gone on and on with the years. Everyone is proud of you." She nodded her head with a pitiful shadow of the old pertness. "Sometimes I boast that I had a share in your greatness."

To this he made no reply; it was characteristic he should make no reply. "Who is the little girl?" he asked.

"Lucille's daughter. She's six. Everybody says she looks like my baby pictures."

"I suppose," said Hiram, "she has a name."

"Elizabeth—after her grandmother."

"Libby?" said Hiram.

"Not Libby. Her parents won't have that. It's too old-fashioned and homely." She hesitated. "And how is Jason? He comes here so seldom now."

"The boy is doing well," said Hiram.

"And he has a child?"

"A little boy—named Hiram." It was his turn to hesitate. "It was Jason's wife who had named him so." Again a pause which was awkward to Libby, but of which Hiram was unconscious as he stared at her and at the child; he frowned suddenly and shrugged his shoulders impatiently, as if to thrust some thought from his mind. Then he spoke abruptly, grimly. "I'm making no plans for this third generation," he said. Good-by, Libby." And stooping to touch the child's cheek—"Good-by, little Libby."

And so he walked on to his home, that imposing structure which never would be home to him as was the old farm. He had erected it because some fit place of entertainment was demanded of him by his position in the business world, and as such necessity he regarded it. It was not even a symbol to him of his wealth; he had no affection for it, as he had no affection for the millions which his labors for others and for his idea had accumulated in his hands. A curious point and never to be forgotten in a study of his character—this utter lack of personal cupidity.

At the door Bessie met him as she had met his every incoming since the day of their marriage—Bessie, grown ample and grandmotherly, with her placid face and gentle eyes.

"Jason is here, with Lillian and little Hiram," she said, but he did not appear to hear. He stood confronting her, a huge hand grasping lightly each shoulder as he peered into her face with an odd, fixed curiosity. She waited as she always waited upon his moods, not comprehending now, nor striving to comprehend, but patient until he should make what revelation he chose. But he made no revelation; nor would she ever know that he peered at her now so strangely because he had but moments before encountered Libby Bell.

"The children are here," she said presently.

"Yes, yes," said Hiram. And then, following some train of thought not visible to Bessie—"She's turned out well. What does that prove, Bess? He selected her, hit or miss, in a blaze of youth. I respect that young woman."

"If by any chance you are referring to me," said Lillian Bond from the doorway, "come and respect me in the library."

He smiled, not saturninely now, and kissed her. Of all created beings she was the only one who dared take liberties with Hiram Bond, who dared call him to account or to make game of him—and he liked it.

It all dated back to an hour in the first year of Lillian's marriage with Jason, one of Hiram's hours of arrogance, when he had thought to impose his will upon the young couple roughshod. Lillian listened to his domineering tone until he was in mid-career; then she interrupted with twinkling eyes.

"Papa Bond," she said, "come right down off your high horse. Get off and walk."

For an instant he seemed dangerous; his silence was explosive; he seemed to swell before his son's apprehensive eyes. Then, though his face remained grim, his deep-set eyes twinkled and he bowed with that graciousness of demeanor which was his when he chose to call upon it.

"My dear," he said, "you may consider me as having dismounted."

That was the birthday of his admiration and affection for his son's wife.

XXIII

WOODBURY WORTHINGTON graduated from college in 1916 and returned to Carthage determined to meddle in business affairs. The war had been going on now for a year and America had adjusted herself to new and monstrous conditions of commerce and industry. War contracts were in the air; Allied purchasing agents flitted about the land and sudden fortunes were to be made by those who could purvey articles capable of dealing death or of being useful otherwise to nations whose present business was slaughter on the wholesale scale. In this emergency Amasa Worthington, upon the threshold of his eightieth year, became voluble upon the Civil War, in which he had been a captain. He rather resented this new war as a modern upstart sort of thing, and compared each movement in it to some marching or battling of Meade or Grant or Sherman—and unfavorably.

On the wall of his office he maintained a huge map, and each morning before his arrival a knowing clerk must rearrange the pins and strings which marked the battle lines. This preoccupation was eminently satisfactory to Hiram Bond, who found the times intricate and not without peril to huge enterprises.

Then Woodbury came home, big with restless ambition and neurotic energy, to insist upon a place in the business.

"You can't shunt me off as you did my father," he said in a voice strangely like his grandmother's—like his grandmother's when she thinned her lips and narrowed her eyes for stubborn resistance.

"Your father was given his opportunity," said the aged gentleman. "His gifts did not run in the direction of business."

"Well, mine do," said Woodbury: "I've studied finance and that sort of thing for four years. A man in my position must," he said, and preened himself.

His grandfather, who, as he grew older, sometimes saw offense where none was intended, became very dignified at this and regarded his grandson coldly. "And what position, may I ask, do you hold?"

"I am your grandson," said Woodbury.

"That," said Amasa as portentously as if he were handing down a new revelation, "is not a position, it is a relationship."

"It is my right to be given every opportunity to learn this business and to fit myself——"

"For a dead man's shoes," interrupted Amasa angrily. "Everyone sits and stares at me, waiting for me to die. There's too much of it. Let me say to you, young man, that I am very much alive. Every one of you thinks I should die as a special favor to him." He snorted. "Your right? You have no rights."

"But, grandfather, I ask you to be reasonable. Some day there must be a change. All I am demanding is to be allowed to prepare myself."

The old man's mood changed suddenly, became melancholy in spite of his childish vanity in his longevity. "Yes, yes," he said, "you've been a good boy, Woodbury." He paused and combed his white whiskers with lean fingers. "They're almost all gone," he said ruminatively—"the old friends. They're going, one by one. Soon I'll be alone—all alone. Do you realize, Woodbury, that I saw General Grant smoking a great cigar before his tent?" He nodded his head. "My first vote was for Lincoln. I remember well the discovery of gold in California and the rush of forty-niners across the plains. It is something to have seen those things and be alive now. I was ten years old when Zachary Taylor went into Mexico."

"I know, grandfather," said Woodbury impatiently.

"Well, well"—the old gentleman, in his softened mood, did not notice or take umbrage at the tone—"I suppose a boy must have work to do. Idle hands, eh? Very good, then, run along and tell Hiram to find something for you to do."

So Woodbury entered the organization, but with his own ideas about the innocuous place provided for him by Hiram Bond. He was a born meddler, a gifted busybody. From the beginning he never was to be found in the place where he should have been, but he was to be seen everywhere else, conducting himself according to his personal notions of how the future head of the industry should do. He told himself he was studying the business from the ground up, but what actually he was doing was making himself a nuisance to managers and men. He questioned them with an air—the air of

(Continued on Page 72)

The 2-Door Sedan, $745 • Body by Fisher

What Other Six In Pontiac's Field Offers *All These Advancements?*

-a Successful Six now winning Even Greater Success

If you are ever inclined to wonder at the tremendous success being won by today's Pontiac Six, ask yourself this question: What other six of equally low price offers the engineering advancements that Pontiac provides?

What other six at $745 offers bodies by Fisher with Fisher body luxury, durability and style? What other offers a 186-cubic-inch engine capable of equaling Pontiac in power, pickup and speed? What other offers the cross-flow radiator with thermostatic control and the cold weather performance which Pontiac reveals? What other offers that famous contribution to smooth, silent operation—the G-M-R cylinder head? Four-wheel brakes with a separate emergency braking system—the A C fuel pump—foot-controlled headlights—dual ignition and transmission lock—crankcase ventilation—air cleaner—fuel filter—gasoline gauge on the dash . . . all these are found on today's Pontiac Six, but where else in Pontiac's field?

Not one other car of comparable cost offers this combination of advancements. Few others offer even two or three of the features named. And that's why, during the last six months for which figures are available, today's Pontiac has been outselling all other low-priced sixes in the United States.

Pontiac Six, $745 to $875. All prices at factory.

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PONTIAC SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

"The fire scorched her hands and arms"

A fire chief writes—"The fire was at my neighbor's house. For once I beat my men there. The fire was out, but the resulting burns suffered by the lady of the house were very bad. She had fought the flames with her bare hands! Naturally her hands and arms were severely burned. I personally covered the burns with Unguentine. Our trucks carry tubes. She slept well that night... soon was healed smoothly, completely. Unguentine should be in every house and on every fire truck."

TO every family the need comes—and the danger: burns are so easy to infect, their livid scars so horrible! . . . *Keep a tube of Unguentine always in the house.*

For over thirty years the medical profession has used Unguentine as the standard dressing for all burns both slight and severe.

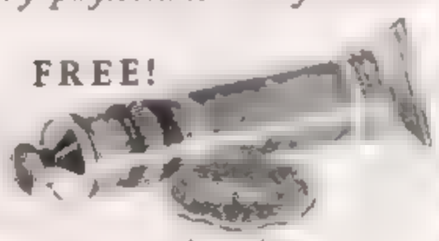
Apply Unguentine liberally: at once the pain stops—throughout the swift healing process the wound is protected—and it heals, almost invariably, *without even a scar!*

Use Unguentine freely for cuts, scratches and bruises, too. In severe cases spread Unguentine on gauze, bandaging lightly. Keep a tube at shop or office as well as at home. At your druggist's, 50 cents. Made by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y. Canada—193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

This case might have been tragic: "While my little son was dressing before the fireplace, sparks caught his dressing gown. A great strip along his side was burned. I applied Unguentine. His screams stopped. Miraculous . . . The wound healed quickly. I can't find even the trace of a scar."

The famous surgical dressing relied on by physicians everywhere

FREE!



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Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Name

Street

City and State...

(Continued from Page 70)

a prince condescending to his peasantry and he talked. He talked incessantly and bombarded Hiram Bond with reports and suggestions in written form.

"This will be changed—that will be changed—when I am at the head of this business," he said to department heads and laborers alike. And he curried favor with the men, in unwise ways and by inadvisable utterances. He criticized his grandfather, he criticized Hiram Bond—even to the decrepit old pensioner on the gate; and he strutted incessantly, assuming such airs of importance as created much derision behind his back.

"We ought to be manufacturing munitions," he said. "But my grandfather and Bond are too timid. If I were at the head of things, we would have some of those war contracts. . . . You'll see changes around here some day."

But he could not persuade Hiram to alter his glacial movement toward his defined end. Hiram looked upon the war as an incident, a passing thing and inconsiderable except as it would affect the world when peace had been made. He had no interest in sudden profits from shells or fuses, but a very deep interest in future profits from changed financial conditions, influx of foreign gold, alteration of living standards. What profit lay in his direct path he snatched adroitly. For instance, early in the war he foresaw a scarcity of Swedish pulp—sulphite pulp from which are manufactured certain essential papers of the craft sort. This commodity, manufactured from the long-fibered spruce of the Scandinavian Peninsula, could not be imported because of lack of shipping, embargoes, and the like. So, at an outlay of some million dollars, he equipped a sulphite mill. In the first six months it had repaid the outlay. Nor was he backward in taking his share of lumber contracts for cantonments when this country declared itself a participant, and of timbers for the wooden vessels of the Shipping Board. There was ample profit to be derived from an irritating war without entering some new unexplored and perilous field

Woodbury, excluded from the display of a uniform by his infirmity, became conspicuous in such manner as he could contrive. He was a seller of Liberty Bonds, a speaker not without talent and charm, but also without restraint or judgment. He was a ranter of grandiose phrases and ill-considered sentiments. For the rest, he painted pictures in oil for which he demanded admiration, played rather well on the piano and cultivated the social graces. But for the most part he strutted and ranted.

"God help this business," Hiram said to Bessie, "if the old gentleman should be taken suddenly. The young scamp would make ducks and drakes of it all."

"But," said Bessie, "his father would be first."

"I think the boy has forgotten his father's existence," said Hiram. He shrugged his shoulders. "As soon one as the other."

"Couldn't you control the boy, Hiram?" To her nothing was impossible to this enormous husband of hers.

"Can one control a kernel of corn in a popper?" Hiram asked in homely metaphor a just metaphor. Woodbury was not a kernel of corn in a popper, but a hundred kernels, snapping, bursting, hopping this way and that without rime or reason.

But the old gentleman was not taken suddenly; he persisted amazingly, year after year, through the war and beyond the coming of age of the century. Eighty-four, eighty-five, eighty-six! And Hiram, growing old by his side, found himself to be sixty-nine, seventy, seventy-one.

His activity did not diminish, nor did his massive frame tire. He grew more harsh, more domineering, was less to be argued with or persuaded, and ruled with a hand of iron—a hand of iron that did not extend to the old farm which saw him more and more; where now he spent weeks instead of days. It was here that important financial men hoped to find him, because here his humor was more clement, so that the farmstead became a sort of Mecca, famous in the public prints. One became familiar in the rotogravure sections with pictures of Hiram under the great elm tree; with Hiram's Holstein cattle, his dogs, his dairy. But never with Bessie. That he would not permit. Never once did her portrait appear in any paper, because he willed that it should not. He, Hiram Bond, belonged in a sense to the public; he realized the value of it and the rights of that matter, but Bessie belonged to him. In her the public had no rights, nor could he endure to surrender rights. She was his, to him, very private and highly essential.

But she was always there. No matter what the importance of the conference, she must be in the room or in a chair under the tree. If she vanished about some business of the household, he would break off suddenly whatever was under discussion to demand her immediate return. And when she returned, more often than not, he would take her hand and hold it, all unconscious, as he made clear his will to his visitors.

Adroit men sought to reach him through Bessie, but found themselves to be frustrated by her gentleness and kindliness—and ignorance of all that pertained to business. If they cajoled her, she listened; if they praised Hiram, she grew fond of them; if they asked her opinion or sought her aid, she would smile with motherly mildness and say, "Hiram would know about that."

He loved, too, to have his daughter-in-law for extended visits, and his grandson. As for Jason, there was on the father's side deep affection and a certain inarticulateness in expressing it—on the son's side affection and admiration made inefficient by awe. Jason, a young man of mediocre talents, was appalled by the giant of his father's reputation. So that Hiram had not the good of his son which might have been—might have been had Jason been as simple as Bessie. Hiram never appalled his wife; she never stood in awe of him. About his wealth or his power or his position she cared not a whit. But she worshiped him.

J. Steele Worthington, forced to return to America by the war, lived for the most part in Newport or New York or Florida. Carthage saw little of him, and did not regret it. It regretted less the absence of his wife, grown more shrewish and acid and domineering as she saw her husband reach the age of fifty-five without succeeding to the place she coveted. Waiting, waiting, waiting! For thirty years she had waited to be the Mrs. Worthington, wife of the head of that dynasty. She watched with increasing exacerbation the vigorous health of her father-in-law and the softening and descent into mental flabbiness of her husband. His life with her was not one of contentment; she drove him, commanded him, lashed him continually. She despised him.

And now—the year was 1924—she saw with affrighted rage that his health was not so robust as it had been. The consternation of this ambitious woman savored of the furies as she perceived a possibility that Amasa might outlive Jonathan. To have lived with this man for thirty-odd years, to have suffered disappointments, affronts, humiliations—and then to have him die before he could fulfill the one purpose for which she had married him! That would be unbearable!

In a frenzy, she summoned physicians—would have summoned medicine men from savage tents had they been available. She rushed and pushed and jostled the ailing man from spa to spa, from sanitarium to sanitarium, from specialist to specialist. To keep him alive was now her sole concern. It was a race—such an unnatural race as the sun seldom has looked down upon. A race with death between a man of fifty-four, compelled to run that course by a woman of one idea, and an old man on the threshold of his ninetieth year.

(Continued on Page 74)

One or more of the AC units, as listed below, are used as standard equipment by more than 200 successful manufacturers, among them

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WHEN winter comes, trouble lies in wait for your car. Why not make your car fit to withstand winter at its worst? Time to act is now.

As a beginning, go after your spark plugs. A new set of AC's will insure easier starting and "warming-up," more power and more certain performance, a more responsive engine in all weathers.

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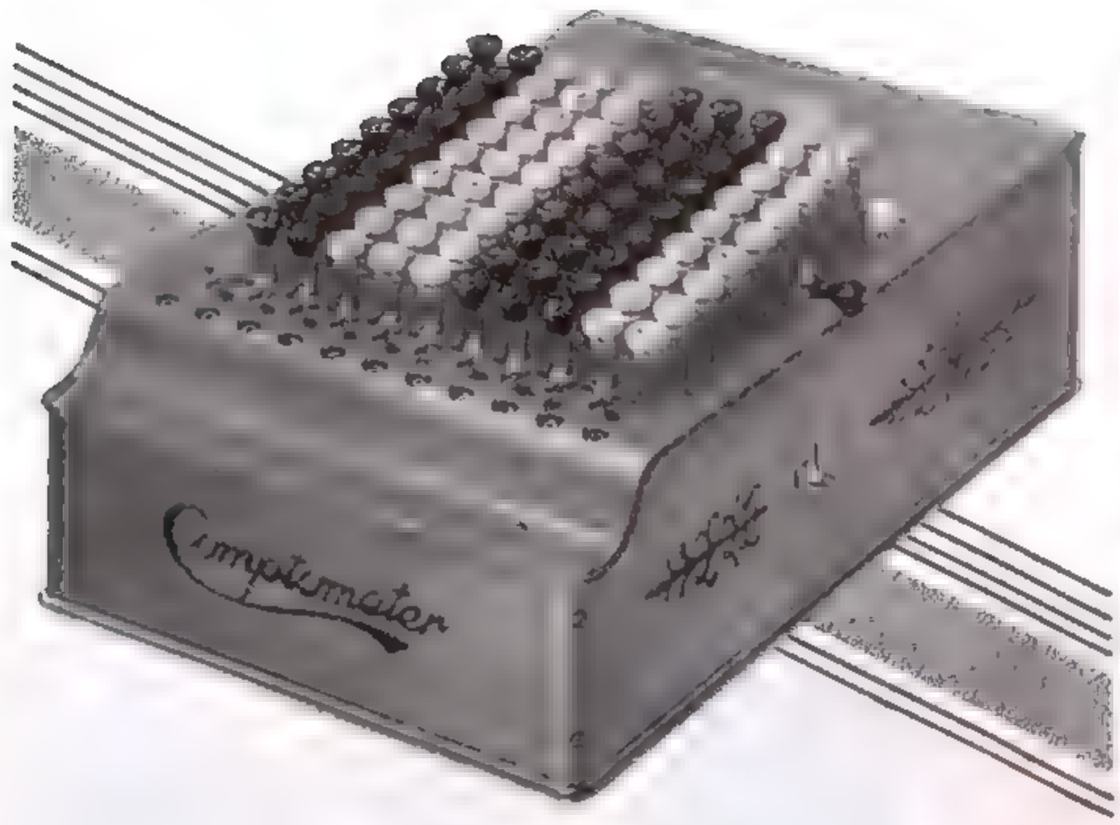

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You can get accuracy with either mental or machine figuring by slow, painstaking care, checking as you go along. A safe way, but too expensive. For real economy speed must be joined with accuracy.

Speed has always been a distinguishing feature of the Comptometer. For forty years the Comptometer has held its place as the high-speed machine for all adding and calculating.

With the introduction of the Controlled-Key (found only in the Comptometer) came the system of automatic control which safeguards operation at highest speed, by compelling correct mechanical operation of the keys.

This coupling of speed-with-accuracy in the Comptometer makes for greater production of, *not one alone*, but every kind of figure work at less cost.

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Try it out for yourself. Time it on a cross-section of your daily routine for comparison with your present figure work costs; or compare the results with the performance of other machines.

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Only the Comptometer has the Controlled-Key safeguard
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(Continued from Page 72)

Amasa was failing. While Jonathan, drenched in drugs, was tinkered by doctors and stuffed by dietitians, and wished he might be let to die in peace, his father alarmed by fainting fits. That heart which had beat so sturdily for hard upon a century was faltering in its rhythm.

As for Woodbury Worthington, he looked both ways eagerly. Unfilial, he is not so grievously to be censured for his unfiliality. From his father he had had nothing. His father had despised him, been ashamed of him—even been jealous of him as that young will had surmounted his physical handicaps to show himself something of a figure in the world. J. Steele had derided his son's speeches and posturings; had laughed at his paintings, had referred to him as a "young spriggins whose comb needs cutting." Therefore why should any system of ethics demand of the boy a natural attitude of affection or of esteem or of respect for such a father?

Now, if his grandfather should pass at last into the world of things accomplished, is it to be wondered at that Woodbury could wish him to be accompanied by his father? Nor is it to be wondered at that he took slight pains to conceal his desires.

"What," he demanded of Hiram, "if my father outlives my grandfather?"

"What, indeed?" asked Hiram ironically.

"He's a sick man. He's incapacitated. He's incapable of carrying on affairs."

"Ah, and what would you suggest?"

"There could be a sort of guardianship," said Woodbury. "He could be declared incompetent."

Hiram sat silently staring at this young man until Woodbury moved uneasily. "And who would this guardian be?" Hiram asked. "Who would you suggest for such a regency? Myself, perhaps?"

Woodbury lost his poise—that pose of disinterest, of being a weighty man of affairs, slipped from him, nor did he snatch to retain it.

"No, not you. You've had enough. I—today I am practically the owner of all this, with those two practically dead. I—I—I ——"

Hiram's lips curled in that saturnine smile. "I fear," he said, "you'll have to be patient a little longer."

"Isn't there something—some way ——"

Hiram spoke grimly, no smile upon his face now: "I am alive yet, nor am I moribund. While I live, this matter shall follow its natural course."

Woodbury swung on his heel and left the room. Hiram noticed his hands twitched as he walked. Not a promising symptom of mental stability, thought the grim old man.

XXIV

AMASA WORTHINGTON lingered; J. Steele was kept alive by the indomitable will of his wife; and so the winter passed, and the spring. The old gentleman was not confined to his bed. On clement days he sometimes came to the office to sit for a few moments at his desk, childishly pleased at the exaggerated deference shown his great years by employe and visitor alike. It would have been misstatement to describe him as feeble; certainly he was not senile; indeed he was a remarkable patriarch, bearing his ninety-one years as if his sturdiness could bear the weight of another five.

But there were those fainting fits! They recurred and took their toll; but again and again he rallied, to be seen once more on the streets of his little city, its first citizen, the item of which it was most proud.

J. Steele's wife hovered in Newport, close enough at hand to swoop down with her husband under her wing; Woodbury postured and fulminated, even seeking legal counsel if he might not institute some regency with himself *in loco parentis* to father and grandfather. Hiram smiled grimly when the matter was reported to him, but made no comment.

"Bessie," he said that evening, "I'll soon be coming here to the farm for good. The old boot will be flung on the rubbish heap."

"Aren't you ready to come, Hiram?" she asked gently. "Haven't you earned a rest?"

"What is rest? I don't know it. But I shall have to learn the art. A pine stick and a jackknife! A useless old man whittling in the sun!"

"Is it so precious to you? Why do you cling to it, Hiram? When the old gentleman goes, why do you not resign?"

The old lion awoke. "Resign!" His voice rumbled, his jowls menaced, his heavy-lidded eyes flashed. "I shall stay until I am tossed aside. Am I one to slink out of a chair, having warmed it for another? No; when I go it shall be because I am discharged like a petty clerk caught in a misdemeanor."

He paced up and down the room while she watched him solicitously, scarcely comprehending, but sympathetic. If it hurt Hiram, it hurt her. He turned and flung out his arms in a gesture which went to her heart.

"Forty-five years!" he exclaimed in that deep, reverberating voice. "Forty-five years of working, doing, creating! Of building a thing—a veritable, actual thing! . . . And then nothingness! Slippers and senility! Old age—useless, stagnant old age!" He glared at his wife until she became frightened. "Has my body decayed? Has my mind rotted?"

"Hiram! Hiram!" she exclaimed.

"He is fortunate—the old man. Ninety years old, and to die in harness. No anticlimax. An end, a definite finish—no pitiful dwindling away; no living to see himself supplanted." His mood changed. "I shall miss him, Bess. Forty-five years of daily contact. A stubborn old man, Bess, a mediocre old man—but good. He was fond of me. . . . A straightforward, honest, muddle-headed old man. But I could not have done without him. We fitted together, somehow. We should go together, Bess—that would have been the solution."

Her eyes were sad. In her heart of hearts she was thinking: "He has no thought for me. Would he miss me? He thinks of this old man—if they could go together—but not if we could go together." And then: "What should I do without him? If he should leave me!"

This was a new thought—if he should leave her. He seemed so permanent; she had not thought of him even as old, only as changed a little by the years. Yet he was seventy-five! Few men lived to seventy-five. That his huge, powerful body was susceptible to decay and death was unthinkable. Suddenly she was frightened, appalled by a prospect of frightful loneliness. . . . He spoke of forty-five years by the side of Amasa Worthington; well, had she not been forty-five years by his side? What of that? Did he ever consider it?

She was not bitter, only sad—sad and wistful; a worshiping woman who had given her life to his service and wondered pitifully if he had taken notice of her sacrifice.

But the old man did not die. A week passed, and a month. J. Steele's wife poised, waiting for her moment; young Woodbury paced the floor, not striving to conceal his impatience. He talked without discretion of flamboyant plans he would set in motion when he came into power. It was not sightly.

"A little more of this," Hiram said to himself, "and the boy will lose his balance."

Then—it was in September—word came to Hiram that Amasa was sinking, that he could not survive the day and night. The patriarch had come to the end of his long road and a legendary figure was about to pass. The world waited, its imagination stirred by his eminence and his years, for word of the end. In newspaper offices long obituaries were ready in type, waiting for the signal—biographies of this admirable nonogenarian whose life was a connecting link between today and the historic past. It was incredible that a man still lived who had witnessed Winfield Scott's return from

(Continued on Page 77)

The undefeated Jamaica High School football team, champions of New York City, in action. Coach Wm. Dean Pulvermacher says: "My candidates represent the pick of 6000 students in the school. I insist that they eat Quaker Oats twice a week. As a result of our dietary care these championship players are handed back to their parents in far better condition than when we got them

Telling the Story in Pictures

of the great influence the "growth element" in food has on the lives of children

Where to find that element in a breakfast cereal

THAT correct breakfasts make a tremendous difference in the mental and physical development of children everyone knows. Few, however, know how great that difference is.

Whether or not your children measure up to the mark of those photographed here depends largely on how carefully they are supplied with essential food elements.

At breakfast that means well-balanced food—as deliciously served as you know how—supplying the usual energy elements plus food's great growth element, protein.

Investigations reveal that many home breakfasts are sadly deficient in that all-important element of growth. "Watch Your Child's Breakfast" has thus become a world's dietetic urge to parents.

David Foster, of Racine, Wis. A sturdy Quaker Oats fan

70% of the day's school work crowded into 4 morning hours!

That an average of 70% of the day's school work is crowded into four short morning hours is an unknown fact to most parents—but strikingly well known among educators. Investigations in schools throughout all America prove this to be a condition that must be met.

That is why the world's dietetic urge is to WATCH YOUR CHILD'S BREAKFAST—to start days with food that "stands by" through the vitally important morning hours.

David Binney Putnam on the expedition immortalized in his latest book "David Goes to Baffin Land." Famous son of a famous publisher, David at 14 is hero to thousands who have read his exploits. Hot oatmeal breakfasts play an important part when David is expeditioning.

16% is protein—plus—an excellent food "balance" and unique deliciousness

For that reason, Quaker Oats, with its remarkable protein content, is being stressed by many of the world's most respected authorities as the ideal children's breakfast.

Quaker Oats contains 16% protein—the "growth element." The oat contains more of this than any other cereal grown.

That element builds muscles. It resupplies the body with energy lost in exercise and play. It, according to authorities, largely influences the mental activity of both children and adults.

Besides its rich protein element, Quaker Oats is rich in minerals, and abundant in vitamins. 65% is carbohydrate. It retains also the roughage to lessen the need for laxatives.

The oat is the best-balanced cereal that grows. It is richer in food's tremendously important growth elements than any other cereal grown.

Served hot and savory, Quaker Oats supplies, too, the most delicious of all breakfasts—a creamy richness that no other cereal known can boast.

Quick Quaker—the world's fastest hot breakfast

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats. The kind you have always known and Quick Quaker, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes—faster than toast—and makes the richest breakfast now the quickest.

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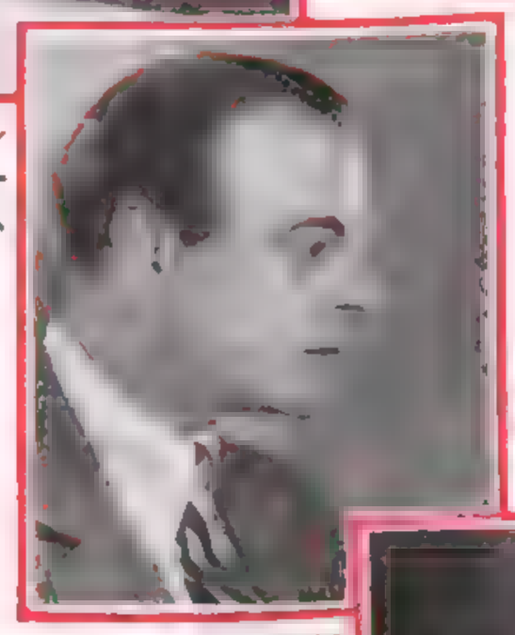

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FISK TIRES

(Continued from Page 74)

the triumphal entrance into Mexico City; who could remember when California was a foreign country; who was born but twenty-two years after the British burned Washington in the War of 1812! A great figure, a great career from which lessons were to be drawn.

And this great man, this symbol, this elder of the nation, lay upon his bed beloved by one man. One man alone desired he should live, and that one not unselfishly. To Hiram Bond his passing meant disaster; to those who should have venerated him—his son, his son's wife, his grandson—his passing meant coming into their kingdom, and they hurried him with their prayers. . . . A lonely old gentleman, not aware now of his greatness or troubled for his dignity.

Young Woodbury paced the library, not at pains now to conceal his limp; apprehensive, fearful lest some plot, some adroitness of his mother's or of Hiram Bond's should work to his discomfiture.

"If," he said, "that man Bond comes to see my grandfather, do not admit him."

He would have prevented that farewell lest in that last minute Hiram should snatch some advantage.

But Hiram came. The butler opened the door to him, but refused him admittance. Hiram towered over the servant terrifyingly.

"Am I to understand," he demanded, "that orders have been given I am not to say good-by to my old friend?"

"I'm sorry, sir. I ——"

Hiram brushed him aside and entered; ignored others who stood in his way; mounted the stairs in ignorance of Woodbury, who glared his apprehension from the library door, and entered the big room where Amasa lay still upon his bed, alone but for the hired solicitudes of doctors and nurses. The old man opened his eyes. "It's Hiram," he said in a voice surprisingly strong.

"It's Hiram, sir." To the very end it persisted, this habit of respect, this pretense by the greater of deference to the lesser. Or was it pretense?

"Come," said Amasa, "to say good-by. . . . I'm very old, Hiram. I saw Zach Taylor. . . . Do you know, I think I shall find a place for that big young man. Will you see to it? You'll find a place for him, won't you? Yes. His name is—Bond. Those strikers were afraid of him. All around my carriage they were, but he took me into the office. You'll look after it?"

"I'll look after it," said Hiram.

"You've always looked after things for me, Hiram."

"I've done my best, sir."

"Do I know you, sir?" the old gentleman asked courteously.

"It's Hiram, sir."

"To be sure—to be sure. But you've changed. When I knew you your hair was black. You wouldn't believe I saw General Grant smoking a big cigar in front of his tent, now would you?"

"That was long ago," said Hiram.

"They've kept at me for years to get rid of him," said Amasa, "but I wouldn't. They didn't understand. I was fond of him, but that wasn't it. I didn't understand it exactly myself, but he was indispensable. Every day for nearly fifty years—we've been together—he and I. He was always very respectful."

"It gave him pleasure," said Hiram.

"You're not my son, are you? Of course not. My son didn't turn out very well. He doesn't seem to be here. He wouldn't be likely to be here, but Hiram should be. It isn't like Hiram not to be here when I need him."

"I am here, sir."

The old man smiled and moved his hand toward Hiram. "To help me die," he said. "That's the last thing you can do for me, isn't it? Eighteen thirty-six—think of that, I was born in 1836! My wife always hated Hiram, but somehow he got the best of her. He was a hard man, but he was never hard toward me."

"Never," said Hiram.

Then, for half an hour, Amasa lay with closed eyes while Hiram sat motionless with the ancient hand in his own—two old men, grown aged together. And now one of them was to be left alone.

Amasa moved his head and opened his eyes. "How old are you, Hiram?" he asked.

"Seventy-five."

"Just a boy," said Amasa with the ghost of a chuckle, and then, proudly: "I'm ninety-one! I voted for Lincoln. . . . That young fellow is turning out well. I like to have him in the office. But he's always urging me to expand. He wants me to buy the Brooks lumber mills. Do you know I'm a very rich man? Well, he did it. He did almost everything. Sometimes I resented his bullying me." He sighed. "Getting to be ninety years old tires you. Not many people live so long."

"Not many," said Hiram.

But as the afternoon light commenced to fail, the mist which overlay the old gentleman's mind seemed to dissipate; he no longer wandered or lived in the past. He spoke rationally and with vigor.

"I knew you would come, Hiram," he said, "to be with me at the end. You have made me something I was never intended to be, young man. I might have been happier if you hadn't done so. I don't know. . . . But now, while things are clear, is the time for us to say good-by." His hand moved feebly in Hiram's. "I have been very fond of you, my boy."

"And I of you, sir."

"Good-by, Hiram."

"Good-by, sir."

"Now I think I'll doze a little. . . . Ninety-one years ——"

The old gentleman dozed and the twilight descended; presently his sleep became deeper, and then profound, and then passed into the profoundest of all slumbers. It was dark. Hiram released his hand from those old, cold fingers and stood erect. His face was grim as he turned away from the bed and walked to the door and down the stairs.

"Where is Mr. Woodbury?" he asked of a servant.

"In the library, sir."

Hiram entered that room and Woodbury turned from a window to confront him; they stood for a moment looking into each other's eyes, and then Hiram spoke.

"Your grandfather," he said harshly, "is dead."

Woodbury's hands twitched. "Dead!" he said. It was as if he had said, "Dead—at last."

"Will you notify your father and mother?"

"Yes—yes. They are in Newport. And now what will happen? They will come here. And then what?" His voice lifted almost hysterically. "He's sick; he's not able to do anything. How can he attend to business? Something should be done about it."

"What is essential I shall do," said Hiram.

"I can't find out how sick he is. My mother hides his condition. Nobody knows. She wouldn't let me see him when I went there. She didn't dare."

"Hush!" said Hiram.

"You take my side in this and you won't be sorry, I promise you. There's something can be done. You do it—protect my interests. Will you do that? See they don't put any job on me. He can't live long. It's what she'll do that I'm afraid of. We'll make a bargain, eh? You stick by me and I'll stick by you. Mother"—he strove to moderate his words—"doesn't believe I am fitted for responsibility. But I am. I feel I am. I've worked and studied this business, but she might arrange something to my disadvantage—some will or something."

"I can do nothing," said Hiram. "Think of something else. You are working yourself up, Woodbury. What is right and proper will be done."

Hiram left the house abruptly, brow furrowed, heaviness in his heart.

"Was it for this?" he asked himself. Suddenly he felt old—old and futile and lonely. He felt a gnawing hunger for sympathy, for companionship, for affection, and he accelerated his pace. It was a flight, instinctive, automatic, to a city of refuge, and that city of refuge was a woman's heart. He did not realize it; the thing did not make itself apparent to his rational mind, but there was no other place in all the world where he could be safe from the thing that pursued him.

"He's dead," he said to Bessie, and she sat beside him while he remained grimly silent, mourning for his departed friend. For hours he sat immobile, scowling, drawn apart into an abyss of loneliness. Nor did he realize that it would have been unbearable save for her presence, save for her hand that he held, all unconsciously, in his great paw.

XXV

DISORDER, confusion, turmoil, scramble—these arose like the waves of the sea under a northwest gale and beat upon the Worthington company. Howling winds, fogs, the rip of malignant tides bore down upon it—with what result no man can say had there not stood upon the bridge a man not disturbable by such phenomena; a man with charts before him and a determined course, and the essential instruments of navigation.

He was not movable, not capable of being overborne by superficial things, but with steady eye and determination grimly fixed upon necessities and rationalities. He understood what was needful, and those things he performed in his arrogant way, but decisively and finally.

The outer world, the world of finance, of speculation, of investment—hoping to derive some profit from the inner bubbling and seething of this vast structure of money—stood gaping with grasping hands outstretched. But found its fingers empty and no fragments from the explosion dropping into its itching palms.

"As you were," said Hiram Bond, and things remained as they were in spite of the frenzied descent of Marion Worthington with ailing J. Steele under her determined arms; in spite of the rushing to and fro and the neurotic exclaimings of young Woodbury Worthington.

"My day has come," Mrs. J. Steele said to herself, and set about the business of hastening the dawn. A very determined and vindictive woman, worn thin and to a disagreeable raw edge by years of waiting.

She took possession of her husband's father's house and snatched for her husband's father's position in the world, but such positions are not to be grasped without a certain amount of earning, as she was to learn.

The scene of her arriving was one to be described only with averted face by such human beings as are susceptible to shame; the hustling and bundling of a sick man, the bolstering up of him to make him appear in the public eye as a creature of importance and capable of figuring in affairs; the drenching of him with medicines and with floods of such words as only a bitter woman can utter. Poor J. Steele, flabby shadow, being hustled by this rough handling toward the deeper shadows, must listen in torment, without caring much what the outcome would be if only he might lie down and rest!

J. Steele was sixty-one. For forty years a futile, absurd figure in the world for men to snicker at; a man who in two score years had accomplished no single thing but waiting. He had existed, suspended in mid-air almost inanimate, until lack of exercise of the muscles and of the mind had rendered them all but unfit for any movement whatever; until he had sunk into a lethargic condition, deriving such life and pulsations as he manifested from the fierce, jealous cravings of his wife. He did not care. He had ceased even to wait. The summit of his ambition was to lie undisturbed even by thought.

On the morning after her arrival, having disposed, as she thought, of her rebellious son and seen him fling out of the house in his ranting, twitching way, she aroused her

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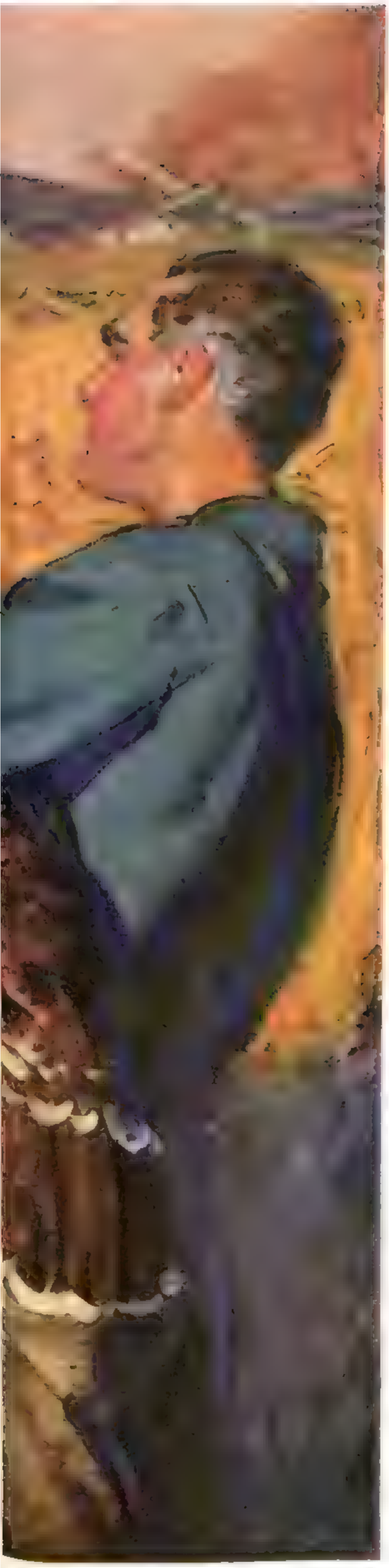

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IN ALL GRADES

(Continued from Page 77)

husband and compelled him to dress and descend.

"You are now the Worthington," she said to him. "Everything is yours. We have waited forty years for this. Get up and dress and stir yourself."

He moaned, but obeyed painfully. "Do what?" he asked querulously. "We've got it. What more do you want? Can't you leave me alone?"

She sneered at him and spoke her mind of his shortcomings before she issued her orders.

"Send for that man Bond," she said.

"But why? I don't want to see him. I don't like him. I don't feel well today and I want to see nobody."

"You'll see him," she said—"to get rid of him."

To get rid of him! That was a symbol to her—a symbol of the reality of her power. To discharge Hiram Bond from his employment meant a definite thing—that she was at last at the head of affairs and absolute.

"Go to the library," she said. "I'll send for him and the interview will be there."

So she sent peremptorily for Hiram to come to that house; and Hiram, reading the summons with grim impassivity, tossed it in his wastebasket and went about the business of keeping the ship on an even keel.

His first step was to quell internal riotings, if any became apparent, and to teach the organization that it must proceed steadily and without deviations. In this he was ruthless, for he knew what cabals had been engineered by Marion Worthington and by her son; what officials, watching the veering winds, had decided to throw in their fortunes with each of them upon the old man's death. One decisive act was sufficient to suppress such maneuverings.

An official, important in the organization, came from a distance and hurriedly to render homage to J. Steele and his wife, leaving his post without authority, banking upon Hiram's downfall, and hoping to grasp for himself some large fragment of Hiram's place. A clerk met him as he alighted from the train.

"You are to proceed to the office," he was informed; and there, instead of J. Steele, whom he hoped to meet and flatter, he found Hiram, huge, implacable, frowning under enormous eyebrows.

"Why," asked Hiram, "are you here?"

"To see Mr. Worthington," said the official with some assurance.

"Did he send for you?"

"No."

"Did I send for you?"

"No."

"Do you realize that this moment is critical—that every man should be at his post?"

"It was important for me to come here for an interview. Mr. Worthington is dead ——"

"But I," said Hiram, "am alive. You are at liberty now to go wherever you wish."

"What do you mean?" asked the man, become suddenly apprehensive.

"I mean that you are no longer in the Worthington employ. We have no use for little conspirators in this organization. Good morning."

"But," expostulated the man, "but, Mr. Bond——"

"Good morning," said Hiram grimly.

"I'll appeal—I'll appeal to Mr. Worthington."

"Good morning," Hiram said a third time, and the official departed from that place.

No others arrived, there fell a notable quiet and a surge of energy manifesting itself in hard work and attention to business on the part of all. Hiram smiled sardonically.

When the hour seemed good to Hiram, he rose from his desk and strode through the town to Amasa Worthington's house, in which Amasa was no longer present, and presented himself at the door.

"I wish to see Mr. Worthington," he said to the servant, and was shown into the library, where Marion had set the scene in the morning, some six hours before, and where she had fumed and used many words as she waited vainly for the answer to her summons.

J. Steele was bolstered erect in his father's chair; his wife stood by his side. Hiram stood in the doorway, enormous, impressive, pregnant with the vital force that resided in him, and awaited his welcome.

"Where have you been?" demanded Marion in her shrill voice. "I sent for you hours ago."

"I am not accustomed to being sent for," he said, and turned from her to J. Steele. "Are you in condition to discuss business today, Jonathan?" he asked.

"We are," said Marion.

Hiram let his eyes fall upon her, his face grim, forbidding, his manner arrogant.

"I do not discuss business with women," Hiram said. "My call is upon your husband."

She quivered with rage. "You will discuss business with me," she said. "We have called you here to tell you that we can now dispense with you. Tell him, Steele—tell him he is discharged."

Hiram's lip curled. "Jonathan," he said, nor was his manner gentle or considerate, but overbearing to insolence, "my resignation is there." He tossed an envelope. "My desk is closed. Tomorrow my private papers will be removed from the office."

Marion's eyes glittered. The thing was done—at last! With this man out of the way, her husband was actually the head of affairs—not, as his father had been, a lay figure moved by Hiram Bond's will. She waited, but J. Steele sat turning the envelope over and over in his thin, tremulous hands.

"Well," she demanded of him, "can't you say something?"

He lifted his eyes to hers—weak eyes grown stubborn of a sudden. "I'm not going to be bothered with things," he said in a voice that arose and broke. "I won't—I tell you I won't. Somebody's got to look after affairs, and I'm not able. I want to be left alone. I won't have anything to do with it, I tell you. I'm not able."

"Steele Worthington——"

"Oh, be still," he said. "You've made life a hell for me and I've had enough. I'm dying. I want to die. And I'm going to die comfortable. If you don't like it, you can clear out—the sooner the better. I want to go to bed and rest."

Marion threw off that restraint which is supposed to be the natural manner of women of birth, became a virago, little better than a fishwife. J. Steele closed his eyes and compressed his lips with that dreadful stubbornness which the weak sometimes are able to manifest. Hiram stood impassive. When, for very exhaustion, she was still, J. Steele spoke again, weakly, almost inaudibly:

"You can't resign. I won't have it. That's all I've got to say." He tore the resignation and scattered it on the floor. "Call the nurses and get me to bed."

Presently Hiram left the house—reprieved. Perhaps it was not an unexpected reprieve, or had it not come in the form in which it arrived, perhaps he might have fought for it. Reprieved until another death should intervene!

J. Steele took to his bed and soon was in no condition to discharge anyone, even had he the will. He sank and sank, became ever more lethargic, almost unconscious of passing events, ignoring such matters as came to his attention, existing, yet not a part of life, but lingering, lingering.

Then, four months after his accession to the power for which he had waited through forty-five years, J. Steele died quietly, and there was an end of him. He died without performing an act, without utilizing for an instant the thing he had wasted his life waiting for—and the wealth and the power and the position descended to the son whom he had grown to hate, who hated him, of whom he had been ashamed.

Woodbury came hurrying home and, for the few days devoted to the business of the funeral, kept himself invisible and silent. In that hour he maintained a proper decorum in spite of his impatience to assume the position which was now his and of which nothing could deprive him. His fears on that score had vanished. But on the Monday following his father's interment, he arrived early at the office, entering Hiram's room with some appearance of decent modesty.

"I've come to work again," he said.

"Yes," answered Hiram.

"I shall occupy grandfather's old room."

"Naturally," Hiram responded.

"In a day or two, when we both have the time, we must confer. I wish to discuss with you certain changes of policy I have in mind."

Hiram stared at him arrogantly. "Changes in policy! Our policy has served for forty years. There will be no changes in policy."

"That," said Woodbury, "remains to be discussed."

"If changes in the policy of this organization had been necessary," Hiram said, "I should have made them."

Woodbury hesitated, but the moment did not seem auspicious for making an issue of the thing. He was not ready. This grim high-handedness of Hiram's maddened him, but for the time he dared not give way to his anger and withdrew to busy himself with the rearrangement of the room he was to occupy.

As for Hiram, as the days went past, he did not budge. He remained inflexible, arrogant. The more there seemed need for diplomacy the less diplomatic he showed himself.

It was almost as if he chose deliberately to be provocative. But this was not so. He recognized the inevitable, postponed though it might be, and chose to rule to the last.

And Woodbury hesitated, studying the horizon. The old man exasperated, maddened, humiliated him, but he dared not take the final step, and for two reasons. First, that he felt he was not yet firmly in the saddle and in control of his steed; and second, dread of public opinion. The second was the stronger reason.

It was two months after Woodbury occupied his grandfather's chair when he, of his own initiative and without Hiram's authority, dispatched telegrams to the executives of each of the subsidiary concerns which made up the Worthington interests summoning them to a conference at the principal office. Hiram became aware of it almost instantly.

"Disregard message of the sixteenth instant," he wired. "No conference."

On the date set no executives appeared, and Woodbury paced his office in impatience. Finally, at eleven o'clock, he stepped into Hiram's room.

"I called a conference of all heads for this morning," he said, "for ten o'clock. Not a man has appeared. What can it mean?"

"It means," said Hiram, "that I countermanded the call."

"Without consulting me!"

"Did you consult me before calling it?" demanded Hiram.

Woodbury was quivering with rage—a proud young man, eager to try his wings and finding them clipped thus ruthlessly.

"You had no right," he said hotly. "You would not have treated my grandfather so."

"No," said Hiram.

"I own this business ——" Woodbury began, but Hiram interrupted.

"And I am responsible for it. So long as I remain responsible I shall conduct it as I consider for its best interests. To call executives here is a waste of time. Conferences are nonsense. I know what is going on without asking any man to come here and tell me, and I am where I am because I am able to give orders without suggestions from subordinates."

"It is modern business practice."

"You read that in a book," Hiram said. "There will be no conference today or any other day."

Again Woodbury was defeated, and again he lacked the courage to bring the matter to final issue. For he was no dolt. He knew he was not ready to swim the current alone. He smarted, suffered the sharp sting of humiliation, but dared not take the ultimate step.

"Well?" Hiram asked presently.

Woodbury did not reply instantly, but after biting his lip a moment said sullenly, "I suppose I shall have to submit—this time."

To an ill-chosen confidant he said that afternoon: "This condition is unbearable. Hiram Bond deliberately makes it unbearable. He is going too far and will drive me to extremes. This business is mine; I have inherited it, but I have no more authority here than an office boy."

"Why," asked the sycophantic listener, "don't you get rid of him? He's old. Every department head will stand behind you. We're tired of being walked upon roughshod."

"Wait!" said Woodbury with a sort of youthful pomposity. "Wait!"

The wish of Woodbury, the climax of his desires, was to stand eye to eye with Hiram and to order him hence. That one act would have been for him a career, a high point, a thing to satisfy a lifetime.

But it was a satisfaction never realized. It might have been the making of him, to realize that his character was capable of this act, that he possessed the force and the courage so to do. It might have put beneath him the needed foundation. But this foundation was denied him by his own cowardice.

The thing came to its inevitable end because of a triviality—if in human affairs there be such things as trivialities. This was a letter to Hiram from Peter C. Woodbury, uncle to the young man and longtime friend and quasi-ally of the old. Hiram read it grimly and tossed it upon his desk. There Woodbury, entering upon some errand, saw the familiar handwriting out of the corner of his suspicious eye and his suspicious mind was quickened to curiosity.

"I see you have a letter from my uncle," he said.

"A personal letter," said Hiram harshly.

"He is well?"

"In excellent health."

Woodbury bit his lip. "Why should he write to you?" he said pettishly. "He ignores me."

"We are friends," said Hiram, "of a sort."

"You are sure it is purely a personal letter?"

The grim old eyes smoldered. "I appear to be cross-examined. Personal—exceedingly personal, young man." And then he did the thing of which only he could have been capable—justifiable perhaps, but ruthless in its cruelty. He tossed the letter nearer. "Read," he said arrogantly, "and satisfy yourself."

Perhaps no other than Woodbury would have been capable of reading a letter in circumstances such as these, but he had not strength to decline. He read with cheeks becoming purple, with muscles set a-twitch.

"The boy is a badly brought up cub who needs a switching," said his uncle's letter. "For heaven's sake, Bond, keep a heavy hand over him lest he smash all our dishes."

There was silence—profound, grim, fierce silence—on the part of the old bear; abysmal, shamed silence on the part of the young man. He did not raise his eyes, but let the letter flutter to the floor, and turned shrunken as by some malign magic, to walk silently from the room.

If he could have asserted his manhood then, he might have regained it from the pawn in which it was held, if he could have flamed into a decent rage, it might have gone far toward his salvation; but he slunk, humiliated, frightened, and hid himself away.

(Continued on Page 85)

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WRITE FOR STYLE BOOK AND NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

(Continued from Page 80

That night he lay and exalted himself with vindictive imaginings, rehearsing scenes with Hiram Bond in which he lashed the old man to silence with his tongue; scenes in which he overcame the old man with the splendor of his will; stripped him of his power and expelled him from the place, broken and shamed. It seemed so simple a thing to accomplish as he lay there in the darkness; so easy to resolve upon. He composed the speeches he would make, revised and corrected them in their scorn and bitterness until they blazed before his eyes in perfection of invective. Over and over he recited them until he had them well by heart. He saw himself walk into Hiram's office to stand, cold, unapproachable, dignified, and then masterfully to discharge his broadsides so effectively as not to receive one feeble volley in return.

But in the morning —

His resolution persisted upon his rising and through his breakfast, but before he started for the office he sat down in the library to consider it again. Whistling in the dark. Make-believe to save his face—not with Hiram or with the world, but with himself. He pretended to consider if it would be more galling to Hiram, more degrading, more humiliating, to receive his discharge from the master in person or through the agency of an inferior. An inferior? Why not a menial? There would lie a pretty insult. He pretended to himself that the idea filled him with satisfaction, but it did not fill him with satisfaction; it shamed him in his own eyes. Nevertheless he dared not go.

He sat down at his desk and penned a curt note:

"You are hereby discharged from the Worthington employment."

This he read and rejected, not because of its curtness, not because it failed to say what he wished to be said, but because he was apprehensive of consequences. What would happen if he enraged the old bear—pushed him beyond endurance? What measures of retaliation might he not take?

He penned a second note. "It has seemed to me," he said in this, "that your health has not been robust lately, and that your heavy duties weigh upon you. I had some thought of taking a part of the burden from your shoulders, but after all these years in the service of my grandfather, I feel you deserve a complete rest. Therefore I am asking you to retire from active participation in the business. I trust you will see your way clear to sending me your resignation by this messenger."

There was more of this, ending with regards and hopes for years of pleasant leisure. Before his will quailed from the final act, he dispatched the note by a servant, a colored houseman who was bidden to await a reply.

Hiram read the letter. The deep line between his eyes deepened, his jowls seemed to become solid rock and the look he directed upon the negro made the fellow tremble.

"Say to Mr. Worthington," he said, "that I do not resign. I remain until I am discharged. . . . Clear out."

The man ran up the street, delivered his message with eyes that rolled apprehensively.

"Wait!" said Woodbury huskily. He had been forced into it now—there could be no drawing back. So he wrote a second note

"You are discharged, to take effect immediately."

Hiram read this writing, and presently got up from his desk and took his hat and stick from their place. Then he walked to the door and entered the great outer office with his scores of clerks and bookkeepers and other subordinates.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said in his great, harsh voice, audible to the remotest corner, "I have just been discharged by Mr. Worthington. . . . Good morning to you."

The ensuing hush was profound, unbroken. No individual dared stir: no employe, whatsoever his position or how ancient his employment, dared rise and advance with a word of condolence or regret; they only sat and stared, frightened, somehow, awed by this announcement whose full import they would not comprehend until they read the world's opinion of it. Hiram strode down the aisle, looking neither to right nor to left, making his final progress to the outer door, through which he passed for the last time.

Though he passed acquaintances in the street on his way to his home, it is of record that he spoke to no one. He mounted the steps and entered, to encounter his wife, who came hurrying, apprehensive lest this untimely home-coming meant his illness. When she saw his face, she knew it.

"What is it, Hiram? Are you sick? What is the matter?"

"Sick?" he snorted. "When was I ever sick? No, I am not sick; I have been discharged like an office boy."

"Discharged! How could anybody discharge you?" There spoke the woman who saw in him only the greatest of men, an all-powerful man, a man subject to no one, to nothing.

"When," he asked, "can we leave for the farm?"

"In half an hour." She was always in readiness to meet his desire to go to the old farmstead

"Very well. Discharge the servants here Give orders that the furniture be sold. We never come here again."

"Oh, Hiram! We will live at the farm a.ways you will be staying there—not coming to work." He looked at her oddly, vaguely conscious of the exultation in her old voice. "So glad," she said, and clung to his arm, "to be there always with you."

"Yes, yes," he said, and patted her back clumsily; but his mind was not upon her or those days of leisure which lay ahead of him; it was black and bitter and raging against the young man who at last had severed him from the mainspring of his life As he stood, he contemplated reprisals, revenge, a war of extermination. There was fight in him yet, as he would show the world. . . . But against whom? Against Woodbury Worthington. Ah, yes, but how could he strike Woodbury save through the Worthington institution—his institution, his idea, his creation? He sighed. That he could not do. Even this was denied him. He must receive the blow without striking back, for his counter must fall upon that thing which of all things was most sacred to him.

"Let him go," he said, and though Bessie did not understand what he meant, she did not ask for enlightenment.

He seated himself in his library, and there to him came presently a servant announcing a newspaperman.

"Send him in," said Hiram, and a young man entered.

"What do you want?" Hiram demanded in his hectoring, autocratic voice.

"Is it true you have resigned from the Worthington companies?"

"It is not."

"But, sir, we have a statement from Mr. Worthington saying you have resigned because of ill health."

"Mr. Worthington lies," said Hiram. "I did not resign; my health is excellent. I was discharged like a clerk caught stealing stamps."

"But, Mr. Worthington's statement—what shall we say? What may I report you as saying?"

"That he lied," said Hiram.

"We cannot verify it from him—he has gone to Boston."

Hiram's lip curled in that saturnine grimace which visited it so often. "Run to cover," he said.

"Have you any statement to make?"

"My statement is made. It is written on the last forty-five years. You will find it adequate. I have nothing more to say. Good morning."

Perhaps Hiram had no more to say, but the world, when the news was flashed around it, had much to say, and said it in word and picture, in news column and editorial. It was the story of the day, the story of the week.

The world's reaction to the event took the form of a storm breaking upon Woodbury Worthington, snapping, crackling, fulminating about his ears in a highly savage and uncomplimentary manner. He was compared with his father; he was compared with Hiram; he was depicted in cartoons by bitter humorists in forms highly irritating to a young man who suffered in turn from delusions of grandeur and a complex of inferiority.

What satisfaction Hiram had from the letters, the telegrams, the cables which came to him in a flood from Europe, Asia, Africa, as well as his own land, will never be known. It is stated that a sardonic smile curled his lip as he read them, from which it may be deduced that he regarded them as things of lightness and no value, not actualities and ponderable, but mere words committed to paper. To Bessie, however, they were precious. It was her hand which preserved them, her toil which mounted them in scrapbooks to the least and most inconspicuous of them.

"More rubbish for the attic," Hiram said, but Bessie preserved them in a prominent place, and fortunate was the visitor in Hiram's absence who was not compelled to demonstrate his astonishment at the esteem in which Hiram Bond was held by the universe.

So began Hiram Bond's desuetude; with Hiram grim and savage, ready to burst into bitter fulminations, hovered over by Bessie. An old man rendered savage, ready to burst out upon friend or stranger; hurt, but arrogant in his pain. Not the most promising commencement of leisure! But Bessie, waiting for this phase to pass, hoped for better things.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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THE DECANTER OF PERUSA

(Continued from Page 33)

"But I'm telling you again, he isn't——" Sanford heard a loud knocking. The two in the living room looked at each other with sheer fright in their faces. "Well, Martha," said the man with a shrug, "no good jawing about it now, because here he is. Somebody must have left that door open downstairs. Yes, ma'am, here he comes up. . . . Hello, and who is this? Well, if it ain't Mr. Debrett's man Alf, Martha."

Mr. Debrett's man Alfred Bonney had entered the room.

"And how did you get in, Alf?" demanded Harby. The woman was collected and watchful.

"With a key, to be sure," said Alfred, exhibiting the object. "Mr. Debrett's key."

"And now that you're here?"

"I might as well sit down, I suppose. Thanks," said Alfred, suiting his action to the word.

"Very much at home you are, Alf," said Harby, grasping the arms of his chair menacingly.

"And with as much right as other people," said Alfred hardily. "Maybe I think you and your missus are paying the rent here, eh? Well, I don't, and that's flat. Though you couldn't be jollier, that you couldn't. I can see that the madam's away when the chauffeur and the maid take life so extraordinary easy. Pardon me for implicating you in the conversation, Mrs. Harby. I've come to have a bit of talk."

"Sit down, you fool," said the lady sharply. Harby, recognizing at once that he was being addressed, subsided, glaring.

"I'm supposing," said Alfred, "that you'd both be much interested in a proposition that would keep you from being sent for by the police. They read the papers, the police do, and they know what Mr. Debrett and his friend died of; and if they found out some things that went on in France they'd be for a talk with you both. That they would."

Here was threatening language, and yet it did not arouse Mr. Harby as much as the preliminary invasion of his domestic privacy. Indeed, it calmed him, even depressed him.

He said in a pleasing voice, "Now, Bonney, my man, if you have something to say spit it out like a gentleman, can't you?"

"Mr. Bonney comes here as a friend," said the woman, indorsing her husband's revised opinion of the visitor.

"There's a letter," said Alfred. "Mr. Debrett wrote it to you and it thanks you very heartily for bringing him that cameo decanter."

"Me?" said Harby, recovering his indignation with obvious satisfaction. "What decanter? The one he drunk his poison out of? Not me. It's a thundering lie."

"I mean your missus," said Alfred. "What I know is that there is such a letter and it's going to be handed to the police. Look at it this way: Do you care if people charge you with giving people prussic acid? Mind, I'm saying prussic acid and not shooting people or shoving them from a dock."

Harby stared at the woman and reached for the bottle.

"It's a fiendish lie!" she cried, her hands working convulsively.

"And you can prove it, too, I expect," said Alfred—"prove it's lying all around. Explain everything. He didn't tell you about that letter when he came to see you the other day to make things easy for himself. No, he wouldn't. But it's there waiting for you. I'll just explain to you the whole game, and you can make up your minds if you'll be taken sitting, or if you'll do the one thing to save your necks. That's not all he has planned for you. I have a letter that Mrs. Emeringe wrote to Mr. Debrett, telling him what she planned to do, and it's the only thing in the world that can prove your story. He'd give something handsome for that letter—that he would."

"Mrs. Emeringe wrote Mr. Debrett a letter?" said the woman, leaning forward.

"That she did, ma'am. And here it is too." Alfred drew a folded paper from his pocket and shook it at her. "The very identical letter that your lady wrote to Mr. Debrett on the morning of February twelfth last from Auxerre. Not Shakspere himself could write a better letter for you and your man to have in pocket."

"That explains about putting on that mortgage," said the woman to Harby excitedly. "Mrs. Emeringe wrote him a letter! Let me have that letter."

Alfred put the letter back into his breast and buttoned his jacket across.

"Give us the letter!" snarled Harby, rising.

"Here now, none of your nonsense," said Alfred, getting up and backing away. "Don't think I didn't come ready for you. That I did. Keep your nasty hands to yourself, my man, or it will be the worse for you; that it will and no mistake."

"Get it from him, James!" cried the woman, springing to her feet.

"I'll dash him in blood," growled Harby.

"Help, here!" shouted Alfred, running. He vanished from Sanford's view, going into a chamber below the watcher at the diamond window. Sanford heard a struggle, contending cries, the crash of overturned furniture. There was a pistol shot.

That roused Sanford to action. It was not clear to him that either party to the battle below him merited the help of a law-abiding citizen and he did not know just what he would do when he came upon the field, but he felt instinctively that violence was to be repressed always and everywhere, and that it was his not to reason why. He had quailed before Inspector Conlin because the inspector represented law and order to him, and Conlin's refractory behavior was altogether confusing; but this outbreak of self-help was merely sporadic, and Sanford, more generous than calculating, ran to put it down as he would run to put out an incipient conflagration.

However, he did not run very far; the door did not yield. He shook it and shouted; groping about, he found a switch and turned on lights above the dressing table. He ran back to the diamond window. The living room below was deserted. He heard a faint and desultory hissing of whispering voices.

"What's going on down there?" he cried. "Open this door!"

The lights failed in the chandelier and the living room was blotted from his view. He craned his neck to peer through the darkness. Several minutes went by; he still heard occasionally a dull murmur of voices. It occurred to him that he offered an unexceptionable target if there was to be any more shooting; he switched out the lights at the dressing table. That was to exchange one evil for another; not a ray of light from any source now penetrated the living room. It became a bottomless pit.

He heard voices down there again, clearer though suppressed; he heard the slither and stamp of feet. He knew by this time that his intervention wasn't welcome and wouldn't be accepted; he did not bother to challenge the people below him. He found his way back to the switch and turned it on again; with the help of the light that shot down over his shoulders, he made out the forms of three people in the living room. A man and woman were making their slow way toward the stairs in the vestibule; across the man's right shoulder was slung the limp body of the third of the group. They crossed the vestibule and disappeared down the stairs.

Ten minutes dragged their slow length past before he heard footsteps on the stairs again. An electric light in the vestibule flashed into life. A uniformed patrolman was there, pressed on by Julie; well in the rear came Little Amby.

"Sanford!" cried Julie. And then she saw him at the diamond window. She

(Continued on Page 89)

A GIFT MEN WOULD BUY FOR THEMSELVES

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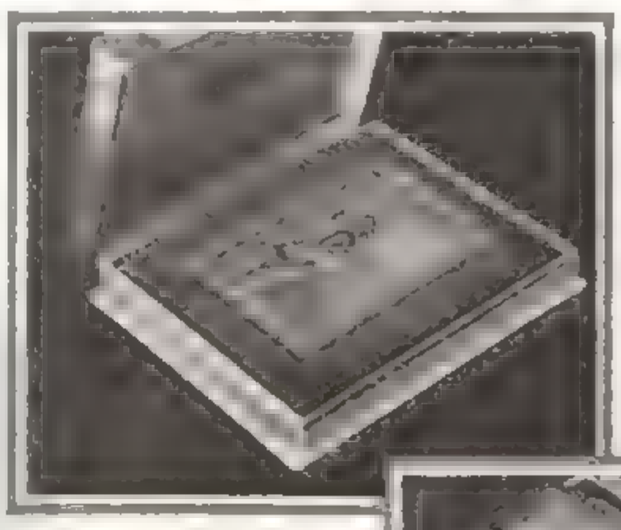

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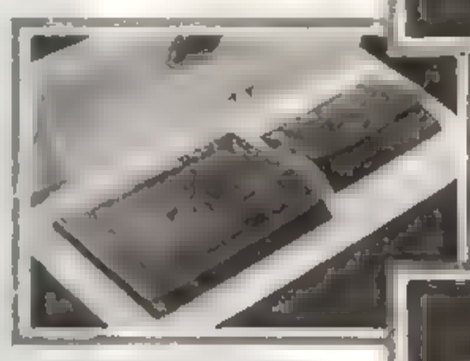

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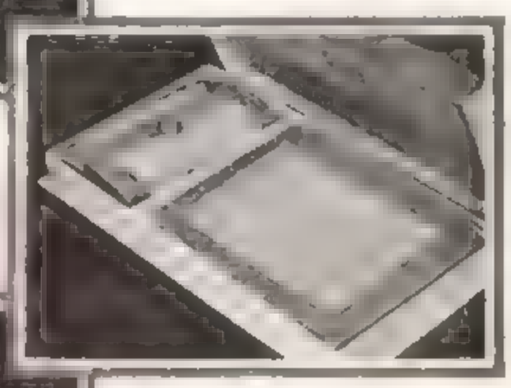

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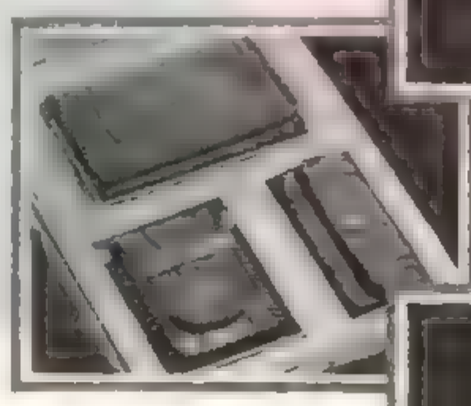

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THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.

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WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE

(Continued from Page 87)

raced across the living room and up the iron stairs and flung open the door.

They found blood on the floor of the dining room, which was the room into which Sanford had seen the unfortunate valet retreat. Gouts of blood led across the living room toward the stairs.

An elevator boy had taken in three passengers at the twenty-third floor—a man and woman mutually supporting a man who seemed unable to walk. The elevator boy had purposely avoided looking closely at his passengers; presuming that the helpless man had been overpowered by liquor, he had politely averted his eyes.

"I'd last a long time in this hotel, or any other hotel, if I didn't mind my own blamed business," he said defensively. "Yes, I would, I don't think."

He could not describe his sinister passengers with any accuracy, nor could the doorman who had hailed a cab for them do better. He thought they had come from a desperate drinking bout, and though he sympathized with them and envied them their experience, he was professionally eager to get them out of the house and away. He knew the cab, of course, not being so unbusinesslike as to hail strange and probably ungrateful cabmen.

The cab was found within an hour, but there the trail ended. The travelers had transferred into a private car in West Sixty-fourth Street, and that was the last of them. The cabman had not bothered to look at his passengers.

Sanford was neither trained to ignore eccentric behavior nor habituated and indifferent to it. His description of the party engrossed Little Amby.

"The maid!" he exclaimed. "That puts the missing piece in the puzzle. The man Alfred's part in it is not yet demonstrated, and it looks as if he hasn't lived to explain it in person, but we have enough to go along without him. Take my word for it, the next forty-eight hours are going to tell who provided that loaded decanter of Perusa and why. From now, we're in the driver's seat!"

IX

SARGENT was a stranger in New York; when he wanted to cash his six-hundred-thousand-dollar second mortgage on the Hotel Emeringe, he offered it to the Metropolitan Title Insurance Company, which is in the business of lending money on real estate. The official to whom he applied lifted his hands in polite regret. Being asked to think of a possible lender, he advised Sargent to offer his mortgage to the North River Mortgage Company, upstairs in the same building. He did not tell Sargent that the North River company belonged to certain officials of the Metropolitan; Sargent could have learned that from the pages of a corporation directory, if he thought to look for it, and there was therefore no attempt at sharpness.

Sargent went upstairs; the North River's official turned him down, too, but told him that if he'd go across Broadway to a certain mortgage broker and agree to pay him a twelve-thousand-dollar commission, the broker might find him a buyer. Sargent crossed Broadway. In due course the broker informed him gratulatingly that he had persuaded the North River Company to buy the mortgage at a discount of only two hundred thousand dollars. Sargent looked steadily at the broker, smiled benignly from soft hazel eyes, and signed up to sell his mortgage to the North River company for three hundred and eighty-eight thousand dollars net.

This transaction is set out here because it is part and parcel of the Debrett murder case. It seems likely that there was monkey business in the purchase of that mortgage, but that's no reason to rehash it, since such methods are obsolete. Nowadays all the protection a borrower in New York needs is a bag to keep his money dry till he gets it home.

Monkey business would explain why the North River company was less than absurdly cautious in dealing with Sargent. As a rule, a lender watches his money as a cat watches his mouse; he keeps clapping his hand over it and looking around with a growl. He is willing to let it out for a run, but he wants to be dead sure it is not going to get away.

Mr. James A. Dorrity was like that. He wasn't putting anything over on anybody and he could give all his attention to seeing that nobody put anything over on him. He was the man who had offered to buy the mortgage from the North River company. That's how the North River did business; it didn't buy mortgages to put in the vault, but to resell at a moderate profit, freeing its capital for another whirl. When possible, it engaged its capital only on paper; its idea of a perfect day was to contract for a mortgage and resell it before it had to put up its money. That's what it was doing here; that's why Mr. Dorrity and Mr. Sargent met head-on, while the North River company, by its closer, sat back and made soothing noises.

"Oh, no, sir," said Mr. Dorrity on the morning after Sanford had had his adventure in the dwelling atop of the Hotel Emeringe. "It may be good enough for these people, but it's not good enough for me. I want Mrs. Emeringe to come here in person and sign this estoppal to the effect that she admits this mortgage is a valid lien on her property."

"But there's the new bond and mortgage, signed by her," argued Sargent—"signed by her only two days ago and witnessed and sworn to. Why should she come here?"

"Why not?" said Mr. Dorrity.

"But why, Mr. Dorrity?" pleaded the closer in a sweet and reasonable voice.

"But why not?" insisted Mr. Dorrity.

"Well, now, really, Mr. Sargent," said the closer on the other hand, "I don't know why he wants it, but if that is what he wants ——"

"Nonsense," said Sargent decisively.

"Very well, gentlemen," said Mr. Dorrity, bouncing up. "I have to thank you for a wasted morning."

"Please," said the closer, pressing him down with moral force. "Mr. Sargent, why not? It isn't like as if the lady was in Europe. She has just signed the new mortgage, so she must be in the city. Get her down here. Here's Mr. Dorrity waiting with certified checks. You can be just as technical as he is. Say the word and I'll take the checks downstairs and bring back the cash and have it ready for you when you come with Mrs. Emeringe."

"But I have no control over Mrs. Emeringe, for goodness' sake," protested Sargent. "She doesn't care whether I sell the mortgage or not, don't you understand?"

"We'll go to see her," offered the closer.

"Where is the check you're talking about? I didn't see any check yet."

"Is that an insinuation, Mr. Sargent?" demanded Dorrity.

"Please, please," said the closer, "don't take that attitude, Mr. Sargent. Mr. Dorrity comes here highly recommended. Do you want to see the check of the North River? Don't let's go into that."

"Let me have whatever paper he wants signed and I'll get it signed and sworn to by Mrs. Emeringe and bring it back."

"Before a notary," bargained the closer. "Now that should do you, Mr. Dorrity. You have to believe somebody, and a notary is appointed by the governor with the advice and consent of the senate."

"Politicians," said Mr. Dorrity, "cut no ice with me. Forget it. That woman must come here, and be identified, too, now that he's making difficulties about it."

"I'll bring her," said Sargent, yielding. He went out.

The closer looked with veiled inquiry at Mr. Dorrity. Sargent's blunt demand to see the color of the prospective buyer's check had revived doubts in the closer's mind. Mr. Dorrity had agreed to pay four hundred and forty thousand dollars for that mortgage, but he didn't look the part. He was large and sturdy, with a handsome black mustache, but he looked more like ——

"What is your business, may I ask, Mr. Dorrity?"

"I'm on the Street," said the buyer.

"The Street," repeated the closer. He said then, with a shy and ingratiating smile, "You look to me more like a cop. I'm sure you don't mind me saying that, Mr. Dorrity. No offense."

"Oh, not a bit," said Dorrity with an infectious laugh. "Now I was just thinking that you look like a confidence man. Don't mind, do you?"

"Not in the least," said the closer sturdily.

"Appearances," said Mr. Dorrity weightily, "are deceiving. For instance, I know a pirate. Well, he looks extraordinary like a man in the publishing business. But he's not. No, sir, though his appearance is against him, he's a pirate."

The conversation lapsed. Mr. Dorrity lit a long black cigar—a cigar of the sort that is blown on by the winds of Sunday baseball fields and that is all the better for it.

The closer fussed with his papers and meditated on the wealth and obtuseness of America, which so often puts fortunes in cash into the hands of men in ready-made suits and keeps astute and elegant office workers on beggarly salaries. Even so, he wouldn't wear such big and ugly shoes, with soles only fit to kick down doors.

Sargent returned, escorting with impressive respect the woman whom Sanford had seen in Mrs. Emeringe's lofty dwelling. It was she; she was wearing a beautiful imported dress, an exclusive Paton model, chiffon velvet and georgette ingeniously combined in two shades of green—jungle and mold -but even such a garment could not affect her legal identity, however different it made her feel.

"Mrs. Emeringe," announced Sargent ceremoniously.

"Mrs. Emeringe," said the closer, "we're very sorry to bring you down here, but a little legal difficulty has cropped up that you can dispose of. You made this mortgage to Mr. Sargent?"

"I did," she said.

"He is selling it now. This is the buyer, Mr. Dorrity wants you to execute the customary estoppal certificate. That's all, isn't it, Mr. Dorrity?"

"There was the question of identity," said the buyer stubbornly. "You don't know this lady, do you? Well, then, you're out. That leaves Mr. Sargent, and him being the party that's selling, he might get too enthusiastic. Excuse me, ma'am, but I'm acting under instructions from my lawyer, who is too busy to get here yet, but is probably on his way. You wouldn't expect to cash a check for a dollar in a strange bank without showing letters or something. Well, I am not a bank, but I am strange. So how do you prove who you are?"

"Here is the passport I came back from France on," said the woman, producing the official document. "And here are a lot of letters addressed to Mrs. Emeringe. Here are bank books and ——"

She was pulling proof by the handful from her bag.

"The passport will do," said Dorrity fairly.

"And here it is," said the closer contentedly, giving it to him after a glance at it.

The passport described the woman as Mrs. Sanford Emeringe, and looked convincing. It gave specifications and on it was pasted her picture.

"Good," said Dorrity, putting it into his pocket. "That's the passport you came back on; now where's the one you went over on?"

"I surrendered that."

"My understanding exactly," said Dorrity. And from another of his capacious pockets he produced a document similar to the one she had intrusted to him. "Here's the passport Mrs. Sanford Emeringe went to France on. Yours, is it?"

The picture on this one was quite different; nor did the description match better. The lady of the passport had gray eyes and was blond and fat, whereas the woman before Dorrity was a gaunt brunette.

Her black eyes were vigilant. "Ridiculous," she said whisperingly.

"Let me see that," demanded Sargent loudly.

"That isn't yours," interpreted Dorrity. "Well, how about this one?" He reached for another passport. "Here is one now with your picture on it and no denying. Only this party's name is Mrs. James Harby and she is Mrs. Emeringe's maid. If they're wrong, you tell me so. I got them down at the consulate—copies, they are, I guess. So are you still Mrs. Emeringe?"

"I won't stay here to be insulted," she exclaimed, jumping up.

"And right," agreed Sargent, offering her his arm.

"No, wrong," said Dorrity, drawing from his pocket this time his police shield. He turned aside to the closer to say, "And that puts me one ahead of you, unless you can prove you are a confidence man. . . . Sit down, ma'am, please. I guess you will admit you are not Mrs. Sanford Emeringe. But here is a puzzling thing: You cannot be Mrs. James Harby, either, because we have word that Mrs. Emeringe's maid, called Mrs. James Harby, died in Auxerre, France, on February twelfth of this year, from taking an overdose of prussic acid—the report from the *mairie* calls it Scheele's acid, but we hear that is all the same thing. Well, if that was not you that was poisoned in Auxerre, maybe you will tell us who it was."

The woman sat with compressed lips.

"Why, this is a terrible disclosure," said Sargent, getting up. "I've been swindled out of a fortune. I do not say that this woman swindled me, for I did not pay my money to her. I gave my check to J. Harry Debrett, to the order of Mrs. Angela Emeringe. It may be that she never saw a cent of it. The mortgage itself may have been an arrant forgery."

"When did you give him that check?" asked Dorrity, rolling his cigar comfortably in his mouth.

"Last November."

"Then you'll have the canceled check to prove it."

"I have indeed, and I shall go straight from here to a lawyer to establish my rights. I certainly wish to thank you, officer, for preventing me from seeming to work a fraud on the North River Mortgage Company, however innocent I may have been of evil intent."

He turned to go.

"It's a mighty good story, Mr. Sargent," said Dorrity, "and you tell it well, and I don't say you won't get away with it. If this was all there was against you, I don't know but you might still walk away. . . . Mr."—to the closer—"would you mind stepping out into the hall and seeing if Mr. Ambrose Hinkle is there with that officer from Dallas?"

"Dallas!" said Sargent.

"Dallas," said Mr. Dorrity.

Little Amby entered, accompanied by a lanky man in loose-fitting civilian clothes.

"Good morning, Sargent," said Little Amby

"Good morning, Magnan; good morning to you, sir," said the lanky man with much more cordiality. "This is my party, Mr. Hinkle, and much obliged for the tip. This is Charley Magnan, who is badly wanted in Dallas for forgery. I reckon you can spare him, though Charley is one of the best in the business."

"I'm not quite sure that we can let you have him, officer," said Little Amby. "I believe in live and let live, and I didn't bring you up here to punish him for something done in Dallas. He has some explaining to do here yet, and the charge will be much more serious than forgery."

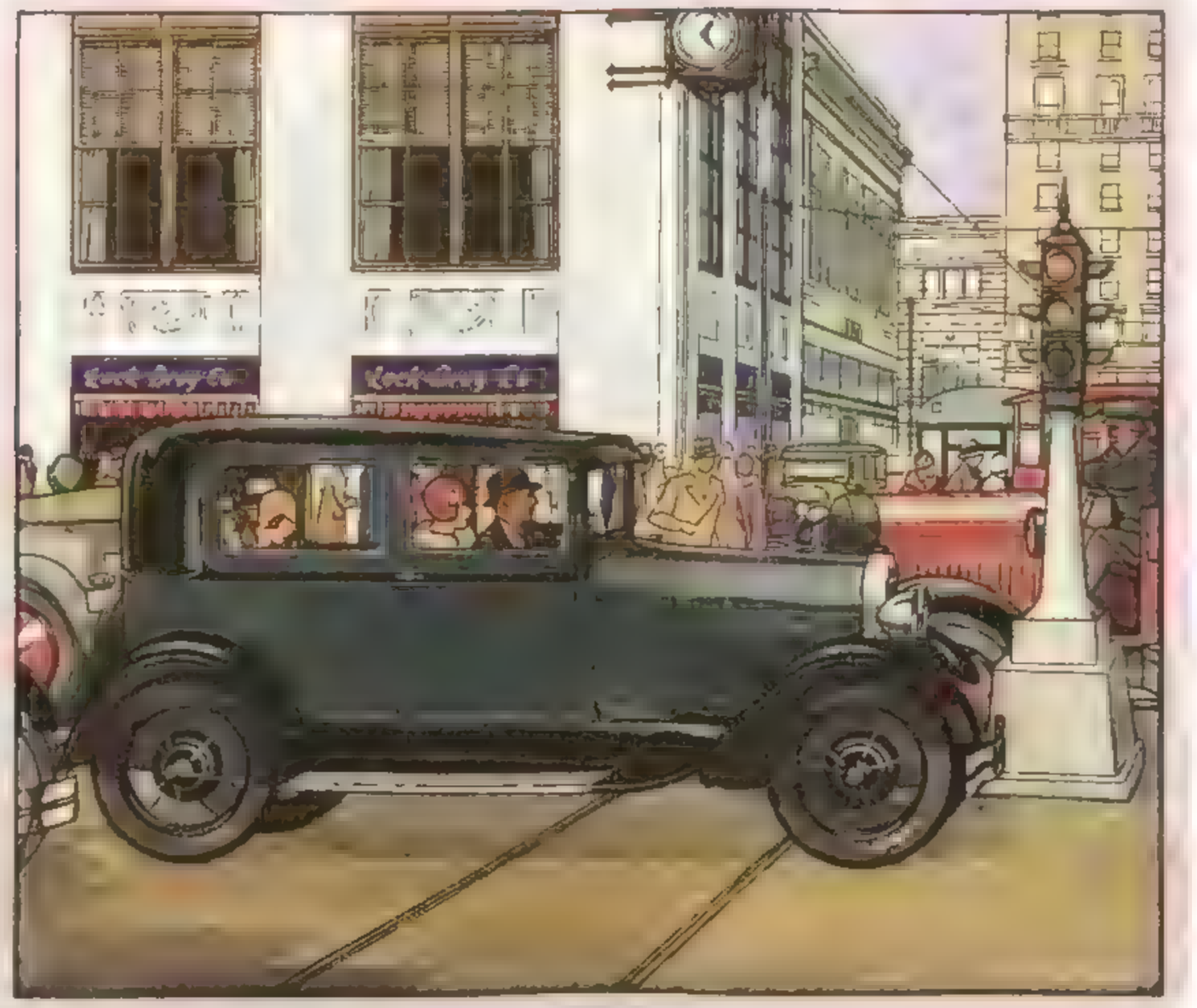
"What then, Mr. Hinkle?" said Sargent persuasively.

"You may name it yourself, Sargent."

"That should be an interesting case," said Sargent calmly. "We'll try that when

(Continued on Page 92)

The safety of the fully-enclosed Six-Brake



Especially in traffic you will appreciate the safety of the Ford six-brake system. Ease of steering and the smooth action of clutch and gear shift are also important control features

One of the first things you will notice when you drive the new Ford is the quick, effective, silent action of its six-brake system.

This system gives you the highest degree of safety and reliability because the four-wheel service brakes and the separate emergency or parking brakes are all of the mechanical, internal expanding type, with braking surfaces fully enclosed for protection against mud, water, sand and grease.

The many advantages of this type of braking system have long been recognized. They are brought to you in the new Ford through a series of mechanical improvements embodying much that is new in design and manufacture.

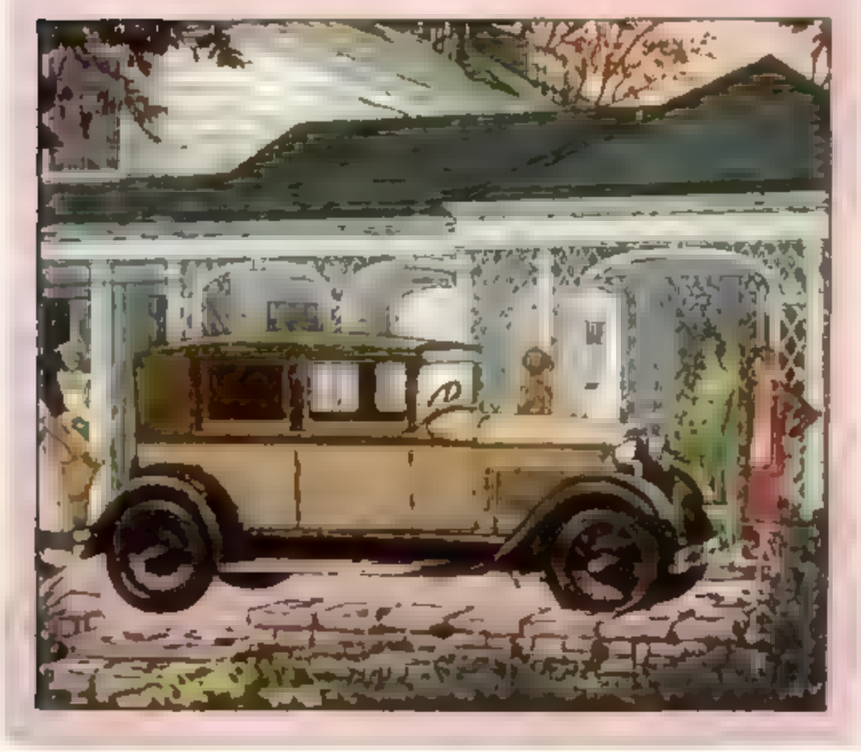
There is perhaps no single feature of the new Ford which represents such a decided step forward in automobile engineering as the unique yet simple way by which a special drum has been constructed to permit the use of two separate sets of internal brakes on the rear wheels.

The brake construction on the front wheels also is unusual. Here the brakes are fully enclosed without the necessity of a leather boot or sliding joint to protect the linkage between the brake rods and the mechanism on the brake plate. Such simplicity of design helps to insure reliability and long life.

A further improvement in braking performance is effected by the self-centering feature of the four-wheel brakes—an exclusive Ford feature. This construction brings the entire surface of the shoe in contact with the drum the instant you press your foot on the brake pedal.

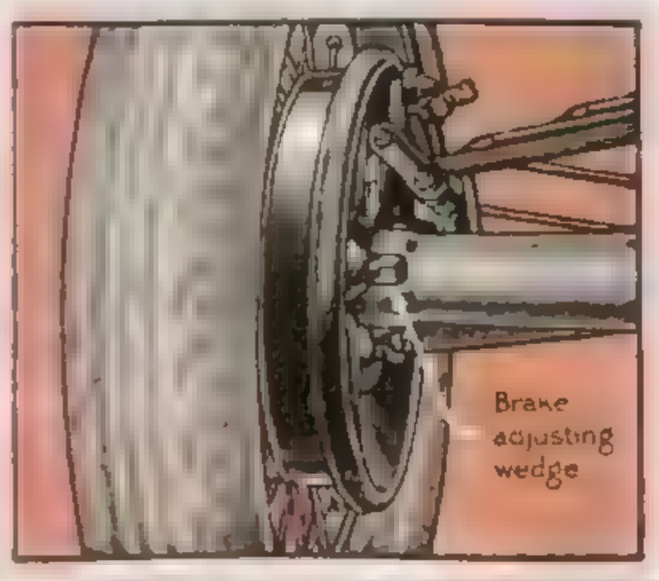
An example of the close limits of measurement used in manufacturing the new Ford is found in the brake drums.

These drums measure eleven inches in diameter yet they are held to within five one-thousandths (.005) of an inch—a remarkably fine limit on such a wide diameter. The plates on which the braking mechanism is mounted are of cold

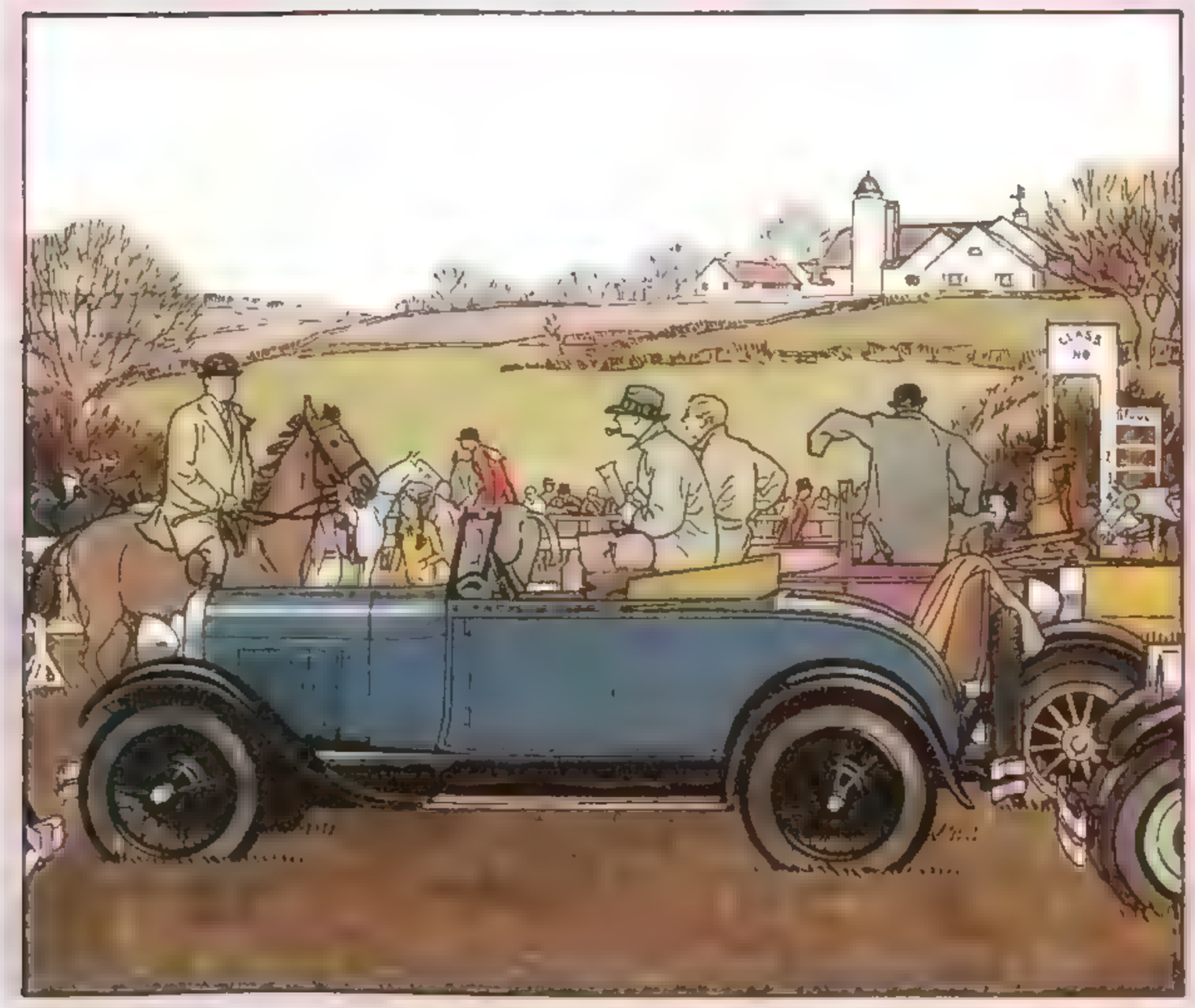


The new Fordor Sedan is so carefully and beautifully finished and so richly appointed that it has the appearance of a custom built car. You will be delighted, too, with the generous room provided for all five passengers and the comfortable tilt of the deeply-cushioned lounge seats.

This illustration shows the convenient location of the wedge or screw that adjusts the brake shoes on the new Ford. This wedge is so notched that all brakes can be set alike simply by listening to the "clicks." All adjustments should be made when brakes are cold.



System *is an outstanding feature of the* New Ford



Alert and powerful is the new Ford Roadster—a car that puts a new joy in motoring. Finished in a choice of colors, as are all the new Ford cars. Equipped with rumble seat at slight additional cost.

FEATURES OF THE NEW FORD CAR

Beautiful low lines
Choice of colors
55 to 65 miles an hour
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Remarkable acceleration
Fully-enclosed six-brake system
New transverse springs
Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers
20 to 30 miles per gallon of gasoline
Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield
Reliability and low up-keep cost

spun steel. All working parts are cadmium plated to prevent rusting.

There are definite reasons, therefore, for the safety and reliability of the new Ford brakes—for their quick ease of operation—for the smooth yet commanding way they take hold at a slight pressure on the brake pedal or hand lever. This comforting assurance that your brakes are fully equal to every need or emergency means a great deal to your peace of mind and adds immeasurably to the joy of motoring.

Another feature of the brakes on the new Ford is the ease of adjustment, without special tools and without removing a single part. The four-wheel brakes are adjusted by turning a regulating wedge or screw conveniently located on the outside of each brake plate. This screw is so notched that all four brakes can be set alike simply by listening to the "clicks."

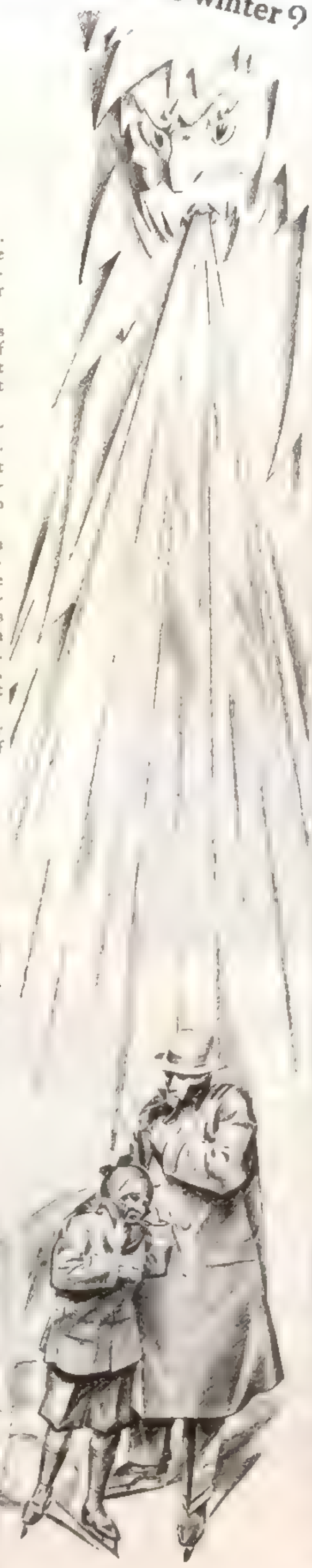
The emergency or parking brakes require little attention. However, should they need adjustment, see your Ford dealer, who will give you prompt, courteous and economical service.

He works under close factory supervision and he has been specially trained and equipped to help you get the greatest possible use from your car over the longest period of time at a minimum of trouble and expense.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan

How many colds will you AVOID this winter?



PLAY *Safe!*

YOU CAN'T stop Winter's approach. You've got to play in his game. He gambles your most precious asset—your *health* Yes, and he wins altogether too often.

Make no mistake—your body needs extra protection against the rigors of winter. If you have the slightest doubt on that score—ask your physician. Get that straight. Then—*act*.

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Duofold is the *only* underwear that gives you the *full* protection of the *two-layer principle* in fabrics. There is no substitute for Duofold.

Duofold's fabric is in two very *thin* separate layers. It's *light* in weight—comfortable indoors and out—lets the body "breathe". Yet it offers the *protection* of a thicker, bulkier fabric. Its inner layer is of soft cotton. *Wool* is in the *outer* layer *away* from the skin. The wool *can't* touch you—can't itch, irritate or annoy. Cotton *only* is next the skin, for comfort.

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***Health* Underwear**
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TWO THIN LAYERS—AIR SPACE BETWEEN
WOOL in outer layer for warmth
COTTON inner layer for comfort

Made in all Models from "shirts and shorts" to full length

(Continued from Page 89)

we come to it. However, I'd prefer to return to Dallas and clear my name, since this gentleman affects to recognize me. I admit that I did business in Dallas at one time under the name and style of Charles Magnan; so, no doubt, the gentleman will get the paper to take me back. There is then no reason to deny my natural curiosity as to the method by which you identified me with Charles Magnan."

"By broadcasting your fingerprints," said Little Amby cheerfully. "My theory required a high-grade criminal, probably a professional, and the only person of unusual intelligence connected with the case was you. I don't subscribe, Sargent, to the popular notion that criminals are all defectives—it's the defective that's commonly caught."

"You are so kind and flattering," said Sargent, suave but pale. "And when was I fingerprinted, pray?"

"The day I met you in Inspector Conlin's office. You may be a connoisseur of antique glassware, Sargent, but it wasn't for that reason that I put the cameo decanter into your hands. Nothing in the world takes a print like glass. Isn't it so?"

x

SANFORD walked down Centre Street toward Little Amby's office. His long legs swung him along with speed. Nearing the dingy little brick house across the way from the city prison, he overtook a plump but narrow man of average height. Sanford glanced at this other pedestrian and saw that he was Alfred Bonney.

"Hi, there!" he cried, springing at the ex-valet and grasping his collar. "Aha, my fine fellow!"

"I say, sir," protested Alfred, who knew Sanford well. "Let go, will you now?"

"When I find a policeman," retorted Sanford, looking about.

"I'm not refusing to go with you, but I'll not be taken, Mr. Sanford. That I won't. Let go the collar, will you?"

Alfred tried to wrest free; Sanford hung on tightly. Tug Gaffney, Little Amby's burly door man, standing on the steps of the little house, halted a vast stretch and a yawn full of emptiness; his little green eyes, set flush in a beefy face, glinted with pleasure.

"Take him, bug," he bawled, racing up the street.

"Help me," implored Sanford, who was being pulled about.

"Help you?" gasped Tug indignantly. "Ain't the little guy got far enough to go to lick you? Give him air—give him air." He hurled them apart. "Now start right."

Sanford dodged past him after Alfred, who had turned to run.

"I'll fight," snarled Alfred. "That I will, now." And swinging his fist at Sanford, he hit him full on the jaw.

Sanford's power of assimilating punches on the jaw was small; he staggered and his knees sagged. But he recovered himself in time, and accepting the terms upon which alone he could prevent Alfred's escape, he clenched his fist and brought it down like a hammer on Alfred's nose. His aim had probably been helped by the fact that Alfred's nose was already swollen and shiny.

"Hot towel!" bawled Tug. "All the time, little guy. He can't hurt you!"

Alfred puffed out his lips consolingly toward his nose and charged Sanford. Sanford didn't depress his fire in time and his fists swung vainly over Alfred's head as the latter crowded him back. Alfred was not now in a position to hit Sanford on the jaw again, and Sanford liked that, but he soon felt that the battle was going against him in another quarter. Alfred was hitting him energetically in the stomach. This was probably a good thing to do, from Alfred's viewpoint, for Tug indorsed it enthusiastically.

"Go on, little guy," he yelled approvingly. "Stick another in his pail!"

Sanford's advantage was his height, but this was nullified by Alfred's art in doing his fighting close to the ground. With a sound instinct, Sanford sprang into the air, projecting himself bodily onto his adversary. Alfred bowed under the burden, but carried Sanford as far as the house wall, when he simply had to put him down. Thereupon Sanford hit him again and again, discouraging him so that he gave up.

"I've enough, sir," he gasped.

"A rotten little guy can't beat a rotten big guy," said Tug, shrugging his bulky shoulders.

"Nor you either, you big rowdy," gritted Sanford vengefully, and he let fly at Tug and hit him right on the ear. The attack was a surprise, but Tug's ear was thick and floppy, and Tug padded the blow further by a quick roll of his head.

He leaped aside, feinted with both massive fists, and then turned and stalked back to his stoop, grumbling aside, "Look where you're putting them slugs, bug."

Sanford held the field. "Come along, you," he said, seizing the quelled valet.

"But, Mr. Sanford," pleaded Alfred, "why can't I stop in and see Mr. Hinkle, as I had intended to? I have information of the first importance for him. You, too, I should think."

"You were going to see Mr. Hinkle?" queried Sanford, surprised, his proved right hand going gropingly to his chin.

"That I was, sir. And glad and proud to be of service, but I didn't want to be given in charge."

"Perhaps I have been hasty with you, Alfred," said Sanford. "I trust I didn't hurt you?"

"Oh, not at all, sir. I'm for a bit of fun any time. And you are quite all right, sir?"

"Quite, Alfred. I'll go with you to Mr. Hinkle. But don't misunderstand me, please. I have an appointment with Mr. Hinkle too."

They passed the mistrustful Tug, mounted the winding stairs, and were quickly received by Little Amby in his private room.

"It was I that fired that shot in Mrs. Emeringe's home," explained Alfred. "I took Mr. Debrett's revolver with me because I was downright afraid of those people. So when he came at me and hit me such a blow on the nose, I let off the revolver once and he sheered off. That he did, and no mistake. And then I hooked it."

"But I saw them carrying you out," insisted Sanford.

"Helping Harby out, very likely," said Alfred. "He'd been drinking heavily, and perhaps you frightened him after I ran off and he went back on the bottle for a bracer."

"The hotel people said the man was drunk," said Little Amby. "But if that was Harby, who was the man with him?"

"That was Sargent, sir, in my opinion, Mr. Hinkle. He had made some arrangement with them shortly before, I know. You see, there was some trouble about the mortgage and he had to get a new one, and he did not have Ginsbert to sign it for him this time, and he had to be able to prove with papers that the lady who made it was Mrs. Emeringe.

"At any rate, he went to the Harbys for his dirty work this time. Well, sir, Mr. Sanford was there in the upper room and he frightened them, and no doubt they had Sargent on the wire at once and he came to see what was up."

"How do you come to know so much, Bonney?"

Alfred took a small package from his pocket and opened it. "If you'll match up this piece of paper with the note that I sent Mr. Sanford, you'll see that it was I wrote it to him. And it was I unlocked the doors for him, having Mr. Debrett's keys. He was free of that apartment, sir, in Mrs. Emeringe's lifetime."

"You wrote him the note? You were mighty mysterious about it. Why didn't you go to him and tell him what you had to say?"

"Well, sir, you see," said Alfred with a trace of embarrassment, "I had a little

(Continued on Page 94

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This 10-time enlargement shows how the rough, splinter-filled fibers found in ordinary yellow "toilet" paper scratch and irritate delicate membranes
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Comes to you as sanitary as sealed hospital cotton

Doctors advise it—Hospitals use it

HERE is a Bathroom Paper of almost unbelievable softness. Not like most so-called "toilet" paper—but like a superlatively fine, absorbent cloth.

It is cooked at a temperature of 302°. A special process *not* employed in ordinary yellow "toilet" paper. Such paper contains raw groundwood. Actually tiny splinters. (Note illustrations above.) These splinters irritate. Frequently, they cause more serious rectal troubles such as Pruritus Ani.

There is no raw groundwood in "cooked" Northern Tissue. That is why doctors are urging the *immediate* discontinuance of *raw*, groundwood paper in favor of this new-type, *cooked* Bathroom Paper.

20 times sterilized, too

The name of this utterly different Bathroom Paper is—NORTHERN TISSUE. To get it, you must ask for Northern Tissue.

Not only is it entirely free of all irritating particles—soft and soothing—but it is snow-white in color and amazingly absorbent.

And every sheet is sterilized 20 times. (A cultural test conducted by the nationally known Columbus Laboratories proved it as sanitary as sealed hospital cotton. Consider what that means.)

Largely on medical advice, this new *sterilized* Bathroom Paper has supplanted old-time "toilet" paper in thousands of homes.

Only 10c a roll

With all of its marked superiority, Northern Tissue costs no more than ordinary "toilet" paper—only 10c a roll. Hence, it is folly to use any other kind.

But a word of caution: Every white Bathroom Paper is *not* Northern Tissue. This paper, endorsed by highest medical authorities, has "The Sterilized Bathroom Paper" printed on the label. Look for this wording.

Order today. Insist on Northern Tissue. Or, we will send you a generous sample, free, if you will send us your name. Address, Julia Neidle, Nurse, Northern Paper Mills, Dept. 20, Green Bay, Wisconsin.

NORTHERN
Tissue
With the Blue Core

(Continued from Page 92)

something to do with this affair. And seeing the pretty mess I had got into, I was afraid the right people mightn't shoulder the blame they deserved. Perhaps, I thought, it will be all put off on me. Rather a nasty position, don't you think, sir?"

"What did you have to do with it?"

"There was the matter of the letter that Mrs. Emeringe wrote to Mr. Debrett, sir. Maybe you'd like to read it. I gave the original to Sargent early in March, as he mentioned that he'd like it, but I kept a copy for my own information. I'm making a clean breast, sir."

Little Amby read the copy of the letter:

HOTEL L'ÉTOILE, AUXERRE, YONNE,
FEB. 12, 1916.

Dear Friend: You may still think bad of me, but I thought I would like to write you this last time, for when you get this I will be out of this misery. I can't stand this misery any more, and I'm going to cure it for once and for all with that stuff we were talking about that night in New York. . . .

The letter was long and not entirely coherent, but the first paragraph gave its sense. It was signed Angela Emeringe.

"Suicide," said Little Amby. "The censor had troubles of his own, or this would have been followed up. So you gave this letter to Sargent. What else did he pay you to do? How about that note Mr. Debrett was writing to thank a lady for the cameo decanter?"

"He never wrote that, sir. Why, he had that decanter by him for years; Mrs. Emeringe gave it to him on his birthday around 1912. But I know how that letter came to be written, sir. Mr. Debrett mentioned to Sargent that the decanter was a birthday gift from a friend in France—meaning Mrs. Emeringe, of course. Mr. Debrett had a humorous way of telling things. Sargent must have supposed ——"

"I see. Sargent thought he meant his last birthday and that he got it from the Harbys; and Sargent wrote it down for him, so as to help hold the Harbys in line."

"And I slipped the letter onto the desk Wednesday morning when I went for my things. I swear to you, sir, I had no conception of what it might be for. All I ask, sir, is for you to use your great influence to recommend me to the authorities, and I'll do my best to see justice. Tell them I came to you of my own free will, won't you?"

"If you'll do everything you possibly can to establish the rights of Mr. Watt here, I'll speak in your favor."

"Oh, I can clear Mr. Sanford easy as can be, sir. When I turned that bottle of Perusa into the decanter, I took quite a taste of it, never having had the pleasure before, sir, and it was not poisonous, but quite refreshing. It is true that Mr. Debrett told me that if one drank the half of it, it would stop his clock, that it would, but I took the liberty to think he was joking, not caring to have me drink much of it."

"Debrett told you that half the bottle would kill a person, eh? But we're not interested in that, nor in that silly charge against Mr. Watt. When I say his rights ——"

He broke off, staring at a tiny bottle that Alfred was tendering him. It bore the warning skull and crossbones and the word Poison, and the name Hydrocyanic Acid.

"From under the table, sir," said Alfred, lowering his voice.

"How is it Sargent wouldn't buy this from you?" asked Little Amby, taking the vial gingerly. "And from under the table! Why, this should be worth its weight in emeralds."

"Pardon me, sir?"

"Come, Bonney, don't make any nice faces at me. I know your sort. You're out for yourself all the time. You wear rubbers in the house, don't you? I'll bet. If they don't see you come, they don't see you go. You're here to save your skin, and nothing else bothers you. Have you been up to this drug store?"

"No, sir."

"You've made no inquiries?"

"No, sir. Not about this bottle."

"Wait in the outside room. Stay there until I want you. Come, Watt, we'll interview the druggist."

He took several photographs of Sargent from a drawer of his desk. "These may come in handy again. I got them from the newspaper people who took pictures of him last March; they were a big help in locating his history in Dallas."

They caught a cab and were rolling swiftly northward. Little Amby did the talking; it seemed to Sanford that the ordinarily acrid and snappish little shyster was trying to be agreeable.

"Here's the way it outlines itself to me, my boy, though you may see it differently: That letter informs Debrett that Mrs. Emeringe has committed suicide. Good. He then learns—probably from a chat with his landlord—that somebody is still collecting the monthly rent of five thousand dollars. He doesn't have to dig far then to find that Mrs. Emeringe's maid is the impostor—not such a difficult switch to make when they were traveling together.

"What will he do about it? Well, the first thought anybody would have—anybody of his sort, I mean—would be to sweat the impostor, to blackmail her. Very good. That will produce some or most of that five-thousand-a-month rent from the hotel. But Debrett does better: he reaches for the principal. He gets in touch with a crooked notary and a good penman, and they forge a huge mortgage, knowing that the woman can't denounce it for a fraud. They took the mortgage under an assumed name, and they figured on selling it for cash to some mortgage shark.

"Now for the trick. They sit down to a conference over a good dinner, to celebrate their luck. Two of them are done to death there at the table, and the survivor is the record owner of the mortgage. Sanford, my boy, it's not very hard to see the hole in that millstone."

"And why was Ginsbert advertising for Emeringe heirs—advertising under a false name?"

"He was going to sell the others out. We'll be sure of that when we find what interest the Emeringe heirs have in Mrs. Sanford Emeringe's estate. He was beating his confederates to the second melon they were to cut. After they had stuck some loan shark with the mortgage, they could turn around and sell Mrs. Emeringe's heirs the information that she was dead and that the mortgage was phony."

Sanford caught his breath. "Then is it the fact that I—or Miss Julie Emeringe ——"

"It looks that way," said Little Amby, not quite so willingly, as if he was being hurried into a position that he had not properly prepared for exploitation. "According to the laws of this state, if Mrs. Emeringe left no people of her own blood, her money goes back where it came from—to her husband's family. That's the law, my boy, if that's where the money came from. I saw that possibility long ago, but I didn't risk disappointing you. You'll remember me asking you if the lady had had property of her own."

"She didn't," breathed Sanford. He was dazzled. Until Debrett's death he had been, financially, as independent as a counterfeiter, and then he had been robbed of his last dollar. The world was still his oyster, as much as anybody's, but he didn't know how to shuck it, and it had begun to look as if he was going to go hungry.

"We have to get downtown again by three o'clock," said Little Amby, consulting a platinum-cased watch. "Inspector Conlin called up and asked me to produce that cameo decanter in his office at that time. I got hold of Wilbur Debrett, and he's bringing it down, but I'd like to sit in on the proceedings."

"What does the inspector want it for?"

"It might be useful in a demonstration. It seems that Sargent wants to go back to Dallas, and the district attorney has agreed to let him be taken back if he does what he can to clear up the Debrett murder, and if

(Continued on Page 97)

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"This is surely a great car—wouldn't trade it 'even' for a brand new model—what could be sweeter!"

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"I can't see why people are growling about our roads—one couldn't ask for anything nicer than this—been riding all day and have hardly felt a bump."

"This is perfectly terrible—what could I have eaten last night—thank the Lord I'll be through with this trip in another hour."

You, and some twenty-five million other motorists, are thus constantly changing your opinions from day to day in the matter of motoring comfort and motoring discomfort. But most of us keep attributing the changing to the wrong things. First, we blame the roads, then we blame our stomachs, then we blame the car or some other thing—anything but the right thing. A given road does not change from day to day. If a road is bad on Monday, we will find that it is just about the same bad road on Friday. Nor is your car a wornout, rough rattle-trap on a Monday only to become a firm, smooth-going thing you love on the following Friday.

The continual and annoying changing which we all notice from week to week and from day to day is not the road, nor is it the car, nor is it our stomachs. The changing takes place right in our easy riding equipment—our shock absorbers. To get right at the *very* root of the evil, we find that the change takes place not in the shock absorbers themselves, but in the material or medium they employ for producing the called-for resistance.

All shock absorbers thus far produced employ either the medium of dry friction or the medium of fluid friction. Both of these mediums are affected and changed by the weather. Every different degree of atmospheric humidity from dry to wet changes the resistance produced by any dry friction material. Therefore, if your shock absorbers are of the dry friction type, your car will ride quite differently on a humid day than it will on a crisp day. And every degree up and down the humidity scale will make a difference in the riding performance of your car. That is the reason why you like your car one day and not the next.

If your car happens to be equipped with shock absorbers of the fluid type, then your riding keeps changing from day to day or from noon to night accordingly as the thermometer goes up and down. All known liquids get thicker as they get colder. Water is an extreme example—at one temperature it is water and at 32° it gets so thick it becomes a solid, ice. Another extreme is molasses—and we have all heard of molasses in January.

The fluids used for shock absorbing purposes are, of course, better suited than water or molasses, but the best of these fluids, as determined by the Universal Saybolt Viscosimeter, are actually more than twice as thick and resistant to flow at 40° Fahrenheit as they are at 60°—a serious change for only a 20° drop in temperature. At noon your car may ride to suit you and that same night it may ride stiff and *choppy*—over the same road.

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Unchanging Riding Ease

Each time you step into your car you will get precisely the same fine quality of ride. You will get smooth riding, and love your car, whether it is raining or shining or whether it is 20 below zero or 106 in the shade.

Watson's new Stabilators employ the new Watson Rubber Flow resistance medium, which is neither dry friction nor fluid friction. This new Rubber Flow medium is in the nature of a semi-fluid or hard plastic. It has no affinity for moisture—it can be put under water for five hours or five hundred hours without absorbing one drop and without being affected in any other manner or degree. And, likewise, its holding power remains precise throughout the entire range of temperatures to which it is subjected, from the hottest July to the coldest January. Watson's Rubber Flow is the first resistance medium yet perfected for shock absorbing duty which remains thus unaffected by the ever-changing weather and temperature conditions through which a car must travel. And of what value is a good ride if you can't count on it—if it won't stay put? Watson contends that such a ride has *no* value. For luck generally has it that just when we would most like to have the car ride well, the weather or temperature is such that it rides poorly.

When you buy your new car you have a right to insist that that car shall carry you comfortably, not just on picked days and picked hours, but on *every* day and *every* hour. And that is exactly what is now made possible for you by the new Rubber Flow resistance medium. Watson Stabilators, alone, are licensed to use this Rubber Flow medium for shock absorber duty.

And to build this unchanging riding ease into your present car, or cars, there are some three thousand authorized Stabilator Dealers to serve you. Consult your local telephone directory. John Warren Watson Company, Philadelphia, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 94)

it appears that he didn't do it. He's taken a large order; we'll have a card of our own to play."

XI

THEIR journey ended at Zaharion's Drug Store on One Hundred Eighty-First Street near Pinehurst Avenue—a bustling emporium dealing in bathing suits, ice cream, novels, tobacco, toys and tinware, and with quite a good side line of assorted drugs.

"Refill it?" said a dapper clerk, reaching for the little bottle.

"Unnecessary," said Little Amby. "Let me see your poison register."

"You'll have to see Mr. Zaharion personally. . . . Mr. Zaharion!"

"Yes, sir?" queried the dark-faced proprietor, approaching. He took the bottle and went with it into his prescription room. He called his visitors in.

"Here it is," he said, slapping an open record book. "We put down all about it—that being a Schedule A drug. It was bought November 23, 1915, for the purpose of killing a pet dog, and the dispenser was Manny Blatt—him that first waited on you."

"But who was the buyer and where does he live?"

"Ain't it there? . . . Manny!"

Manny came in. "What's the matter you don't write down about this medicine?" demanded his employer.

"Ain't it there?" asked Manny, looking. "Well, it must be I didn't write it down. Yes, I guess that's how it was. I didn't write it down, see?"

"I see you didn't write it down. I ask you, Manny, why is it you don't write it down?"

"Oh-h," said Manny, enlightened, "I see what you want. I thought you ask' me why isn't it there, see? But what you want is why isn't it there. Well, I guess I forgot to write it down. No, wait, just a minute—maybe the fellow didn't tell his name. That could be it too, see? Maybe there was customers waiting, Mr. Zaharion."

"Is that an answer?" cried Zaharion.

Manny's mouth opened; he caught his employer's arm. "So that's who it was! Now it comes back. Oh, the sucker."

"What is it, Manny?"

"Pictures I seen in the paper, about that big murder down in the Hotel Emeringe—and one picture I seen most particularly and I says to myself, 'Where have we met before?' I knew that face, Mr. Zaharion. But I couldn't place him, see? Now I got it. He is the man that bought this poison off of me last November. In the paper I seen him, Mr. Zaharion."

"A bright boy, hey?" said Mr. Zaharion, chuckling satisfiedly. "It is not many drug stores you will go into that will have a clerk like that who will remember a customer for a year almost."

"It would be even better if he'd put down in this register the information required by law," said Little Amby. "What did this buyer look like, Manny? Was he a big, stout gent?"

"Well, he was pretty big and stout."

"And did he have a heavy black beard?"

"He had a heavy beard. That I seen. If it was black, I would not be so sure."

"It's our man all right," said Little Amby, pulling out Sargent's pictures. "This is he, isn't it, Manny?"

"Oh, no," said Manny after a single look. "Why, that man got long whiskers and he is —— Well, he is not the same party."

"You're dizzy," protested Little Amby.

"I'm telling you, mister."

"Well, he could be the same, but not in the picture," suggested Zaharion. "Nobody ever is."

"What paper was that, now, I seen him in?" asked Manny of himself, and was surprised and disappointed to get no answer.

"You'd better come right downtown and look at him," said Little Amby. "I'm sure you're wrong. Get your hat."

"Huh?" ejaculated Manny.

"Huh?" said Zaharion. "Positively, he will not. That boy got plenty business right here."

"And we won't say anything about the crime of ladling out poison without getting the name and address of the buyer. Because, Manny, that responsibility is not on you but on your boss here."

"Unless it could be that he would be of assistance to you," said Zaharion. "If we could help a customer, we are only too glad, if we shouldn't make a cent. . . . Go on, Manny, like a good boy. Go on, you hear? Oh, how dumb you are."

Sanford, Little Amby and the drug clerk clambered into the cab and started the long trip to police headquarters on Grand Street.

"You asked the buyer what he wanted the stuff for?" questioned Little Amby.

"Sure, I did. I says to him, 'Mister, I don't want to get personal, but you want this here stuff to give to some pet animal you are very fond of, isn't it so?' And he says 'How about my wife? I'm fond of her too.' And I says, 'We don't want no comedy off guys coming in here to buy poison. You want to give to some pet animal you're very fond of, isn't it so?' I put it right up to him, see? I made him say yes, according to law. That's how we do business. There's only one way to do and that's right, isn't it so? It's like these guys coming in for a deck of dope. We tell them out and out, 'Nobody got a license to sell dope, but a doctor, see?' And we give him an address. Mr. Zaharion would be a sucker to do something wrong. He got a good business there."

At police headquarters they were admitted at once to the private office of the commander of the detective bureau.

"Do you see him here?" mumbled Little Amby to the drug clerk as they crossed the threshold.

"Sure thing," said Manny. "That's him."

"Hello, inspector," said Little Amby. With even more cordiality he shook hands with Sargent, who sat between a representative of the district attorney and a uniformed policeman. "Going to leave us, I hear. If you don't succeed in getting away, let me have a talk with you. Here's a piece of evidence, inspector, that you ought to have. It was found only yesterday by this man" - he pointed to Alfred Bonney who sat beside Wilbur Debrett against the wall -"and appreciating its importance, he hurried to turn it in. And here's the drug clerk who sold it up in Zaharion's Drug Store on the Heights. It seems that the buyer dashed off without leaving his name and address, but this young man tells me that he could identify him again. Look around, Manny, and tell the inspector if the party you sold that to is here in this room."

"Sure, he is," said Manny.

"Well, who is he?" exclaimed Conlin.

"That's him," said Manny, pointing toward the two men sitting against the wall.

"Put your hand on him!"

Wilbur Debrett stood up; he had gone very pale. "Never mind," he said. "I'm the man bought it."

"Yeah, that's him," said Manny.

"Well?" said Conlin. "Do you want to make a statement?"

"Do you want a lawyer?" asked Little Amby.

"I don't want a lawyer," said Wilbur. "I've got nothing to hide or lie about. I bought that stuff last November to give to a dog I had that was hit by a car. And I did give it to him too. I can show you where he's buried up in the Departed Pet Cemetery above Yonkers, and I paid fifty dollars to put him there, and I have the receipt. I can prove I gave it to him."

"But not all," said Conlin.

"No, not all. Very little of it. That stuff is so strong that you'd risk your life if you pulled out that cork and inhaled it. I knew what it was because I studied two terms at the College of Pharmacy. There was more than two-thirds of it left when ——"

"Well?"

"When my uncle I mean J. Harry Debrett stopped in to see me in my apartment up on the Heights. We were going to a new restaurant in the Dyckman and he stopped in to get me. That was the third week in March of this year. It was a Friday, I think. It was St. Patrick's Day."

"And then?"

"Well, that was all, that day, except that I knew the stuff was in a closet in the apartment. When I went down to my uncle's apartment that night of the twenty-first —— Well, first of all, I knew the stuff they'd been taking. There's nothing so quick. But you could smell it. No, no, don't smell that. Or be very careful. That's about all I have to say. Except that I went right back to my apartment and looked for the bottle, and it wasn't there."

"But you never told of this to anybody," grunted Conlin.

"What was the good? Sanford Watt was arrested on supicion, but he was let go right away."

"Will you hear me, sir?" said Sargent in his soft, rich voice. "The statement you have heard agrees with the one I came here to make, and I venture to think you won't accuse us of complicity."

"And what have you got to say?"

"I went to the apartment on the night of March twenty-first," began Sargent with an enjoyment that Sanford found odious. "The occasion was social, but it had a business background. I knew why I was being offered the courtesy. We had an excellent dinner Debrett, Ginsbert and I—and a pleasant one; Debrett had a reputation for hospitality.

"At no time was there anything in the demeanor of either of my companions to put me on my guard. At the end of the dinner Debrett dismissed his man Alfred, and I understood that he was securing privacy for a business talk.

"He went to the sideboard and took that cameo decanter and poured some of the Perusa into each of three small crystal goblets. He set a goblet at each of our plates and rose as if to propose a toast, when the telephone rang. I believe it was Mr. Watt who had rung up. Debrett put down his glass and hurried to the telephone; Ginsbert rose and went quietly after him, to listen in. They were there only ten feet from me, but in the doorway of the kitchenette. I seized the opportunity to pour my Perusa into their goblets, dividing it between them, and refilled my glass from a bottle of white wine that was still on the table.

"Debrett and Ginsbert returned to the table. Debrett lifted his glass, beckoning us to do the same, and cried, 'Here's to Crime and Poverty - bottoms up!' We all ——"

"Wait. Why did you pour your drink of Perusa into their glasses?"

"I never drink cordials. They upset me. And I didn't want to offend Debrett. So he cried 'Bottoms up!' And we all took off our drinks, tossed them off.

"Debrett sat down quickly, with an elbow on the arm of his chair and one arm extended across the cloth, the fingers drumming. He looked at me and then I knew that something had happened. There was a secret looking out of his eyes. Ginsbert made a gasping noise and got up from the table, but I watched Debrett. I felt that I was getting drunk, but I never took my eyes from him. I saw it in his face when he knew that he was poisoned.

"He was breathing strangely, inhaling quickly and then blowing it out at length. He tried to get up, but couldn't. I started for the telephone to get help. That's where they found me, I believe."

"Do you know of any reason why Debrett should seek to poison you or Ginsbert - that is, if you were poisoned?"

"None, sir. I must have been hit by a little left in my glass."

"What was the business you went there on?"

"It was about a mortgage on the Hotel Emeringe."

"Oh, yes, that's the mortgage you were fixing up with Debrett and Ginsbert. Well, what was said or done about that?"

(Continued on Page 100

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(Continued from Page 97)

"Debrett wanted an assignment of it. It was in my name, you know. And I wish it understood, inspector, that I still assert that that mortgage was an honest business deal on my part."

"You're not being accused of anything in relation to the mortgage now. Debrett wanted an assignment of the mortgage, did he? And did you give it to him?"

Sargent looked in silence at the floor.

"Perhaps I can help him out there," interposed Little Amby. He called over to Alfred. "What do you know about that assignment paper?"

"Nothing, sir," said Alfred. "Unless that might be the paper that Mr. Sargent asked me for on the following day. There was some legal paper with his name on it, and Mr. Debrett's, and Mr. Sargent said it was his and I let him have it. I had no conception, sir."

"There it is," said Little Amby. "All we need suppose now is that Sargent and Ginsbert made Debrett pay royally for that assignment of mortgage. We may suppose they asked him for a hundred thousand dollars."

"Why not two hundred thousand, Mr. Hinkle?" said Sargent gently.

"I stand corrected. Debrett got these two men to take the risk of forging and uttering the mortgage, and then he asked them to turn it over to him to sell. Then they struck him. Instead of accepting perhaps twenty thousand dollars between them, they demanded two hundred thousand. He agreed to give it to them and invited them to dinner. The assignment was drawn up, signed and acknowledged, and all that was left to do was to pay for it. Debrett decided to pay for it with a bottle of Perusa."

"He had the assignment and would get rid of them both at a stroke," nodded Conlin. "But where was his out?"

"A shocking accident, as the result of a drunken party. He would pour the rest of the Perusa down the sink, put his victims to bed, and find them there in the morning. Who could swear that if they split that bottle of Perusa between them it mightn't finish them off? It is known that the stuff contains hydrocyanic acid. Oh, there'd be suspicion, but no evidence."

"The assignment of mortgage?"

"I can tell you as a lawyer that an assignment does not need to be recorded. Possession of the bond and mortgage is enough, and I take it that Sargent had brought those with him. Debrett would wait a month, two months, until it would be forever too late, and then he'd make his claim. Debrett was broke and desperate. We know that. He had dissipated a sizable fortune belonging to Mr. Watt."

"Well, Mr. District Attorney?" queried Conlin.

"It sounds plausible," said the representative of the law-enforcement agency of the county. "I'll investigate it further, but it looks now as if our office will let him be taken back to Dallas."

Sargent was brought back to Dallas, and in due course he was convicted of a forgery that he had committed in that jurisdiction. His term, with all credits for blameless and even winning behavior, expired in 1925. I don't know why there weren't New York indictments waiting for him at the prison gate. It's likely that the New York authorities anticipated a failure of proof. That's good judgment; there are so many unwhipped rascals in New York that the district attorney has to pick and choose, and can't afford to spend the county's money on a fellow who will walk out of the courtroom with his fingers to his nose. Sargent was certainly guilty of forging and uttering, but it was up to somebody to go to court and swear him into jail and who'd do that? Not people who didn't want to dig up all the ugly collateral circumstances of the crime. To be blunt, I can't see Wilbur Debrett taking the stand, for one.

And Alfred Bonney wasn't available. There's a chap, now, who should have been held under a strong light. Just what was his part in the Debrett case? I sometimes think that slinking lad was as deep in the mud as any of them were in the mire, but I can't conscientiously assign him a larger part in weaving the tangled web than he has in the foregoing narrative.

The case did not go to trial on any count; that's the trouble. It isn't a mere matter of going to a court stenographer and buying a set of minutes. It's hard to reconstitute the happenings of twelve years ago, when practically nothing is down in black and white. Hard? It's hard to get people of average intelligence to agree on the details of something that happened yesterday. But in any event, Alfred Bonney went away between suns twelve years ago, leaving his tent and camp fire behind him.

Mrs. Harby? The main case against her wasn't so good. She had converted to her own use quite a few thousand dollars belonging to her mistress on her mistress' estate; I think we can assert that. But she had done her stealing in France, and the French republic at that time was simply rushed to death with big business.

Mrs. and Mr. Sanford Emeringe Watt were discussing the intricate and puzzling Debrett case recently. The subject came up in connection with a current newspaper story to the effect that Little Amby had died in London in the fall of 1925. They had an ineradicable kindness for that sinister little shyster even after he had been convicted and disbarred—the sneaking sympathy that an unreconstructed Southerner might be supposed to have for the Civil War guerrilla Jesse James, the charity for human frailty wherewith an Irishman from the olden time might clothe a boy who had bagged a landlord. He wasn't such a bad fellow, really.

They were walking in their walled garden atop the Hotel Emeringe, two hundred and fifty feet above the baked sidewalks of New York. Sanford had stepped without opposition into the ample property of Mrs. Sanford Emeringe, who had died leaving her surviving none of her blood.

"Sanford," said Mrs. Watt, choosing from their joint and several histories the only feature that could inexhaustibly interest an intelligent woman, "when did you first know you loved me?"

"Oh, bother, Julie," said Sanford, willing, as most men are, to let sleeping dogs lie.

"Was it when you proposed to me?"

"No. And it wasn't when you made me give up my studies and come down here to learn the hotel business. Though I realize now that that was ever so wise. Julie, I don't remember ever proposing to you."

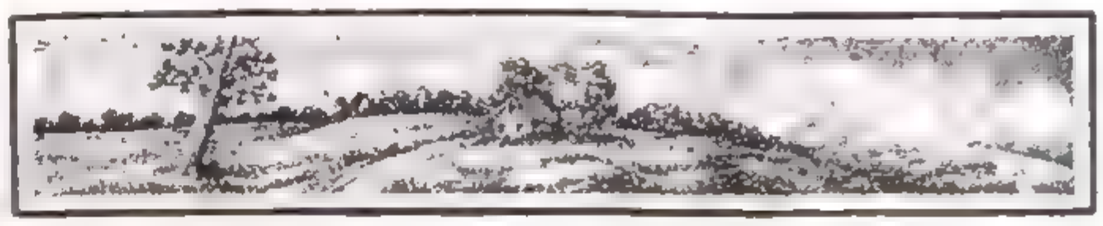
"Well, I declare. Do you want to see my marriage license? But you do love me yet, don't you? Sanford, do you think of me all the time, every day?"

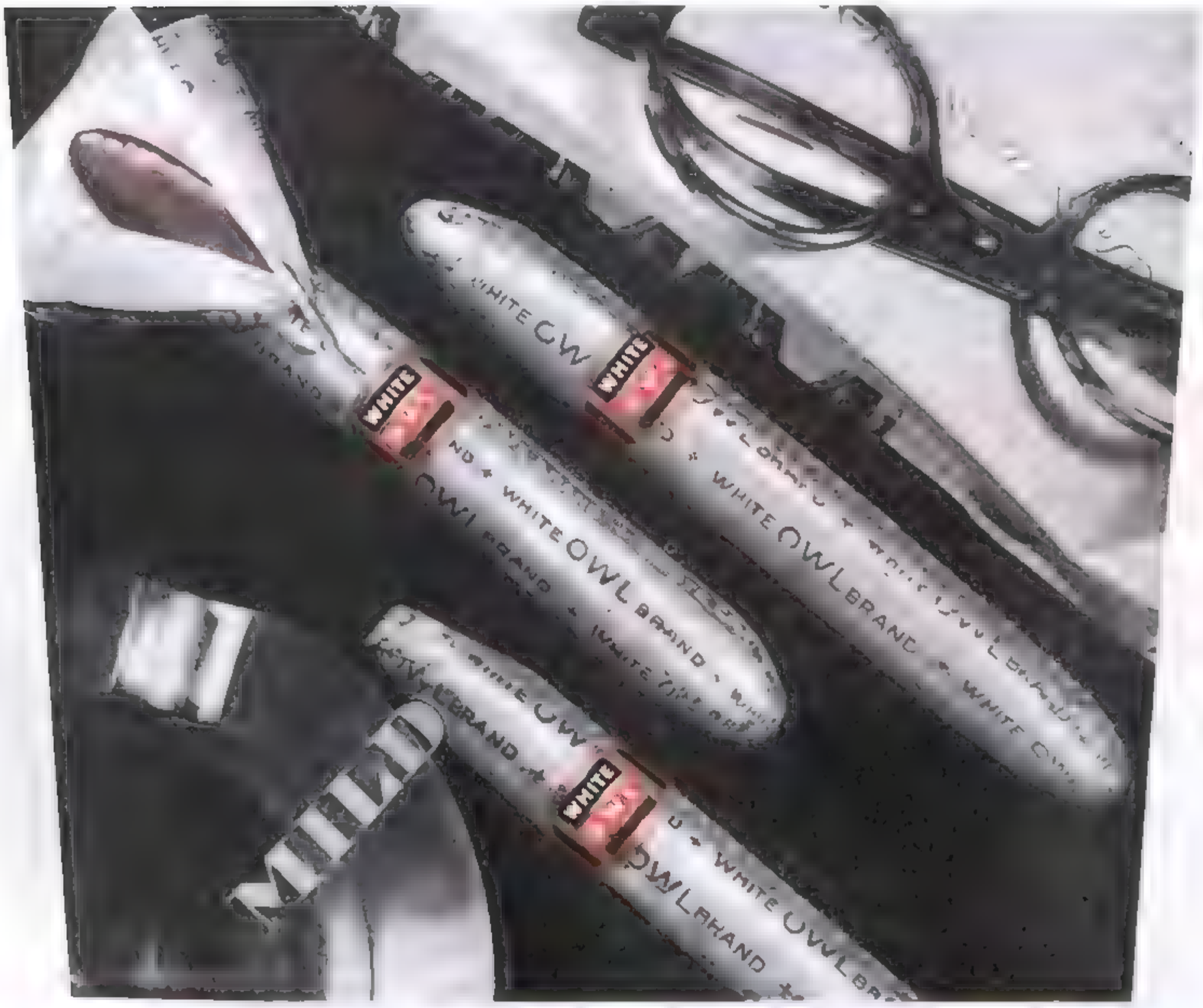
"Heavens, no," said Sanford, catching hold of his chin.

"Oh, go downstairs to work, you stick. But no; I won't let you go like that. Do you know when I first loved you? We were in an apartment downstairs and I was teasing you to make you notice me, and I asked you if you'd like to kiss me. And, Sanford, you didn't kiss me. I haven't forgotten that."

"Julie," he said, holding out his hands.

(THE END)





That ten-cent superstition

It's superstition that makes men pay ten cents for a cigar. They just have the ten-cent habit. No reason for it either, with White Owls at 3 for 20c. Mild, fragrant tobacco . . factory-fresh . . foil-wrapped . . the largest selling cigar in the world over a five-year period. If you're a ten-cent smoker, try White Owls . . And compare on quality alone.

White Owl
3 for 20c

CAN YOU WRITE A SLOGAN ?

Here's a chance to win some of the

$10,000 in Prizes

YALE-BOND* *Flashlight Feature* SLOGAN CONTEST

1183 Valuable Awards!

1st. PRIZE	2nd. PRIZE	3rd. PRIZE
$2,000	$1,000	$500

WHICH FEATURE *is the* MOST IMPORTANT ?

1. CANDLE LIGHT—You can easily transform a YALE-BOND flashlight into a powerful electric candle, merely by unscrewing the head and reversing the light bulb.
2. FIBRE CASE—YALE-BOND Flashlights are made with [illegible] instead of cardboard or easily-dented metal tubes. They will not bend or break.
3. SHOCK ABSORBERS—These sturdy metal attachments firmly cushion the batteries in YALE-BOND Flashlights and thereby protect the bulb against breakage.
4. 3-WAY SAFETY SWITCH—The YALE-BOND Safety Lock [illegible] prevents accidental burning, and provides [illegible] when the flashlight is not in use.
5. SAFETY SEAL—This feature exclusively YALE-BOND—protects the power of YALE-BOND Mono-Cells by preventing energy-draining short circuits.
6. WHAT IS IT—This is the [illegible] feature of YALE-BOND Flashlights and Mono-Cells. Your dealer will tell you all about it when you visit his store.

This new YALE-BOND Flashlight comes in 5 beautiful colors, with all six of the famous YALE-BOND features.

THE nation's highest-paid slogan writer! That's what the winner of the great YALE-BOND "Flashlight Feature" Slogan Contest will be. Will it be *you!*

Think of it! $2000 for writing a slogan that best summarizes the advantages of the *one* YALE-BOND Flashlight or Mono-Cell Feature which you think most important—Perhaps $500 or $1000 a word!

And so easy!—No long essays to write. No involved conditions—Good fun from start to finish!

There is also a second prize of $1000 as well as 1181 other awards, *giving everyone a good chance to win.*

Contest Blanks Free!

To make it easy for you, definite suggestions for your slogans are supplied by each of the six distinctive features of YALE-BOND Flashlights or Mono-Cells. A folder fully describing these features (with Official Contest Blank attached) is waiting for you at any of the *authorized* YALE-BOND dealers in your city.

You will recognize an *authorized* YALE-BOND dealer's store by the special Contest Window Display or other YALE-BOND signs. Go there today—get as many blanks as you want—examine carefully an actual YALE-BOND Flashlight and Mono-Cell—*see* what each feature is. Then submit as many slogans as you wish.

Remember each slogan must be on the one particular feature of YALE-BOND Flashlights or Mono-Cells which you [illegible] be of greatest value. Only six of these features are mentioned at the left. For the sixth "Mystery Feature" you should see the display in your authorized YALE-BOND dealer's store—or the folder containing the Contest Blank.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contestant should study carefully the six features of YALE-BOND Flashlights and Mono-Cells which are described on the Official Contest Blank. He should then select the one he believes the most important and write one or more slogans on that feature. Prizes will be awarded for those, which in the opinion of the judges, best describe the YALE-BOND features.
2. Contestants may submit as many slogans as they wish.
3. Each slogan should be written on a separate Official Contest Blank—supplied free by YALE-BOND Dealers everywhere.
4. Anyone may enter the Contest excepting those connected with the Bond Electric Corporation, or members of their families.
5. In the event that a winning slogan is duplicated, each contestant submitting the duplicated slogan will be paid the full amount of the prize.
6. All entries must be received not later than midnight of December 31st, 1928, addressed to Bond Electric Corporation, Jersey City, N. J. The prize winners will be announced as soon thereafter as possible.
7. All slogans submitted in this contest become the property of this company and may be used in advertising or otherwise. None will be returned.
8. Each contestant gives to the company the right to use his or her name in any advertising that may be prepared announcing the winners.
9. The prize awards made by the judges must be considered final.

BOND ELECTRIC CORPORATION

(Formerly Yale Electric Corporation)

Chicago JERSEY CITY, N. J. San Francisco

Manufacturers of Radio "A" "B" and "C" Batteries, Storage and Dry Batteries, Flashlights, Mono-Cells

*In order to prevent possible confusion with the products of other manufacturers, Yale Flashlights and Batteries will hereafter be called by the name "BOND."

YALE BOND

If it is not convenient for you to locate an authorized YALE-BOND dealer, mail this coupon at the right and all information will be forwarded Free of Charge.

BOND ELECTRIC CORP.
Jersey City, N.J.

Dear Sirs: Please send me Free Contest Blanks.

Name (Print)

Address

City State

Dealer's Name

Address

LIMITS

Continued from Page 13

Jemima bridled. "I didn't say anything of the kind," she retorted triumphantly. "I said I was offered a hundred dollars a month. What I finally rented it for was one hundred and twenty-five a month, furnished. And, provided you are willin' to put up with plain livin' and my best bedroom for the next three months—if you can worry along without makin' your own coffee in a saucepan and eatin' the Lord knows what that you cook yourself—you can stay right here and pay me fifteen dollars a week. The other sixty-five a month will be your very own. That was the proposal I had in mind to make you, Asaph Black. I thought it was a pretty liberal one. The new tenants are in your house already. If they're to be turned out of it—well, that's your lookout and your job. I've done my duty. I've said my say. I'm through."

II

SHE was not through, of course, and Asaph knew her too well to expect any such sudden finish. She talked steadily for another hour. The interview ended by Mr. Black's avowing that he was not only satisfied with the arrangement but delighted, and that, so far as occupying her spare bedroom and eating his meals at her table for the next three months were concerned, nothing else on earth would please him as well

But he lied when he said it and, when the long session was finished and the penitent expressed a desire to go to his new quarters and wash up, he climbed the stairs thoroughly miserable. The sight of his Sunday suit hanging in the closet and his scanty stock of shirts and underwear neatly arranged in the bureau drawers served to emphasize the fixed and unalterable character of his money. It was worth a whole lot more than sixty-five dollars a month to serve a three months' sentence with Jemima as jailer.

The sole ray of light in the gloom was the fact that, thus far at least, she had not asked him a single question concerning his doings at the fair.

Nor did she ask. Apparently the excitement attending the consummation of the great "business deal" had caused her to forget all else. He did not remind her. Their conversation at table and in the sitting room during the long evenings dealt mainly with what should be done with the rent money already in his possession and the balance which was to come. He had given some thought to that subject himself and a trip to Boston and the purchase of a radio set were among the possibilities of which he had begun to dream.

"I see one of them radios up to the fair, Jemima," he confided incautiously. "Cutest little thing you ever laid eyes on. If I had one of them down to the shanty when I'm there alone I could just switch her on and hear folks singin' and bands a-playin' in New York or Boston or 'most anywheres. 'Twould be kind of comp'ny for me, now wouldn't it?"

Mrs. Snow's stiff back became even more rigid.

"I want to know!" she observed, with sarcasm. "And how much does one of those radio contraptions cost, may I be so presumin' as to ask?"

Asaph coughed. "Well, the one I see," he said, somewhat hesitatingly, "was ninety-five dollars. Of course that was a kind of high-toned one, but they tell me some comes less than that."

"Really! Even less than ninety-five! Well, when I want to hear music I go to church and it costs me just the ten cents I put in the plate. Of course I don't expect you to go to church—that would beat all the miracles in Scripture—but I do expect you to put every cent of that rent money in the savin's bank. The thought of it, pilin' up interest, would be a plaguy sight better company than a radio machine for a person who doesn't earn any more than you do, I should say, Asaph Black. Don't you dare mention such foolishness to me again."

He did not She did, however, and the result of his ill-judged reference to the contemplated extravagance was her repeated declaration that she intended to take care of that money for him in order that he might have a penny to bless himself with in his old age. She announced that every healthy person should have something to take up his or her mind and, as there was no painting to be done in the village, she should keep him busy around the house. He helped her with the dishes, scrubbed the kitchen floor, and sometimes—blessed reliefs those times were—was sent to the village on errands. From one of these errands he returned with a bit of news.

"I see one of them tenants of mine—of ours, I mean—down to the store," he said. "He was in there buyin' a box of cigars. Two-for-a-quarter ones, they was, too, the best they had in stock. Must be fine to be rich. I wish I was."

His sister sniffed. "Well, you never will be," she observed. "Which one was it? What did he say?"

"He was the big, red-faced one—Mr. Dugan, I heard the store folks call him. There's four of 'em altogether, so I understand. They've got a gasoline boat that goes about a mile a minute and they're off in her a good part of the time. Nobody seems to be very chummy with 'em. They keep pretty much to themselves, from all accounts; don't seem to want to make friends."

"Humph! Millionaires ain't in the habit of chummin' with store loafers, I shouldn't wonder. Did this Mr. Dugan talk? Did you hear him say anything?"

"He said somethin' to me. Bein' his landlord, as you might say, I thought I'd ought to be sociable, so I spoke to him. 'How d'ye do, sir?' I says. 'Ducks begun to fly yet? Nice fresh weather we're havin', ain't it?' Now I didn't mean nothin' out of the way by that, just bein' polite I was, but he looked me over as if I'd trod on his foot. 'There's some fresh ducks out in it, anyhow,' he says, and walks off. All the gang laughed and I felt like a fool."

"And looked like one, I don't doubt. Dear, dear! Now that yarn'll be told all over town and you'll be the butt, as usual. Why in the world should you think a gentleman like him wanted to listen to your clack about the weather? . . . Eh? What's that you're mumblin' to yourself?"

Asaph was on his way to the door. "Oh, nothin'," he answered hastily.

"Yes, there was somethin' too. What was it?"

"Well, I just said that he might be a gentleman—I suppose he is, if he can pay a hundred and twenty-five a month for a shanty to shoot ducks out of—but he don't look like one. If I didn't know he was a millionaire I'd call him a mighty hard-lookin' ticket. . . . Yes, and I ain't the only one who thinks so. Ellis Dayton, he happened to be there and heard what was said, and he followed me out of the store to tell me he thought 'twas a shame. He said he was surprised and shocked—yes, sir, shocked. I had to tell him all I knew about the four of 'em—how they came to rent my place and all—afore he'd believe that I hadn't made a mistake and that that fellow really was a tenant of mine. So there now, Jemima!"

Jemima was anything but impressed.

"Ellis Dayton!" she repeated scornfully. "Just a common state policeman who spends his time racin' up and down the roads on one of those awful motorcycles, and we taxpayers have to provide his wages. I send you on errands and you dally around gossipin' with Ellis Dayton! All right! I've had my lesson. I'll do my own errands after this."

She did, and thereafter even these respites were denied her half brother. The

Continued on Page 105

Don't Lose Anti-Freeze solution through leaks

IF YOUR SERVICE MAN FORGETS, YOU REMIND HIM—

Before putting alcohol or other anti-freeze solutions into your automobile radiator to prevent freezing, be sure that all leaks in the radiator, hose connections, etc., are completely stopped. Otherwise, this expensive anti-freeze solution will be wasted.

Stop Leaks Yourself *for* 75c

Warner Liquid Solder quickly finds and stops leaks anywhere in your automobile's cooling system. It makes a complete and permanent repair. Positively does not clog circulation and guaranteed absolutely harmless to radiator and motor. Also prevents new leaks from developing. Loss of water through leaks means a damaged if not a ruined motor. Go to any accessory or hardware store or garage and ask for a can of Warner Liquid Solder. There is nothing "just as good." Sold on money-back basis.

Warner Liquid Solder works equally well in combination with alcohol or other anti-freeze solutions. Guaranteed absolutely harmless

Big Truck and Tractor Size $1.00 Passenger Car Size 75c
CANADIAN PRICES: 10 oz. can 85c—16 oz. can $1.25

ALSO *now is the time*

To *make your gears shift as* EASILY IN WINTER *as they do in summer*

In cold weather, the oil becomes stiff and hard in your car's transmission, making the gears very difficult to shift. Not only that, but the heavy stiff oil backs up against the gears and makes a channel, preventing lubrication. Simply add a pint of Warner Penetreen to the oil in your car's transmission and it will make it keep the oil fluid, so that gears shift easily and lubrication is retained. It is not necessary to change the oil, just add Warner Penetreen. One pint for transmission. One half pint for differential.

Truly,
A LIQUID MAGIC

If your garage cannot service your car with Warner Penetreen, send us seventy-five cents and we will send you a pint, enough for your transmission, postage paid, and you can do it yourself.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.

General Offices: Chicago, Ill., 920 S. Michigan Ave. New York, 17 W. 60th St. Los Angeles, 250 W. 15th.
Canadian Offices: Montreal, 716 St. James St.; Winnipeg, 208 Kennedy Bldg. *Export Department:* 549 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Cable Address: "Wallpatts Chicago," Bentley Western Union Codes.

Flying Brands *will not* Ignite a J-M Built-up Asbestos Roof

The unburnable nature of asbestos makes Johns-Manville Felt particularly valuable for roofing industrial plants, office buildings, or any large structures.

Roofing felt is the term applied to the water-proof web which forms the basis of all built-up roofs.

Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofs are built up with layer upon layer of ASBESTOS Felt. Over this is laid a covering of smooth roofing asphalt.

"Roofing Sandwich" Fire Test proves difference

To show graphically the difference between Johns-Manville Asbestos Felt and rag felt we have prepared the "Roofing Sandwich." A piece of Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing Felt and one of rag felt are clipped between a card and a sheet of celluloid. A flame is applied. The celluloid flares up in blazing heat. The rag felt is reduced to ash. But the Johns-Manville Asbestos Felt is strong and substantial after the terrific heat of the burning celluloid. Asbestos will not burn.

Let us send you the "Roofing Sandwich." Make this test for yourself. Or ask one of our salesmen to show you the merits of Asbestos Felt.

Will not flow on Slopes

Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofs are equally effective on sloping or flat roofs. This material will not flow when heated by sunlight. The surface is clean, smooth and free from gravel or slag. There is nothing to slide into drains or clog downspouts. Many of America's most famous industrial plants have roofed every building constructed for years with Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofs.

Let the "Roofing Sandwich" Fire Test Show You the Facts

We shall be glad to tell you in person or by letter more about our roofs—who uses them and why. Address: Built-up Roofing Department, Johns-Manville Corporation, New York, Chicago, Cleveland, or San Francisco.

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco
Branches in all large cities
Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto

Please send me free of cost the "Roofing Sandwich."

Name

Company

Address

MASTER of ASBESTOS
Johns-Manville
BUILT-UP ASBESTOS ROOFING

(Continued from Page 103)

first fortnight of his imprisonment came to an end and the third week dragged on. Each day was duller and longer than that preceding it. When he went to his room at night he sat by the window gazing out through the binoculars which had belonged to the late Captain Sylvanus, at the distant specks of light which marked the panes of his beloved hermitage by the beach, and the ache of his homesickness caused him to groan aloud. Apparently his tenants kept late hours. On one occasion, when a too liberal indulgence in Jemima's baked beans and cranberry pie prevented his sleeping, he crawled out of bed and, although it was long after midnight, those lights were still burning. Also he saw, or fancied that he did, another light out on the bay, a mile or two from shore. If this light was real, and not imaginary, it must be on board a vessel of some kind. During his lifelong occupancy of the cottage no craft larger than a dory had ventured as near shore as that in those shoal waters, even in the daytime.

For one to do so at night was extraordinary. He was very much puzzled, but the next morning he did not mention the happening to Mrs. Snow. She would want to know why he was out of bed at such an hour and as certain hints of his concerning indigestion had been most ungraciously received, he realized that to refer to the subject again would be merely inviting more trouble.

III

THE following day Jemima announced that she was planning to attend the annual business meeting and supper of the sewing circle at Mrs. Seth Bascom's and, as mere men were not privileged to be present at that function, he would have to stay at home.

"I declare I don't know what you'll find in the house to eat," she said. "I intended to order a bucket of clams from the fish man and let you make yourself a chowder, but I forgot and now it's too late. You'll have to stay your stomach with bread and milk, I guess. 'Twon't do you any harm to fast a little anyway. It may help that dyspepsy you was grumblin' about all yesterday afternoon."

This slighting reference to the dyspepsia, which even at that moment was causing its possessor decided discomfort, was a little too much. Asaph was spurred to something near rebellion.

"Bread and milk!" he snorted. "What do you think I am—somebody in a hospital? A chowder's all right; I'd like a chowder, and I can make one too. Yes," with a sudden inspiration, "and I can dig my own clams. There's bushels of 'em down on the flats in front of my place."

Jemima regarded him with suspicion.

"Humph!" she said. "I see. I know you too well. You'd start out pretendin' to be after clams, but you'd end up in the billiard saloon or some other disgraceful place. You eat your bread and milk. It'll be a whole lot better than clam chowder for a person with dyspepsy. You stay home and behave yourself tonight, and tomorrow I'll give you a dinner that will be worth waitin' for."

"I shan't!" furiously. "I ain't goin' to be put off with bread and milk like—like a young one, while you are eatin' riz biscuits and chicken salad with that gang of old hens at sewin' circle. If you can't provide me with a decent supper I'll get one of my own. Where did you put my clam hoe and dreener when you fetched my things up here? You tell me now! Where are they?"

Jemima laughed shortly. "I don't know where they are," she said. "For all I know they're down at your place yet. I had enough trouble sortin' out necessaries from the rag, tag and bobtail of your belongin's without botherin' to hunt for clam hoes and dreeners. . . . And"—with sudden asperity—"I shouldn't call the very best wives and mothers in this town a bunch of old hens, if I was you. They might come to hear of it. It would serve you just right if I told 'em you called 'em that. Maybe I will."

This was a facer. Asaph gasped. "My land of love, Jemima!" he cried in horror. "You wouldn't do that!"

"Wouldn't I? Well, maybe I won't, if you stay here in this house and stop complainin' about your food."

"But, Jemima, I don't like bread and milk; I can't stand it!"

"'Twill do your stomach good to stand it for once. . . . Now I'm goin' along. I'll be home about half-past ten or so. Good night."

"But—but, Jemima, I could go down to the hotel or somewheres and buy myself a supper, couldn't I? If you'll let me have seventy-five cents or so out of that rent money you're keepin' for me, I ——"

The slam of the door was his only answer. She had not taken the trouble even to deny his request.

He tramped savagely back to the sitting room and threw himself into a chair. For half an hour he sat there, scowling and muttering to himself. If Mrs. Snow could have seen him she might have recognized the symptoms and temporized before it was too late. The odd strain of stubbornness in the little man's make-up was developing. He was making up his mind. It was not entirely made up as yet, her threat to tell the members of the sewing circle that he had referred to them as "old hens" was still acting as a brake upon his resolution, but even that brake was beginning to slip. When, at last, he rose and returned to the kitchen, it had slipped far indeed.

He opened the bread box in the pantry. The sight of the dry loaf within was the final straw. He slammed down the cover of the box and, seizing his cap from the peg, marched out of the house.

"There's limits!" he cried aloud. "Yes, sir, by time, limits!"

All the way along the path across the fields to the shore he continued to scowl and mutter. The sight of his own little shanty standing alone amid its patches of bayberry and beach-plum bushes caused him a bitter pang of homesickness. The place was apparently deserted; there was no one in the yard and the window shades were drawn down. The motorboat belonging to his tenants was not at its moorings. Yet, when he rapped at the door, that door was opened promptly and one of the New York duckers—not Dugan, but another—appeared on the threshold. He was a broad-shouldered, square-chinned young fellow and he looked the caller over with anything but a smile of welcome.

"Well?" he demanded gruffly. "What do you want?"

Asaph politely touched his cap brim. "Good afternoon," he stammered. "I just wanted to ask you if you'd be so good as to let me come in and get my clam hoe and dreener. My sister—Mrs. Snow, you understand—she left 'em here by mistake when she moved me up to her house. It'll be all right if I just hop in and get 'em, won't it, mister?"

He took a step nearer the door, but the man blocking his entrance did not budge.

"Back up!" he growled. "What is all this, anyway?"

"Eh? Why—oh, I guess likely you don't know me, maybe. My name's Black. I'm the feller you hire this house of. I was cal'latin' to dig a few clams down here on the beach, and so ——"

"What beach?"

"Why, this one out in front yonder. If I could get my hoe ——"

"Get nothin'! Who sent you down here, anyway?"

"Nobody sent me. I came myself. You see ——"

"Hold on! There's a sign out there by the gate. Did you see that?"

He pointed. The sign was nailed to the front fence and it bore the words No Trespassing. Asaph nodded.

"Why, yes," he admitted, "I see the sign all right, but ——"

"Never mind the buts. It means what it says. What are you tryin' to get into this house for? Who put you up to it?"

"Nobody put me up. You don't understand."

"I guess I understand all right. See here, you; that sign was put there to keep people off these premises. Those that ain't looking for trouble better pay attention to it, do you hear?"

"But—but all I want is to dig a passel of clams."

"Then go dig 'em somewhere else. Clear out! And don't come back! That's enough! Move!"

Asaph moved—that is, he stepped back a yard or two. The door closed. From behind it sounded the grating of a key in a rusty lock.

Mr. Black turned and walked slowly to the gate and along the path he had come. For more than half of the way to his sister's house he walked in a sort of unbelieving trance. In all his experience as a resident of West Trumet he had never been treated like this before. To be denied admittance to his own house to reclaim his own property was—why why, it was outrageous. The more he considered it when he reached a state where he could consider anything—the more angry he became. And the angrier he grew the more doggedly stubborn.

At the Snow back door he voiced his feelings aloud.

"By—by godfreys!" he gurgled, apostrophizing nobody and nothing in particular. "I'll show 'em! Yes, I will! First Jemima and then that feller! Got to eat bread and milk sop and can't go in my own house to get my own property to dig my own clams on my own beach. Well, we'll see! I'll show 'em! There's limits!"

He rushed into the woodshed, seized a garden hoe and a water bucket and dashed out again. If his half sister or any of her neighbors could have seen him, trotting along the path to the beach, talking to himself and brandishing the hoe like a spear, they might have telephoned the doctor or the police.

The tide was ebbing and a section of flat near the shore was uncovered. He splashed through the puddles and, just beyond the outer edge of the sedge grass, began to dig furiously. The sharp edge of the garden hoe crashed through the shells of at least half the clams he brought to the surface, but he was too excited to notice or mind. He threw the mutilated remains into the bucket and dug on, muttering the while.

Then a voice behind him said: "So you did come back, eh?"

Asaph jumped and turned. The broad-shouldered young man who had ordered him off the premises was standing beside him and in his hands was a double-barreled shotgun.

Mr. Black's mouth fell open. He stared at the man; then shifted his gaze to the gun. Its muzzle was pointed at his head.

"So you came back, did you?" snarled the man. "Didn't I tell you that unless you were hunting trouble you'd better keep away from here? I sure did! And now the trouble's hunting you. I've got it right here, a double dose of it. See?"

He moved the barrels of the shotgun up and down. Asaph dodged.

"Don't do that!" he squealed. "Don't be so careless with that gun. Land sakes alive! It might be loaded, for all you know."

The New York ducker grinned, the most unpleasant grin Asaph had ever seen.

"Don't worry, it's loaded all right," he said ominously. "Now then, you beat it! D'ye hear me? Beat it!"

Mr. Black heard him perfectly well, but in spite of his fear of the gun, he ventured one more frantic protest.

"Say," Mr. Black sputtered shrilly, "I guess you don't know what you're doin', mister. I own this house you're livin' in and I own this beach too. If I can't dig my own clams on my own beach I'd like to know why."

"I'm telling you why. You can't because I don't want you to. You clear out, and the next time you set foot on this property I'll fill you full of buckshot first and talk with you afterward. And that goes for any other dirty spy that comes sneaking around here. Get!"

He lifted the gun and the hammers clicked as he raised them to full cock. Asaph did not wait to hear more. He fled—and in the precipitancy of his flight he left the partially filled bucket and Jemima's garden hoe behind him. His tenant watched him galloping up the beach and laughed grimly. That particular intruder was badly scared. He would not intrude again, or he missed his guess.

IV

IF HE had been on watch at nine that very evening, he would have been forced to realize what a complete miss that guess had been. Asaph had been scared, he was still so badly frightened that his legs shook under him, but in spite of his fear he was again standing in the shelter of the clump of bayberry bushes marking the spot where the path across the fields emerged upon the beach. He was standing there, peering at the house, and trying to summon courage to tiptoe on to the flat where he had left the hoe and bucket. He was in terror, he was trembling from head to foot, but stronger than his fear was his anger and that curious streak of dogged obstinacy which, on rare occasions, caused him to defy even his half sister. Drive him off his own property, would they? Prevent his digging his own clams on his own beach, would they? They shouldn't do it! Nobody should do it! He would show them! There were limits!

He had told Ellis Dayton, the state policeman, that very thing. Dayton had accosted him as he was blindly hurrying home after his second encounter with the ducker and his shotgun. Ellis had seized his arm, shaken him into a semblance of sanity and coherence, and had been greatly interested in the tale the little man had to tell.

"I—I—I won't be treated no such way," sputtered Asaph, almost weeping in his fury and resentment. "I'll show them millionaires that I've got rights, even if I haven't got as much money as they have. If I want to dig clams—my own clams, by time!—I'll dig 'em. I—I will, if I have to locate 'em by sense of smell in the middle of the night. You hear me say it, and I mean it, Ellis Dayton. You just wait and see what happens."

Dayton patted his shoulder. "There, there, Ase," he said soothingly, "go in the house and calm down. As for those duck-shooting tenants of yours—well, maybe they'll get what is coming to them one of these days. Keep your hair on and your eyes open, and I shouldn't wonder if you and they got a surprise. Now go inside and forget it."

Asaph went in, but he did not forget. He ignored the loathed bread and milk entirely and spent the hours between six and eight-thirty peering through the binoculars from his bedroom window, peering, waiting, and summoning all his strength of will. At a quarter to nine he left the house and followed the path across the fields. It was a dark, cloudy night, but the way was familiar; he could have followed it blindfold.

The cottage, as he peeped out at it from the bayberry clump, was dark, not a light anywhere. Asaph found comfort in the probability that the duckers were out, uptown or somewhere. The motorboat, too, was still absent from its moorings. No one could see him if he were careful, and careful he certainly meant to be.

Walking on tiptoe, he hastened down to the beach and out upon the flat to the spot where he had been digging. There another unpleasant surprise awaited him. The hoe and bucket were not where he had dropped them. Obviously they had been taken away—probably up to the cottage. He had come determined to dig those clams or die in the attempt. Now, unless he dug them with his fingers and carried them home in his pockets, this was impossible. And what explanation could he give to Jemima when she discovered that her new hoe and best bucket were missing?

For some minutes he stood there, facing this new catastrophe and its alarming consequences. Then he walked slowly back to the beach and halted to stare through the

(Continued on Page 108)

DODGE BROTHERS
VICTORY SIX

The only car of its kind in the world .. in nine smart new body styles

Victory Six roadability and performance have brought to its price field a revolutionary new luxury in motoring.

No other car in the world is built the Victory Six way, and no car at near its price can match Victory steadiness on the curves, Victory handling ease, or Victory smoothness at high speed on rough roads.

These qualities result from the fact that the Victory chassis is extremely low and that body sills are entirely eliminated by the new and exclusive Dodge design.

And now these brilliant new cars are available in 9 beautiful body styles—bigger and more luxurious than ever, with wider seats and doors, still greater headroom, smarter lines and colors, soundproof Victory coachwork and the rugged dependability that you have always associated with the great name Dodge Brothers.

PRICES—*Touring Car, $995; Roadster, $995; Coupe, $1045; 4-Door Sedan, $1095; DeLuxe Sedan, $1170; DeLuxe 4-Passenger Coupe, $1170; Sport Roadster, $1245; Sport Touring Car, $1245; Sport Sedan, $1295—f. o. b. Detroit*

(Continued from Page 105

blackness at the little house. A new idea was beginning to shape itself in his mind. It was a wild, desperate idea, one which he ordinarily would have considered absolutely insane, but the happenings of that afternoon and evening were driving Asaph Black to the verge of insanity. He shook his fist at the cottage.

"I'll show you!" he whispered savagely. "You ain't licked me yet. I'll show you!"

He tiptoed through the yard and peeped beneath one of the drawn window shades. He could see nothing within, and, although he listened intently, he could hear nothing either. He crept around the corner and peeped and listened at the kitchen window. Blackness and silence there also. Then with a shaking hand he tried both front and back doors. They were locked. The duckers were out; the house was deserted. If he could get in he could find and reclaim not only Jemima's property but his own clam hoe and dreener. Yes, and dig the clams, as he had sworn to do. If he could get in - and knowing that cottage as he did, he was confident that he could.

At the rear of the kitchen was the woodshed, and the lock on the woodshed window had been broken for years. Asaph put his hand to the sash and pushed upward gently. The window rose. A moment later he was scrambling over the sill.

The woodshed was pitchy dark, of course, but Asaph was familiar with every inch of it. So, too, with the kitchen, when he entered it. And the little sitting room, where he cautiously peeped through the crack of the door, was black and quiet. He was alone in the house; there was no doubt of it. His crazy plan had worked—yes, sir, it had worked! Now to find the things he had risked so much to find.

There were matches in his pocket, and he lit one and glanced about the sitting room. It was in a disorderly state. There were rubber boots on the haircloth sofa, and the chromo depicting the Palisades of the Hudson, which had hung on the wall above, was standing in a corner with its glass broken. On the walnut center table were bottles and glasses. So much he saw by the light of the first match. The hoe and bucket, however, he did not see. Subsequent search and the use of more matches convinced him that they were not in that room.

Nor were they in the kitchen or woodshed. They might be in one of the two bedrooms and, setting his teeth upon his failing courage, he prepared to ascend the stairs. Then it occurred to him that the cellar might be a more likely place. He turned to the cellar door, which opened from the little hall between the kitchen and sitting room. It was fastened with a large iron bolt—affixed even before his father's purchase of the house—and the bolt fitted into heavy iron clamps on the jamb. Asaph pushed back the bolt, opened the door and descended.

The cellar in the Black cottage was like that of most old-fashioned houses in that section of New England. It was round, of a width of perhaps fifteen feet, windowless, and with its sides stoned and cemented like a well. The rough wooden stairs were steep. Asaph cautiously descended them in the darkness. Then he lit one of his few remaining matches and looked about him.

To his amazement the cellar, which during his occupancy of the little house had been almost empty, was now half filled with wooden boxes and burlap bags, the latter bulging knobbily. Boxes and bags were piled against the cellar walls and almost the only clear space was that immediately at the foot of the stairs. He touched one of the bags with the toe of his boot. It clinked when he touched it.

The match he was holding burned his fingers. He dropped it, lit another, and then uttered an exclamation of triumph. There they were, at last! not only Mrs. Snow's hoe and bucket, but his own four-pronged clam hoe and lath drainer. They were there, leaning against the wall beneath the staircase at the spot where the pile of boxes ended. He darted forward and seized the clam hoe by the handle. Then his heart jumped—jumped again and took a sudden dive in the direction of his boots. The front door of the house had opened and footsteps sounded upon the floor overhead.

At the sound of those footsteps and the low-toned murmur of gruff, masculine voices accompanying it, Asaph Black, figuratively speaking, went all to pieces. He forgot his triumph at the discovery and recovery of his property, forgot his grudge against Jemima and the bread and milk, forgot the fury of resentment against those tenants of his which had occupied his mind for hours and which had spurred him to the rash breaking and entering of his own premises. He forgot everything except the one all important and appalling fact that those tenants were where they were and he was where he was. A rat, interrupted in its cheese feast by the snap of the closing door of the trap, could not have flown into more complete panic than he just then.

Still unconsciously clutching the handle of the clam hoe, he tottered in frenzied circles about the cleared space at the foot of the cellar stairs. He heard the footsteps pass from sitting room to kitchen and back again. The voices growled and murmured. Then—and Asaph's heart gave one more horrified leap from the region of his belt to his throat—the latch of the cellar door clicked. He squeezed his small body beneath the stairs and crouched there, his teeth chattering.

The door was thrown open and a light shone upon the wall at the head of the stairs.

"Come on, you fellows," said a rough voice. "We've got to get this stuff out in a hurry. The truck'll be here any minute."

The light broadened as the speaker descended the stairs. It was Dugan, and he carried a lantern. Three other men—one the young ruffian who had driven Asaph from the beach that afternoon—followed. The space between the stairs and the heap of boxes and bags became crowded. Dugan's back was within a foot of his landlord's nose. The owner of that nose held his breath.

"We'll get this case stuff out first," said Dugan. "Pile the bags anywhere you can. Get a move on, will you? I don't like the looks of things around here, I tell you; haven't for the last week."

One of the others laughed. "Mike's got the willies," he observed. "He's scared of that little guy you booted off the place this afternoon, Jim."

Jim chuckled. "That runt won't bother us for a while, I'll bet a dollar," he observed. "If you'd seen him beating it for home and mother when I poked the old gun at him, Mike, you'd have laughed. He was just a rube after clams. He won't come back."

"Maybe not, but it's why he was here at all that gets my goat. And I don't like the way that motorcycle bull has been hanging around town, either. . . . Come, shove some of those bags out of the way. Put 'em under the stairs back of me here. . . . What's that?"

He had turned and the lantern light fell upon the form of Mr. Black, crouching in his hiding place. The four men looked at Asaph and he looked at them.

Dugan was the first to recover.

"What the devil!" he shouted. "Who—come out of that, you!"

Asaph came out. Although quite unaware of it, he was still clutching the clam hoe. Jim uttered a profane exclamation.

"It's him! It's the runt!" he cried.

"Eh? What's that?" demanded Dugan.

"It's the guy that was nosing around here this afternoon. Why, the dirty dog!"

He was moving toward Asaph, his fist lifted. Dugan pushed him back.

"Shut up!" he ordered. "Now then, you! Out with it! What are you doing here?"

Asaph strove to answer. "I came here to—to get my hoe," he stammered. "That's so, honest it is! I—I ——"

"Aw, rats! What are you doing here, I ask you? Who sent you here?"

"No-nobody sent me. I—I came to get back my hoe and bucket that—that he stole from me. I've got a right to what belongs to me, ain't I? This is my house—and and —— Keep him off me! Don't you let him touch me. If you do I'll have the law on the whole gang of you."

"Let me knock his block off, Mike," pleaded Jim. "What are you holding me back for? I'll fix him so he won't do any more spying for one spell."

"Shut up!" repeated Dugan. "Wait! I want to know who's behind him in this game. Come now! Come across, you little sawed-off sneak, or I'll chuck you through that wall."

"Don't you dare touch me!" screamed Asaph, his terror and desperation goading him to a perfect frenzy. "I own this house, don't I? I've got rights to my own property, ain't I? I—I—by time, I won't stand it! There's limits! I —— You let me go, or "

Jim made a dart at him under Dugan's arm—the arm which held the uplifted lantern. Asaph shrieked and whirled the clam hoe. Its prongs missed his assailant's head by less than an inch and the head was jerked violently upward, knocking the lantern from Dugan's hand and sending it crashing to the floor. The cellar was in black darkness.

Tumult ensued. Oaths, scrambling rushes, the crash of glass as one of the duckers fell headlong over a bag. Then, from the doorway at the head of the stairs, came the voice of Asaph Black.

"I'll show 'em!" shouted Asaph, tears of rage and fright hopping down his leathery cheeks. "I'll show the whole caboodle of 'em, same as I said I would! Steal my things, will they? Make me live on bread and milk, will they? Keep me from diggin' my own clams with a shotgun, will they? I'll show 'em whether they will or not! I ——"

The thunder of rushing feet on the stairs broke off the tirade in the middle. With a final screech of defiance Asaph slammed the heavy door upon his pursuers, jammed the iron bolt into its sockets, and, still waving the clam hoe, rushed through the sitting room, through the front door, out into the yard and along the path to liberty.

But that liberty was of short duration. He had scarcely reached the yard limits when he was seized—seized and held fast. His capturer, whoever he might be, had him in a firm grasp and all about him were men, a half dozen of them, with more appearing from the black shadows of the bayberry and beach-plum bushes.

"Stand still!" whispered his detainer fiercely. "If you don't —— Oh, you would, eh?"

Asaph had made a wild lunge with the clam hoe. The hand wielding it was grasped and held. "Calm down, buddy," ordered the unknown. "It'll be healthier for you. . . . Ellis! . . . Oh, Ellis, that you? Well, here's one of 'em. Savage little cuss, too."

Another man had pushed through the group, and the light of an electric pocket lamp flashed upon Mr. Black's agitated countenance.

"Eh? What!" cried the man behind the lamp. "This isn't one of the gang. I know him. . . . Why, hello, Ase! What are you doing here? You look wild. What's it all about?"

Asaph, blinded by the glare of the torch, blinked, struggled and raved.

"You let me be!" he shrieked. "You take your hands off me. I've got righta. I'll show ——"

"Sh-h-h! Sh-h-h! Don't yell. Calm yourself, Ase. We aren't going to hurt you. You know me, don't you? You and I are old friends. I'm Dayton. . . . Good Lord! I believe he's crazy. Here, here! Take it easy, old man."

Asaph was crazy, or nearly so. He still struggled and gurgled and wept.

"You're Dayton, are you?" he gasped hysterically. "All right, I don't care. I don't care for nobody—policemen or sheriffs or nobody else. I've got my rights and I'll have 'em. There's limits to what a feller can stand and I told Jemima so. I'm goin' to do what I want to do and you nor nobody can stop me. That gang of duckers, they tried, and I says to 'em, 'I'll show you,' I says, and I have showed 'em. Where be they now, eh? They're down cellar in that house, locked in, that's where they be, the whole four of 'em, and I was the one that done it. They said they was in a hurry to get away; I heard 'em say it. Well, they won't hurry out of that cellar for one spell. I tell you ——"

Dayton was shaking him into silence. The other men, all of them, had crowded about and were listening eagerly.

"Hold on! Hold on, Ase!" commanded Dayton. "What's this you're saying? Who have you locked in the cellar?"

"I told you, didn't I? Them devilish millionaires, that's who. That gang that hired my house to shoot ducks with and then stole Jemima's best hoe and bucket with a shotgun. I locked 'em in the cellar and they're there now. And there they can stay for all me. I showed 'em! And I'll show you, Ellis Dayton! You let me be!"

And they let him be. The hands grasping his collar and his wrist loosed their hold. Throughout the group about him were exclamations, excited whisperings. Ellis Dayton whistled.

"Well, boys," he said, "it looks as if we'd been saved a lot of trouble. Into the house with you, all hands. Come on!"

Another moment and Asaph was alone upon the beach.

V

SHORTLY before midnight that same evening Mrs. Snow, pale and agitated, sat in the sitting room of her house on Packet Hill, in conference with Ellis Dayton of the state police. She had remained at the supper of the sewing circle a half hour longer than she intended and, upon her return home, was amazed and irritated to find the back door wide open and the October night wind blowing through the rooms on the lower floor. After closing the door and picking up the various dish towels and other light articles which the chill blast had scattered about the floors, she marched upstairs with the intention of taking her half brother to task for his carelessness. He had gone to bed and left that door open and, although it was "just like him," she meant to break in upon his dreams with a sharp reprimand for his outrageous slackness.

Lamp in hand, she entered his bedroom and there she received her second unpleasant surprise. He was not there and, judging by the unrumpled condition of his bed, he had not been there. Where was he? She did not know and she could not guess. She went down to search for him, but the search was unavailing. Apparently he was not in the house at all

When, at half-past eleven, someone knocked at the kitchen door, she sprang from the rocking-chair and hastened to answer the knock.

"Well!" she snapped, facing the figure on the back step. "Here you are at last! Now perhaps you'll tell me where on earth you've been at this hour of the night. Frightenin' me half to death and leavin' the place wide open for all creation to walk in and help themselves! I must say ——"

Then she paused, suddenly aware that the person who had knocked was not the truant she expected.

"Why—why, Mr. Dayton!" she gasped. "What —— Oh, my land of love! Has—has anything happened?"

Dayton entered the kitchen. "Why, yes, Mrs. Snow," he answered, "something has happened. Oh, don't be scared! It's all right now, but I thought I had better come and tell you myself before you heard it from Asaph or anybody else. The whole town will be talking about it tomorrow. Yes, and talking about Ase, too. . . . Can you spare me a few minutes?"

Dazedly she led him into the sitting room. It was Dayton who closed the door leading to the back yard and she was too perturbed to notice that he closed it but partially.

He sat upon the sofa. She sank into the rocking-chair and listened, interrupting only

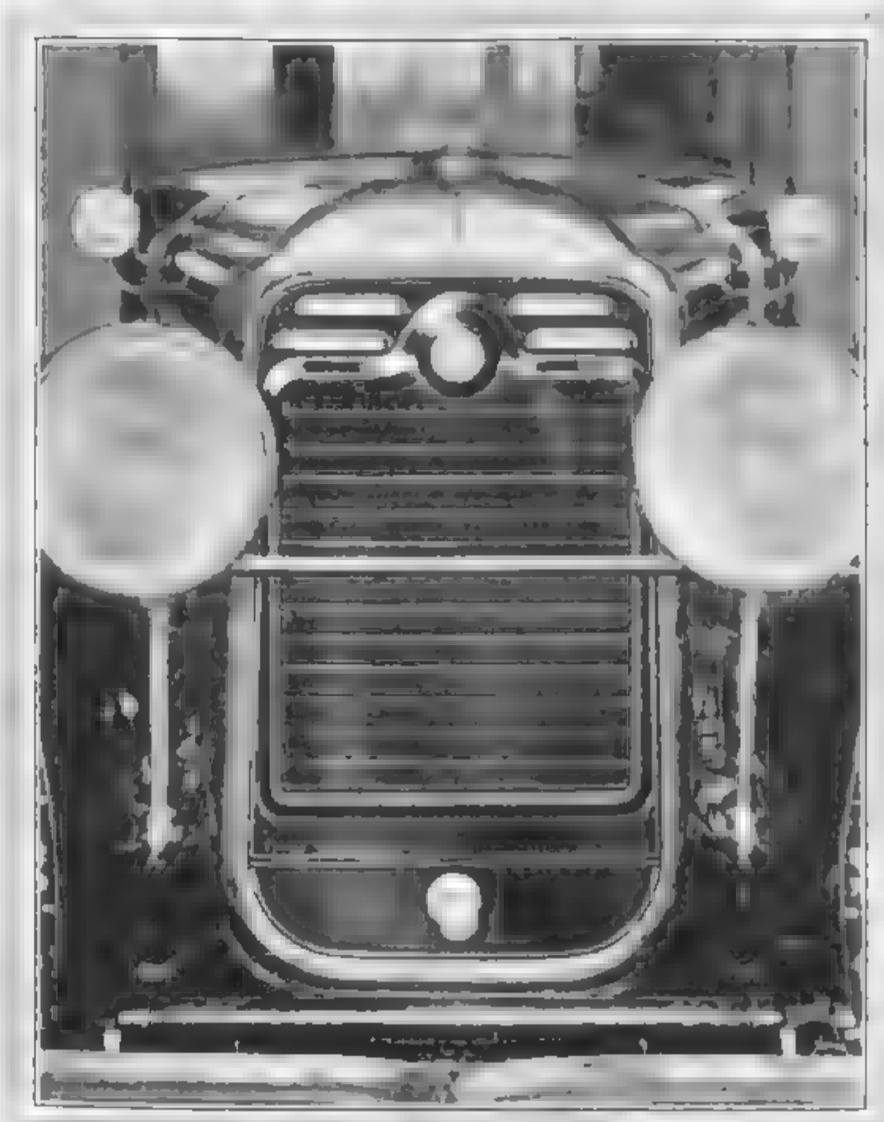
(Continued on Page 110)

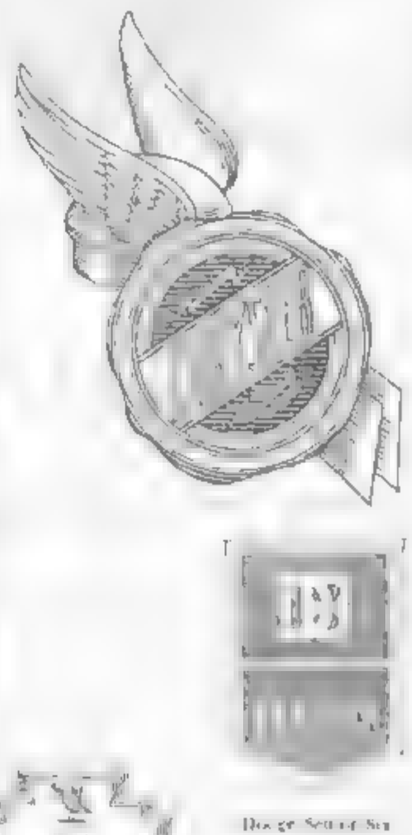
The Cream of the Industry says:

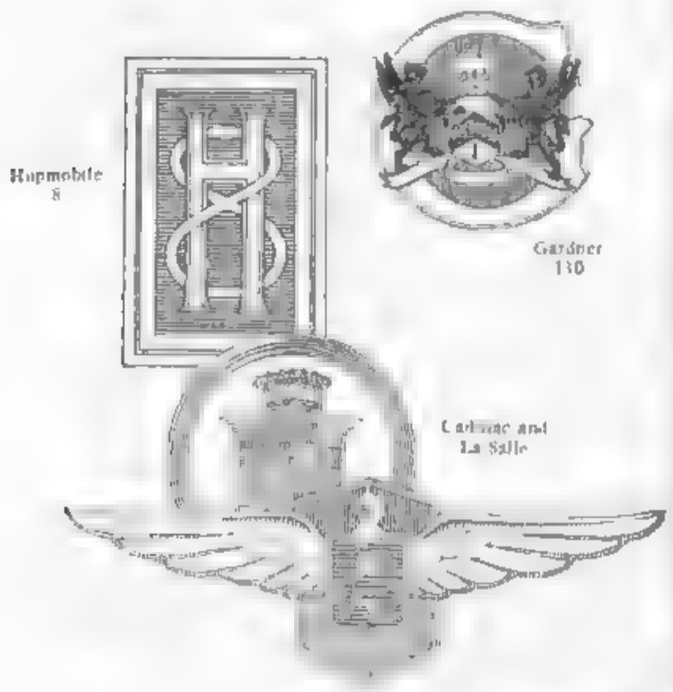
Automatic Motor Protection

for your car

Cold is too serious a menace to guess about







Illustrating the Buick equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront

LINCOLN

COLD strikes at the heart of your motor at 60° Fahrenheit. And during the months of cold it exacts a toll of millions from car owners who *think* they can *guess* what to do about it. Some wait until zero temperatures—and "guess the car won't freeze." Some cover the radiator with makeshift devices, and, at the smell of heat, "guess it's time to uncover." Others wait for the smell of boiling alcohol. And still others, with a means of protection at hand, park and walk away forgetting completely the danger of cold

Thus the great national spring repair bill builds up and up to a staggering total.

Like the makers of these famous cars, you have your choice of two ways. We've described the first. The second is *Automatic Motor Protection*—a positive, dependable, automatic method that guards your motor with scientific accuracy.

They chose the latter. And in their choice lies the biggest reason why you, too, must choose automatic motor protection, if you want to avoid the damage of cold.

Motor Protection must be Automatic

But why automatic?

Why not leave this vital operation to the discretion of the driver? Because the motor car manufacturer knows that the driver forgets. He knows that the national repair bills of millions could be cut in two if drivers didn't forget. Today, when he improves, he makes it *impossible* to forget.

See that the shutter you buy works automatically

These cars *need automatic motor protection*—or they wouldn't have it. Your car needs the same kind of protection. Unless the shutter on your car works automatically, you cannot ensure protection against cold at all times. Thus, when you go to buy a radiator shutter this year, be sure it is *automatic*. These great makers tell you that.

Equip at the first sign of cold weather

Science has placed the blame for 50% to 75% of all premature motor wear on cold—greatest destroyer of motor life and efficiency. At 60° Fahrenheit, your motor is underheated. That's when cold strikes the first blow

You get the warning signal in coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting. You reach for the "choke"—and instantly a flood of raw gasoline hits ice-cold metal. Oil is washed away from glass-like surfaces Metal grinds against metal at a terrific speed, producing friction no motor can stand. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, extreme carbonization corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. This is the damage you pay for in the spring. *Damage that can now be totally avoided.*

Pines Winterfront stops the damage of cold

Your radiator is a heat waster It was put there for that purpose. If efficient, it throws away 35% to 40% of the heat of the fuel. At 60° Fahrenheit there is no heat to spare—yet heat waste continues through the radiator. That's why motor temperature must be controlled at the radiator, where heat waste occurs.

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator, and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open, *automatically*, allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

When you park your car, Winterfront closes completely while your motor is still hot. You cannot walk away and forget it. There is no chance for dangerous neglect

With a Winterfront on your car, you "warm-up" in seconds. The "choke" habit disappears because there is no need for it. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. You enjoy a noticeable saving of gasoline—your car is warm inside—your motor runs with summer smoothness and flexibility.

Winterfront is easily installed

Your automobile or accessory dealer will equip your car with a Pines Automatic Winterfront in a few minutes. Moderately priced, it will pay for itself many times over—and will give you years of service. Thermostats are guaranteed. Accept no substitute. There is only *one automatic* radiator shutter on the market If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. Pines Winterfront Company, 422 North Sacramento Boulevard, Chicago, Ill

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

BOTH THE SAME? *In size and price, yes. But the grapefruit branded Blue Goose on the skin weighs more, is smoothly textured, and is packed full of juice. Try this simple lifting test next time you buy grapefruit.*

Guessing won't pick Good Grapefruit . . .

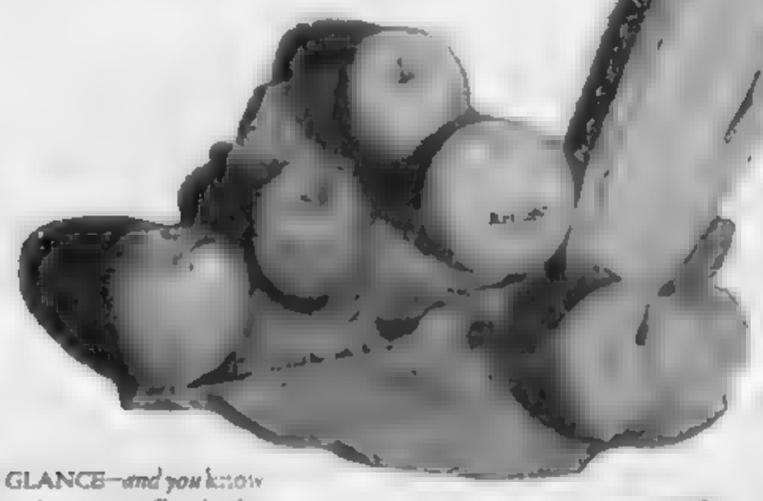
but the best is yours if you know these simple shopping secrets

YOU need not cut a grapefruit to know what's inside. And you can easily pick the juicier one from two grapefruit of the same size and price. Just lift them! Then choose the *heavier* one.

This is only one of the many simple shopping secrets the American Fruit Growers offer you in the unique book, "Blue Goose Buying Guide." Practically every kind of fruit and vegetable you buy is described in this book. In it, Colonel L. Brown, noted authority, tells you what to look for and why—exactly how to make your market money buy the best for your table.

It is because the American Fruit Growers, under the Blue Goose name, market only the best fruits and vegetables that they can give you this unusual marketing advice. As a further assurance of quality the name Blue Goose is either branded on the skin or printed on the wrapper, box, or barrel of all products that come up to the American Fruit Growers' high standard of excellence.

Follow the advice of the "Blue Goose Buying Guide," and look for the name Blue Goose. To get your free copy of the guide, use the coupon below.



BELIEVE YOUR EYES *when you buy celery. Look for crisp, well-whitened stalks that are thick and meaty. Stalks that are badly split, or coarse-looking may cost less, but their waste offsets the slight price difference.*

LIFT AN ORANGE *before you buy. As with grapefruit, the heaviest oranges are the juiciest. One never-failing quality sign is the name Blue Goose branded plainly on the skin of each fruit.*

ONE GLANCE—*and you know when apples are ripe. For the skin on the under side should show yellow or cream in color. The "Blue Goose Buying Guide" describes other signs of quality. Look for them when you shop.*

. . . *or simply ask for*

BLUE GOOSE

American Fruit Growers Inc.
2100-d Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of Colonel L. Brown's new booklet, "Blue Goose Buying Guide."

Name_____

Street

City

State

On the Radio . . . National Home Hour—Every Friday Morning, WEAF Network, 10:15 Eastern Time, 9:15 Central Time

(Continued from Page 108

with gasps and muttered exclamations, while he told his story.

"My heavens!" she cried, when the narrative ended. "My heavens above! Do you mean to tell me those—those folks I let that house to wasn't—wasn't duck shooters at all? Nor millionaires, nor ——"

"Not for a minute, ma'am. They were rum runners and bootleggers, that's what they were. They hired a shack down on the Cape Ann shore a while ago, but they were tipped off, I guess, and skipped from there just before their place was raided. When they located here I was suspicious of them from the beginning, and some things your brother told me made me almost sure I was on the right track. When I met him this afternoon and he told me about one of 'em driving him from the premises with a gun, I —— Yes, what is it?"

"Oh, nothin'. It seemed to me I heard a noise in the kitchen. It's just imagination, of course. My nerves are all of a quiver, and no wonder! Go on!"

"That's about all; I've told you the rest. But I did want you to understand that most of the glory, if there is any, belongs to Ase. He went into that house of his all alone. He located the evidence and it was he who fought the gang off and locked 'em in the cellar where all we had to do was to march in and nail 'em with the goods, so to speak. There was a thousand dollars' worth of liquor in that cellar and it was Asaph who found it first. He's a brave man, that brother of yours, Mrs. Snow. I'll say he is!"

"My soul! And—and do you mean to say that Asaph knew knew all the time what sort of wicked critters they were!"

"Well, he went there and located the evidence, that's sure. There's a state reward offered for that gang and I'm going to see that he gets a good-sized share of it. . . . Ahem!"

He cleared his throat loudly and, a moment later, almost as if that "Ahem" had been a signal, the door from the kitchen was thrown open and Asaph himself walked into the sitting room.

Jemima screamed. Ellis Dayton sprang from the sofa. No one could have looked more astonished than he did.

"Why—why, Ase!" he cried. "You got here finally, didn't you? I've just been telling your sister what you did tonight."

Asaph himself was a trifle pale. His greeting of his sister was somewhat hesitant.

"Hello, Jemima," he said. "I—er—well, I—I cal'late maybe I surprised you some, ain't I?"

The expression upon Mrs. Snow's face as she stared at him was a novel one. Never in all their lives had he seen her look at him like that. There was amazement in that look, awe and—yes, something akin to fear.

"Oh, Asaph!" she gasped. "I never dreamed I —— Oh, how could you be so brave! Why, those terrible men might have killed you. What made you do it?"

Asaph looked at her, then at Dayton. The latter's face was in profile to Jemima and the eyelid which she could not see flickered. Asaph Black's shoulders squared.

"Oh, I was suspicious of that gang from the beginnin'," he said lightly. "I'd never have rented 'em my house to start with, but they found out I was away, I presume likely, and figgered they could take advantage of a woman. I ain't blamin' you, Jemima, but I'm cal'latin' never to let such a thing happen again. I'm goin' back there to live first thing tomorrow mornin' and I'm goin' to stay there. Yes, I be—and that's settled."

Jemima did not utter a protest. She said nothing. Her half brother's narrow shoulders squared still more.

"I'll fetch you your hoe and bucket tomorrow, Jemima," he went on. "Maybe you didn't know it, but them duckers—rummies, I mean—had stole 'em from you. Yes"—his voice rising—"and they tried to keep me from diggin' my own clams on my own flats. I said I'd show 'em and I did. I did, didn't I, Ellis?"

"I'll say you did, Ase!"

"You bet you! And tomorrow, the minute the tide's right, I'm goin' to dig myself just as many clams as I darn please and make myself a chowder. When I set out to eat chowder I eat it, and nobody's goin' to stop me. Nobody, by godfreys! There's limits! Yes, sir, there's limits."

"I was telling Mrs. Snow about your getting part of that reward, Ase," put in Dayton.

Asaph nodded.

"I figger," he proclaimed loudly, "to buy myself a radio machine with part of that money. And nobody's goin' to stop me doin' that, either," said Asaph Black.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

"There's only one." "And which is that one, pray?"
The angel did not speak, but went away.

"Abou Gene Tunney woke, the following night,
And saw the angel standing by the light;
He had a book of gold that shone and glinted,
In which a lot of people's names were printed.
"What book is that?" asked Tunney from his bed.
"The Social Register," the angel said.
"And am I in it? Heavens! Let me see!"
Gene took the book and turned the page to T.
"Good boy!" The angel slapped him on the chest—
For lo! Gene's name was there among the rest.

—*Norman R. Jaffray.*

The True Poet

A POET who is Truly Great
Is gloomy, queer and dark as Fate,
And in his Poems always shows
What Heaps of Funny Words he knows.
A Poem by this Masterhand
Is Such as Few may understand;
His Best is cryptic, strange and dim
And understood by Only Him.
The Poet isn't really that
If you get what he's driving at;
So when he's scared you'll see the Point—
He yanks his Verses out of joint.
Our Cultured People never heed
A Poet whom it's Fun to read,
For Such An One is nothing higher
Than just a Vulgar Versifier.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Native Amiability

"PARDON, good sir, but where is the post office located?"

"Yessir! You are now standing at the intersection of State Highway No. 65, U. S. Highway No. 86, and State Highway No. 12, U. S. No. 45. East is to the right, west to the left, north straight ahead, south behind you. Follow State No. 65, U. S. No. 86, straight ahead. Paved. Good condition. Filling station on your right. Skyscraper on your left. Straight ahead. Theater on your right. Theater on your left. Straight ahead. Four street-car tracks in center of street. Fire plug on your right. Iron grating in sidewalk at your right. Straight ahead. Traffic lights. Left. Sharp curve. Straight ahead. Cross street. Opposite side of street, left. Sharp curve. Straight ahead. Mail box left. Fire plug left. Straight ahead. Lawn with fountain right. Large stone building with flag on right. Turn right. Sharp curve. Up concrete steps. Through revolving doors. And there you are."

"One minute; let me write it down."

"See that building across the street? That's the post office."

—BROOK BRANWADE.

STEEL SHEETS

that SAVE SHOP HOURS . . . . . *and* MAKE *better* PRODUCTS . . .

SHOP hours—gained or lost—have a greater effect on final costs than variation in the price of raw materials, and it is costs rather than prices that mean profits.

Every manufacturer knows that Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets have exclusive qualities of strength, ductility, and ease of shop handling due to the forging process.

Many of those who use these sheets for difficult drawing, bending, stamping, polishing and finishing operations find that they are the most economical, cost-saving sheets they can buy and that while cutting down shop hours they are improving their product.

FOLLANSBEE BROTHERS CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Branch Offices and Warehouses

New York Chicago Detroit Louisville Buffalo Memphis Rochester
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F O R G I N G A D D S S T R E N G T H

Follansbee Forge STEEL SHEETS

Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets are made for every purpose. Some special types are: Blue, Polished, Nickel Coated Polished, Tin Coated, Chromium Coated Polished, Electric, Automobile, and Follansbee Forge Lead Coated Roofing Sheets for Architectural Work.

Kelvinator, through 14 years of dependability, *a triumph in electric refrigeration*

* *No testimonial from a Kelvinator owner has ever been bought—in money, in publicity, or in any other way. The distinguished owners of Kelvinators who permit us to reprint their comments have no need for notoriety. Their names are withheld but may be secured by writing our Detroit office.*

These two startling letters, written 6 years apart, are the most convincing proof that Kelvinator is unsurpassed

The first letter, written April 25, 1922

Gentlemen:

I want to tell you how pleased we are with the Kelvinator we purchased from you a year ago.

It has fully met our expectations. We have experienced no difficulty whatever. It always keeps at an even low temperature. It has entirely eliminated waste in our food. We have had nothing spoil since installing it. It gives a dry cold.

If people could realize the convenience of a Kelvinator, you would have little difficulty in installing one in every home.

Yours very truly

*

The second letter, written June 26, 1928

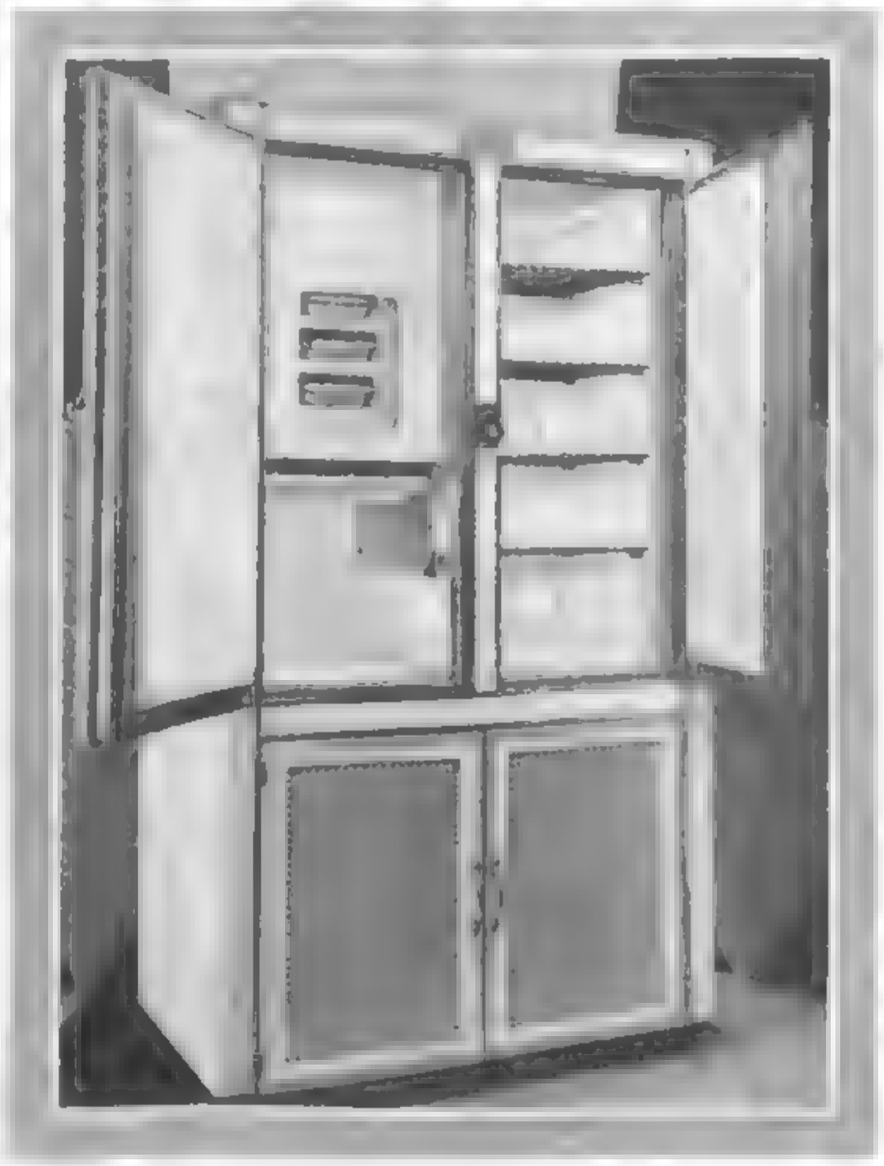
Gentlemen:

After nearly seven years of service I want to tell you how delighted we are with our Kelvinator. It has never given us a moment's worry. It has kept on running smoothly and quietly year after year. The operating cost has been trifling, but the most wonderful thing is that no food has ever spoiled in my Kelvinator.

Wishing your company great and continued success, I am

Cordially yours

*



The model above (P-8) *is one of the many surprisingly handsome Kelvinators. It reflects exquisitely the modern tendencies in design. Kelvinator will add a distinctive touch of beauty to any home. It typifies high achievement in electric refrigeration. Kelvinator, in addition to using coils, immerses them in a tank filled with brine which acts as a constant reservoir of cold.*

Simple, Quiet, Beautiful, Surprisingly Economical

TODAY, Kelvinator stands unsurpassed in the field of electric refrigeration. And the reason is simple. *Year after year it gives superb service—quietly, economically, unfalteringly.*

This is most conclusively proved by one startling fact. The first Kelvinator ever sold is still giving supreme satisfaction after 14 years of smooth, efficient refrigeration.

Kelvinators are not assembled machines. Every step in their manufacture is controlled and rigidly held to the high Kelvinator standard. So the Kelvinator you buy is simple. It is quiet. It holds the cold. It is economical.

As a gift, few things can equal the joy and satisfaction a Kelvinator brings. A practical gift, one that will add a colorful touch of beauty to any home. There are Kelvinator models to suit every need and every purse. Give a Kelvinator this Christmas.

Exquisitely finished, Kelvinators are also strong and sturdy. Inexpensive to run, they pay for themselves in food preservation alone. Kelvinator's crisp, dry cold catches and holds the full flavor and wholesomeness of the food you entrust to its care.

A demonstration will convince you of the superior dependability, economy and quietness of Kelvinators. Their moderate prices and the easy terms for which one can be installed in your home will come as a truly pleasant surprise.

You can obtain our interesting free booklet, "The Effects of Refrigerator Temperature on Food and Health," from the Kelvinator dealer or by writing to the Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

Kelvinator *Electric Refrigerator*

REBORN IRELAND

(Continued from Page 11)

following October Irish representatives attended the Imperial Conference in London.

Thanks to the warfare instigated by the Irregulars, more than $250,000,000 worth of property was destroyed in 1922 and 1923. It added to the already heavy burden of the administration that rose out of chaos, and also made its achievement in reconstruction all the more remarkable.

As a party Sinn Fein has practically ceased to exist. The two major groups in the Free State are the government party, Cumaun nan Goldheal, which is translated as "the Irish League"; and Fianna Fail, signifying "the Warriors of Ireland," who comprise the De Valera, or opposition faction.

Although the Free State functions as a republic, the word "poblacht," which means republic, is never used. The word always employed to describe the State is "Saorstat," which, literally translated, is "the government of the Free State of Ireland." It occurs in every public or official document.

I might add that with the establishment of the Free State, the Gaelic language was dug out of the musty past and made the official tongue. All government publications are published in both English and Gaelic. The names of streets and railway stations are also bilingual, so to speak. Queenstown has become Cobh, pronounced "Cove." It is precisely like the province of Quebec, where everything official is printed in French and English.

One further fact will round out this political section. The chief executive of the Free State is not actually president of the country by election. He is president of the Executive Council and is named by the Dail. He is permitted, however, to name his cabinet ministers, who are responsible to the parliament.

Although I have traversed the major portion of this globe, I had never set foot on Irish soil until I went to get the material for this article. No country is more richly endowed in natural beauty. You wonder why any Irishman ever leaves his native heath. You can also appreciate the urge that sends him back.

An Agricultural Nation

Dublin, with her charming Georgian houses and Trinity College, founded by Queen Elizabeth, has a lure all its own. With the possible exception of Paris, no other European city since the Christian era has so resounded with the clash of bitter strife. At Trinity is the famous Book of Kells, the most valuable illuminated parchment in existence. It dates from the eighth century. When Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, the noted American book seller, examined it last summer the special custodian, who did not recognize him, eyed him askance. Although the college has been offered half a million dollars for the treasure, it has steadfastly refused to sell.

Recapitulate troubled Irish history and you discover that land, religion and national rights have loomed the largest. About each of these issues evolved long and tragic agitation. None, perhaps, was more embittered than the struggle for agrarian freedom. It marked the rise of Parnell and Davitt, and later on, John Redmond. Like home rule, it became a passion of the people. No phase of the new order, therefore, more clearly reflects self-determination than the completeness of land reform.

The significance is obvious. South Ireland is an agricultural domain. About 85 per cent of its exports are derived from the soil. Almost to a greater degree than obtains in any other European country, it is the seat of the small farmer. Out of 436,000 holdings in the Free State, 292,000, or 67 per cent, are thirty acres or less.

For many years the plight of the Irish tenant farmer enlisted the sympathy of the world. In fact as well as in song and story, he was portrayed as the victim of the lowest possible living standard. Potatoes comprised his chief article of diet. Poverty was his lot and well-nigh constant eviction his fate.

There were two contributory causes. One was the absentee landlord. The other was the lack of laws to protect the unfortunate whose rent fell in arrears. Tenant rights were almost unknown. Nonpayment of rent meant instant ejection. The whole statutory system was devised to favor the landed-proprietor interests. Force became the only alternative left to the tenantry. Hence the appalling list of agrarian crimes, including murder and incendiarism, that piled up in the turbulent 70's and carried on well into the 80's. During this era of terror the Phœnix Park murders, which cost the lives of Lord Frederick Cavendish, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Thomas Burke, Undersecretary, were committed.

Ireland's Magna Charta

It is not generally known that the word "boycott" originated in an Irish land protest episode. It was derived from the name of Captain Charles C. Boycott, agent for the estate of the Earl of Erne in County Mayo. In 1880 he refused to receive the rents fixed by the tenants. When the farmers stood firm the usual evictions were ordered, whereupon the peasantry threatened his life, compelled his servants to leave, seized his mail and burned him in effigy. After troops had been called out to afford Boycott protection the tenants took another tack. No Irishman would sell him food and he was ostracized. When this policy was employed against other estate agents as part of the Irish Nationalist campaign, it was termed "boycotting."

The Land League, organized by Davitt in 1879 as a protest against the payment of rent, initiated the series of land acts devised to offer some kind of relief. In 1881 an act was passed fixing what came to be known as the Three F's. They were fixity of tenure, fair rents and free sale. The famous Wyndham Land Act of 1903 was a definite step forward, because it inaugurated the program of purchase by the state from the landlords on behalf of the tenants. By 1914 the absentee landlord was doomed. With the dawn of the Free State he passed from the scene. The land is now owned by the people who live on it.

The Magna Charta of the Irish farmer is embodied in the Land Act of 1923, which completed the work of the Wyndham mandate. Under it the state advances the money for the buying of land. The farmer immediately gets title to it. He reimburses the authorities in annuities that are from 30 to 35 per cent less than the rents he has been accustomed to pay in the past. The former owners receive 4.5 per cent negotiable bonds which are obligations of the Free State. Nearly $100,000,000 worth of land, occupied by 65,000 tenants, has already been purchased under this statute.

One feature of the act provides for the compulsory purchase of untenanted land in the Free State. The object is to effect relief from the congestion, such as prevails in Kerry, Galway, Mayo and Donegal. Here thousands of small holdings are uneconomic and subject to seasonal distress. Nine hundred thousand acres of untenanted land have been acquired and allotted. A million more will be taken up.

Agricultural labor also shares in the uplift. By the terms of the so-called Laborers Act, $17,500,000 is being expended on a rural housing scheme. The dwellings are stone, contain four rooms, and are provided with from one-half to a whole acre of ground. Rent is nominal. They are under the supervision of the various rural councils.

These two acts are part of a large program of agricultural expansion that is changing the face of the rural map. The Free State administration realized that to obtain the full fruit of his labor the farmer must have the benefits of large-scale buying and large-scale marketing. This meant nonpaternalistic state aid on the one hand and a widespread coöperative movement on the other. Both agencies have been set in motion.

One of the first steps was to supply the need of long-term agricultural credit for the small farmer made imperative by the break-up of the large estates. To do this, the Agricultural Credit Corporation, modeled after the latest American land banks, was organized with a capital of $2,500,000. It enables the farmers and coöperatives to borrow on easy terms to finance purchases of implements, machinery, horses and improvements, and also to promote federative movements.

With three acts the Dail established a set of standards that have placed the Irish product in the front rank of farm output. During the Great War Irish produce was self-selling, because England was hemmed in by submarine warfare. Irish foodstuffs were accessible and in consequence Hibernian bank rolls fattened. It was probably the greatest period of prosperity that the Irish ruralists have ever known. In consequence they became slack. With peace Danish butter began to supplant the Irish article.

The Dairy Produce Act of 1924 was devised to improve and standardize the methods of manufacture and the marketing of all dairy produce, and particularly to regulate export trade in butter. The product must be made on registered premises and packed so as to insure its cleanliness and freedom from contamination and deterioration in transit. Irish butter, therefore, challenges Danish in Britain and elsewhere.

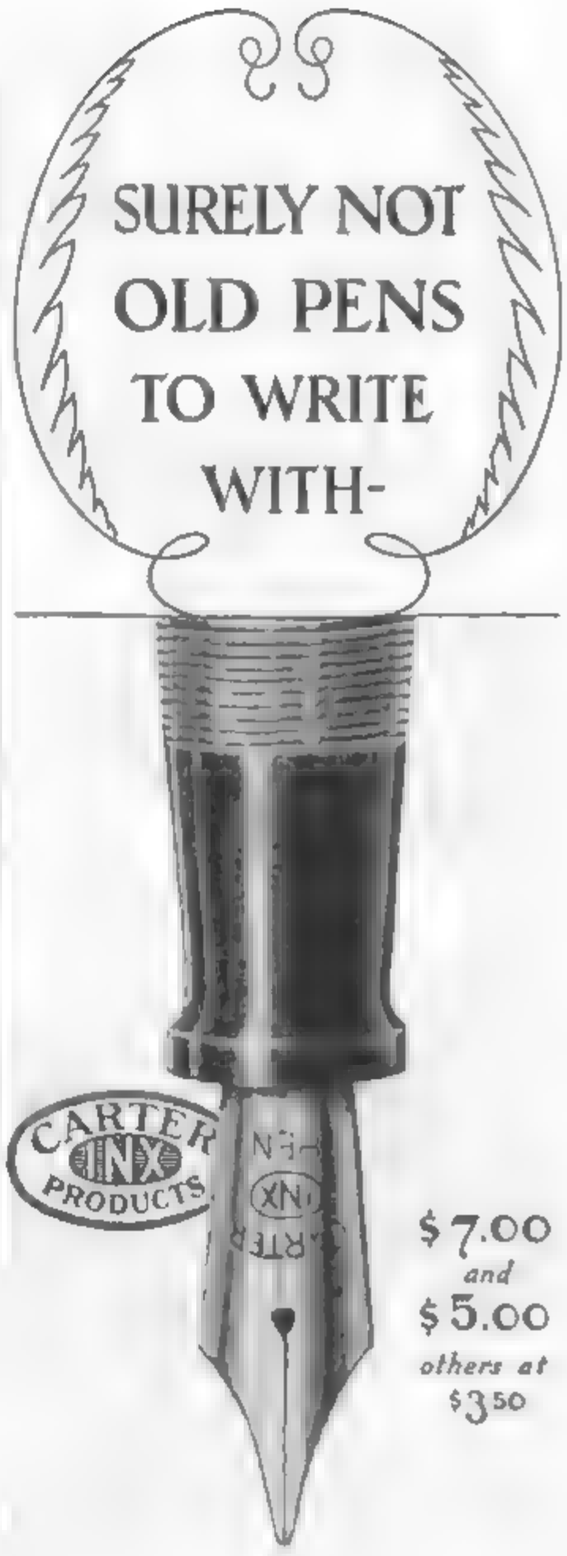
The Inevitable Paradox

Under the Agricultural Produce Act, also enacted in 1924, the quality of eggs, especially for export, was standardized. Exporters of eggs in commercial quantities are compelled to test, grade and pack them in accordance with regulations made by the Minister for Lands and Agriculture. Only standard packages and packing materials complying with approved conditions may be used. Each package must be marked so as to indicate the description and grade of eggs it contains, and to identify the premises whence they came. A third act, dated 1925, was passed to insure a better breed of cattle. Irish livestock ranks among the best in the world. It is estimated that there will be an increase of more than $40,000,000 in the national revenue within a few years as a result of the cattle measure.

In agriculture, as in every other Irish activity, you have the inevitable element of the paradoxical. Through all the years of strife the coöperative societies held their own. Today they form a considerable part of the backbone of the whole land movement.

Irish agricultural coöperation owes its origin to Sir Horace Plunkett, who formed the first society in 1889. By 1900, 477 societies were in existence. By 1920 they had reached a total of 1114, with an annual turnover of more than $70,000,000. Today 760 are in operation. The reduction in numbers does not imply declining interest. Through elimination and federation they have become stronger in influence. All the cooperatives are under the general supervision of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society. Its headquarters are in Dublin in the fine old Georgian mansion in Merrion Square called the Plunkett House, named in honor of the founder and purchased by a group of his admirers.

Although coöperation extends to every agricultural effort, the highest organization and the largest results are to be found in dairying. There are 259 societies, with a membership of more than 40,000. Out of



Old books to read, old wine—and so on. How many of the old things *would* we really appreciate now? Surely, the days of the stiff or scratchy pen point are numbered.

Osmiridium now allows us to produce a pen point that will wear indefinitely, and yet write so smoothly and easily that scarcely an effort is noticeable. Step in and try a Carter Pen, tipped with Osmiridium. Compare it with the old pen—and you will know why we say "Carter pens make writing a pleasure." Made in beautiful blue or green unbreakable Coralite. $7.00 and $5.00 pens are unconditionally guaranteed. If not carried by your dealer, please write us.

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YOU KNOW THE INK

Safe and Convenient because it's *Hinged*

PROTECTION is certain—convenience assured—when your milk bottle is sealed with the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP—*the modern cap with the hinged flap.*

No splash—no waste of top cream—no risk of contamination from ice pick, fork or other puncturing instrument.

The PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP need *never be removed* from the bottle! You lift the hinged flap—pour—and then press flap back into place. The bottle is *resealed* as safely and securely as when it left the dairy. (See illustration above and compare with the ordinary method shown below.)

If your dairyman or dealer is not one of those who now use it, let us send you

A Month's Supply FREE

You'll quickly urge him to supply this really

PERFECTION
pull and hinge cap

THE SMITH-LEE CO., INC.,
Oneida, New York
Please send me a month's ly of Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps, FREE

City State
Canadian Manufacturers THE ARIDOR COMPANY (Canada) Limited, 245 Carlaw Ave., Toron

580 creameries in the Free State, 400 are coöperative.

When the Free State got on its feet it was discovered that severe competition existed between the coöperative and the proprietary creameries. It developed into a trade war and reached a climax in 1926. The government decided to take steps to bring about relief through the purchase of most of the big, individually owned concerns. They accordingly bought outright the Condensed Milk Company, which controlled 114 of the 180 proprietary creameries in the Free State, and placed control of them in the hands of a body set up by the Minister of Agriculture, to be eventually assimilated with coöperative establishments. All proprietary creameries operating in the same field as coöperatives were shut down. The loss was met by a grant from the public exchequer. At the same time small cooperatives were merged into larger ones. In this way ruinous competition has been eliminated and stable and profitable markets at home and abroad assured. Exports of Irish butter last year alone amounted to $25,000,000.

In order to encourage the establishment of creameries or cream-separation stations in districts where there are no creameries at present, the Department of Lands and Agriculture makes loans to any group that will form a coöperative. Three-fourths of the actual expenditure for buildings and equipment is granted on long terms and at a low rate of interest. Every supplier of milk must be a shareholder in the borrowing society.

One of the most important developments in dairying was the organization of Irish Associated Creameries, Limited, last April. It is a coöperative organization to market the creameries' output. Controlling 80 per cent of all the creamery butter in South Ireland, it has been largely responsible for the successful competition with the product of similar Danish and New Zealand organizations in the British market.

Even the most casual observer in the Irish Free State cannot fail to be impressed with the coöperative-creamery activity. From dawn until the morning is well under way the roads are alive with two-wheeled carts laden with milk cans and drawn by the most diminutive of donkeys. Every one is headed for the neighborhood separating station. Frequently these carts are driven by typical rosy-cheeked colleens.

Uplifting Industry

Not all the uplift is on the agricultural side. In Dublin, for example, a comprehensive housing scheme has already made 6000 desirable dwellings available for the average worker. With low rents is combined every modern sanitary arrangement as well as a public playground for each subdivision. This housing plan will not only be extended in the capital but also in Cork, Limerick and elsewhere.

No less far-reaching is the educational campaign. Twenty per cent of the national expenditure of the Free State is for education, which is compulsory for all boys and girls up to the age of fourteen. The Gaelic language is obligatory in primary and high schools and for admission to the National University of Ireland. By the aid of local scholarships, university education in all faculties is available free of cost for tuition, residence and board for those of marked ability. The government has also set up a special commission to devise a system of technical education, including rural science.

Since South Ireland is preeminently an agricultural land, one of the first tasks of the Free State Government was to try to adjust the difference between the farm and the factory. At one time Dublin and Cork were the centers of a considerable woolen industry. It failed to thrive under the British free-trade policy and lapsed, together with other undertakings. The one industry that maintains its integrity is brewing. The biggest single enterprise in the Free State is a famous brewery at Dublin. It dominates traffic on the River Liffey.

One of the first steps taken to encourage industry was the introduction of a selective protective tariff ranging from 15 to 33 1/3 per cent ad valorem. It applies to products of which there is hope of native production and includes such articles as boots, shoes, furniture, ready-made clothes, soap and candles. The Irish Free State exports large quantities of rawhides and skins to Great Britain and elsewhere, yet imports fourteen out of every fifteen pairs of shoes worn. A strong drive is now being made to encourage the establishment of shoe factories.

A Trade Loans Guarantee Act has been passed by which the government guarantees the capital and interest on loans given to individuals and companies who want to initiate industrial enterprises. A characteristic procedure has been the inauguration of a sugar-beet industry. After demonstrating that sugar beets can be successfully grown in the Free State, a Sugar Beet Subsidy Act was passed in 1925. In connection with Belgian and Czecho-Slovakian interests the Irish Sugar Manufacturing Company was organized with a capital of $2,000,000. A $1,000,000 factory was erected at Carlow with a capacity of 1500 tons of beets every twenty-four hours.

The Smallest National Debt

With the launching of new industries is linked the revival of old ones. An example is afforded by the reopening by an Anglo-American syndicate of the abandoned copper mines in the Bonmahon District. A fresh impetus has also been given to coal mining, fisheries and forestry.

Many people have wondered why the Irish have not commercialized peat, which is almost as distinctive a native product as the shamrock and the shillalah. One-seventh of the Free State is covered with peat bogs which are estimated to contain 4,000,000,000 tons of air-dried peat. It constitutes the only fuel used on farms in the immediate neighborhood of the worked bogs. More than 6,000,000 tons are dug every year for home consumption.

Irish industries do not use peat, nor is it available for export, because of the difficulty in getting it in sufficient volume. On account of the hardship and overhead in manipulating heavy cutting machines on the undrained bogs, production costs have proved to be excessive. Every effort was made to capitalize peat during the various British coal strikes, but without success.

South Ireland has ceased to be a poor country. Financial development has kept pace with the agricultural advance. As I have already intimated, she is a creditor nation. Her citizens have $1,000,000,000 invested in British and foreign securities, from which they derive an annual income of $55,000,000. The national debt, funded and floating, is $118,000,000, which is $4,000,000 less than the revenues paid into the treasury during the past fiscal year. This is the smallest national debt of any country in Europe, both in total and per capita. The budget has been balanced for the past three years. Savings deposits total more than $60,000,000.

Free State banking is on a solid basis. The eight banks, most of which have branches in all towns throughout the country, have deposits and current accounts of more than $1,000,000,000. There has not been a bank failure since 1880. In 1926 a banking commission was set up, with Dr. Parker Willis, former secretary of our Federal Reserve Board, as chairman. Upon its recommendation the new currency is based upon the pound sterling, into which it may be converted at any time at par, thus discounting any difference in exchange rates. The Irish money was tied to the British because 96 per cent of Free State exports are consigned to Great Britain and Northern Ireland, while 76 per cent of the imports come from these two areas.

In every respect the most important agency for the general development of the Free States is the huge hydroelectric project, more commonly referred to as the Shannon scheme. The name is derived from the Shannon, largest of the Irish waterways. Poets have sung of the beauties of this river, but future generations will link it with a practical undertaking destined to revolutionize the daily processes of life and work.

Like Italy, the Irish Free State has a factory-fuel problem. Peat, because of small-scale and intermittent production and lack of transport and marketing organization, is available only for the home. White coal—that is, hydroelectric power—as a source of cheap motive power appealed strongly to the authorities.

It is typical of the vision and courage of the Free State Government that as early as 1924 it began to grapple with the power problem. Its chief adviser from the start was Dr. Thomas A. MacLaughlin, who had served his electrical-engineering apprenticeship in the Siemens-Schückert works on the outskirts of Berlin. Largely at his suggestion, the Siemens people made a survey and submitted a program. Both the Liffey and the Shannon were considered, but the latter was finally selected as the more desirable source of power. After a group of Continental experts had approved the Siemens proposition the Dail passed a bill in 1925 making the development of the Shannon a state enterprise. In August of that year the government signed contracts for the first stage of the scheme, the cost of which will be $35,000,000.

The project calls for a total horse-power capacity of 180,000. The first section, which will provide half this amount, will be ready for operation next summer. It utilizes about 100 feet of the falls from Lough Derg to the sea for the purpose of generating electric power.

A power house is being built two miles from Limerick. Big transformer stations will be located at Dublin, Maryborough, Cork and Waterford. If consumption warrants, the second section will be built in 1930.

On my journey by motor from Dublin to Cork I visited the Shannon work and was impressed with the operations. They have a distinct human interest. Since the enterprise is German-constructed and therefore employs German machinery, it was necessary to import hundreds of Teutonic workers. They are quartered in well-organized camps, each one having an adjutant in charge—he is usually a demobilized officer—with gardens and schools. The Germans live in the utmost harmony with the thousands of Irish laborers, who are also segregated in communities. Again you have evidence of the affinity between the German and the Celtic races.

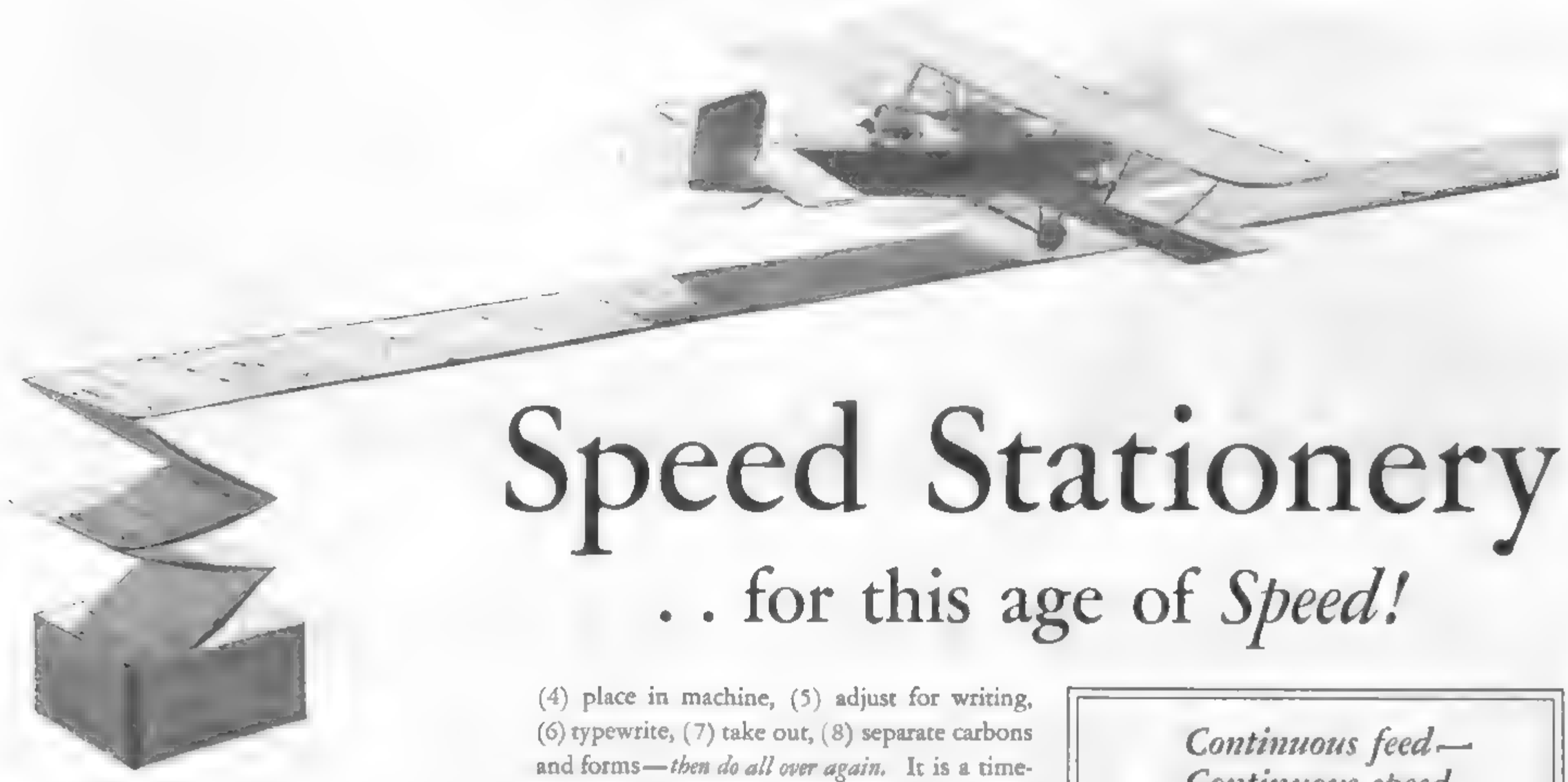
Electricity's Social Value

Creation of hydroelectric power is the minor phase of the project. The big task will be to sell the current in a country where electricity on anything like a big scale is in its infancy. The selling job has been put up to the Electric Supply Board, of which Doctor MacLaughlin is chairman. It has formulated a plan through which it is expected to put electric power at low cost into thousands of homes as well as small productive establishments ranging from the coöperative creameries to village carpenter shops. Parks and streets that are now in almost utter darkness at night will be lighted up. It will be a deterrent to crime.

What might be termed the social value of the Shannon scheme will probably outweigh the purely economic aspect. With an adequately illuminated house the average Irishman is more likely to remain indoors in the long winter evenings. It gets dark in Ireland as early as four o'clock in the afternoon. Reading will have a great impetus. The moral and mental standards of the nation will be raised.

One of the principal Free State problems relates to population. For years the exodus in this direction has been a source of anxiety. In 1920 there resided in the United States 4,137,000 persons, both or one of

(Continued on Page 117)



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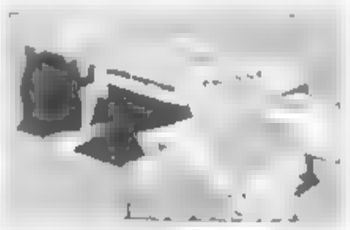

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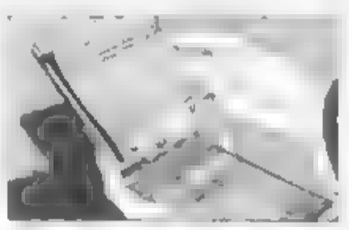

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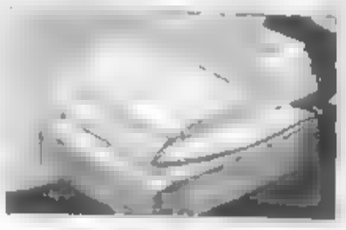

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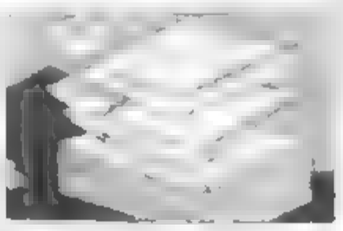

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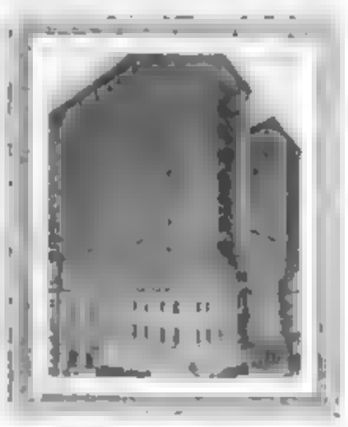
Left: The $120,000 home of Dallas Little Theatre Below, One of the many park swimming pools



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(Continued from Page 114)

whose parents were Irish born. Counting native-born Irish or people of Irish descent, the total is considerably more than four times this number. The extended movement did not begin until the Great Famine. Between 1841, when South Ireland contained 8,175,124 persons, and 1851, the country lost more than 1,500,000 persons through starvation, disease and emigration. As late as 1921 the census was 4,541,000. At the beginning of 1928 the population numbered approximately 3,000,000.

One feature in the Irish population is worth pointing out. Unlike England, there are fewer women than men. Hence it ought to be a matrimonial paradise. Women have invaded nearly every trade and profession. They work as police, architects, veterinary surgeons, livestock dealers, auctioneers, lighthouse officials, engineers, dentists, stonecutters, and even chimney sweeps.

It is estimated that not less than 30,000 people emigrate from Ireland every year, the vast majority coming to America. Since 1924 the Irish quota has been 28,567. Until last year it was invariably filled. The fact that decline has started is one of the best tributes to home prosperity. Incentive to leave is now lessening all the time.

This does not imply that there is likely to be any big cessation. The American consulate at Dublin is one of the busiest in our foreign service. Consul-General Cornelius Ferris told me that no similar establishment anywhere issued more visas. Here you see the last work in selection of immigrants. The medical and mental examinations are carried on by a full staff of American experts. No undesirables get by.

The one big American industrial enterprise in the Free State is the Ford automobile factory at Cork, employing 500 people. It is situated on the right bank of the River Lee, which is associated with the famous poem, Shandon Bells, and has a capacity of 8000 cars a year. On a site of 120 acres, once used as a race course, a complete plant, including foundry and machine shops, has been erected. In the assembly of cars and trucks used in the Free State the company uses a considerable quantity of locally manufactured parts. The remainder are imported from Detroit or from Manchester in England, where there is a large Ford factory.

American capital is fortifying the structure of Irish self-determination. The first external Free State loan was negotiated in November, 1927, by the National City Company of New York. It provided for a $15,000,000 issue of 5 per cent bonds. Part of the proceeds will be devoted to the Shannon project.

The Spread of the Irish

A charming American impress is on the new Irish bank notes designed by Sir John Lavery. The famous artist, an Ulsterite by birth, used his wife as the model for the shawled maiden who looks out so appealingly from the bills. She is the daughter of E. J. Martyn, of Chicago.

Most people are apt to think that the Irish emigration movement is exclusively westward, because we have so many Hibernians, by birth or descent, in our midst. As a matter of fact, various other countries are abundantly sprinkled with them. After the Limerick Treaty thousands of Irish went to Spain and became part and parcel of the national life. They were called "the wild geese." The family name of the late Duke of Tetuan—one of the most powerful of Hispanic noblemen—was O'Donnell. He was a direct descendant of an old Irish king.

The Spanish-Irish scattered to many Spanish-speaking regions. Many, for example, now reside in Argentina. The maid at my hotel in Buenos Aires spoke Spanish with a Celtic brogue, although she had never seen the shores of the land of her forefathers.

The Scotch are much disturbed over what they regard as the Irish immigration menace. During the decennial period ending in 1921 the Irish population in Scotland increased by 82,235, whereas the increase in the purely Scottish population in the same period was only 39,049. So many Irish have settled in the vicinity of Glasgow that a delegation of churchmen waited on the British Home Secretary last July and urged that a quota system be established.

Our relationship with the Irish Free State is not limited to the human side. Last year we exported $22,200,000 worth of goods to her while we imported $2,181,843 worth of South Irish products, mainly mackerel, wool, fleeces and woolen tissues. The completion of the Shannon scheme will open up a big market for our electrical supplies.

Commercial intercourse is likely to increase, now that an American trade commissioner has been appointed in the person of Hugh D. Butler, formerly acting commercial attaché of the embassy at London. Mr. Butler's first official work was to prepare a comprehensive economic survey of his new field. It is one of the most important of recent Department of Commerce publications.

Personality in Government

The United States is the only great power with direct diplomatic relationship with the Free State. Frederick A. Sterling was named as our first minister. He is established in what is in some respects the most beautiful of all American legations. Located in the heart of Phœnix Park in the outskirts of Dublin, it was formerly the headquarters of His Majesty's Chief Secretary for Ireland, the real ruler of the country under the British régime. It dates from the last half of the eighteenth century. Among the notables who have occupied it are the present Lord Balfour, George Wyndham, author of the famous land act, and Lord Cavendish, who was murdered almost within stone's throw of the entrance.

In 1924 Professor Timothy A. Smiddy became Free State minister to the United States. He had been fiscal agent of the Dail Eireann for two years previous. Doctor Smiddy represents the type of intellectual conspicuous in the public life of his country. Before entering the public service he was professor of economics and commerce at University College, Cork, a constituent college of the National University of Ireland.

Today, as in that troubled yesterday, the South Irish cause is flavored with strong personality. Parnell meant home rule, just as Davitt incarnated the land movement. So with William T. Cosgrave—his name in Gaelic is Liam T. MacCosgair—who is the embodiment of the new emancipation. Likewise he expresses the youth which galvanizes the government. Although only forty-eight, he is, with one exception, the oldest member of the Free State cabinet. Patrick Hogan, Minister for Lands and Agriculture, is thirty-seven. Ernest Blythe, Vice President of the Executive Council and Minister for Finance, Desmond Fitzgerald, Minister for Defense, and Patrick McGilligan, Minister for External Affairs, Industry and Commerce, are each thirty-nine. Only one minister, James Fitzgerald-Kenney, who holds the justice portfolio, has reached his fiftieth year.

For ten years Cosgrave's life has been like a movie thriller. The son of a Dublin grocer and vintner, he succeeded to the business when he was in his twenties. Politics lured him from the humdrum routine of the shopkeeper. He successively became member of the Dail Eireann, and Minister for Local Government under it, and in the provisional government. He also served as Minister for Finance and for Defense under Collins and Griffith.

Cosgrave shared the hazards and hardships of his colleagues. After the Easter uprising in 1918, in which he was an active participant, he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot. He watched dozens of his colleagues march off to face the firing squad, expecting every hour to be his last. Happily the truce declared to discuss the famous treaty brought him reprieve.

I first talked with Cosgrave—nearly everybody in the Free State refers to him as Willie—in his office in the big government building which is part of the Dublin College of Science. Even in the conduct of national administration the Irish cannot get away from the intellectual atmosphere.

When I called on him I discovered that precautions are still being taken to protect the lives of the high officials. Armed sentries stand at the outer door. Inside, iron bars and heavy wire netting block the way of the casual visitor. You must not only have definite business with the president but be identified as well.

Cosgrave's office is bare of adornment. He sat at an ordinary flat-top desk piled high with papers. Tall, slight and fair-haired, with twinkling blue eyes, he looks more the poet and dreamer than the one-time militant revolutionary. His manner is engaging and his speech fluent. I also saw him at his modest country place not far from Dublin, where we walked in the garden and discussed Irish affairs.

I asked the president to prepare a statement for me covering the Free State economic situation with special reference to American interest and opportunity. This is what he wrote:

"The Irish Free State undertook the responsibility of self-government under conditions which in many respects were anything but encouraging. The seven lean years had come, years in which the whole of Europe was taught that extravagance and artificiality, bred and fostered by war conditions, must be paid for. These years fell with especial severity on countries such as Ireland, whose main industry was agriculture and whose markets were cramped by the restricted purchasing power of these customers. It was an era of falling prices, increasing unemployment and general economic disturbance."

A Big Butter and Egg Exporter

"The war had left its mark upon the railroads and on the highways, where repairs and replacements had been neglected in the face of stern necessity. It had levied toll upon wealth and productivity. It had sacrificed the lives of many workers and had diverted others from the pursuit of their normal vocations at the formative period in their development.

"Conditions are different today. Six years of energy and effort have wrought a remarkable improvement. The visitor sees it perhaps more clearly in our roads and in the new houses which are springing up all over the country. The student of economics finds it evidenced in the trade returns. The taxpayer feels it in reduced demands upon his income, and the farmer in the increased demand and enhanced prices which the introduction of up-to-date methods has secured for his produce.

"The importance of agriculture in the economy of the Irish Free State may be gathered from the fact that of a total export trade of $208,500,000, agricultural produce accounts for $165,000,000, or approximately 80 per cent. Ireland's main customer for agricultural produce is Great Britain, and competition for the British market is very keen. It requires no great intellectual effort to arrive at the conclusion that if this market were to be secured to the Irish farmer, his produce should reach a high and uniform standard of perfection. The agricultural policy of the Irish Free State has been based upon that conclusion.

"The first legislative measures dealing with agricultural problems were directed toward the standardization of exports of butter and eggs. The results were immediate. From a position of inferiority, Irish eggs jumped to the premier position in the British markets. The demand for Irish butter increased so rapidly that the Irish percentage of the total British imports rose from 6.9 per cent in 1925 to 8.5 per cent in

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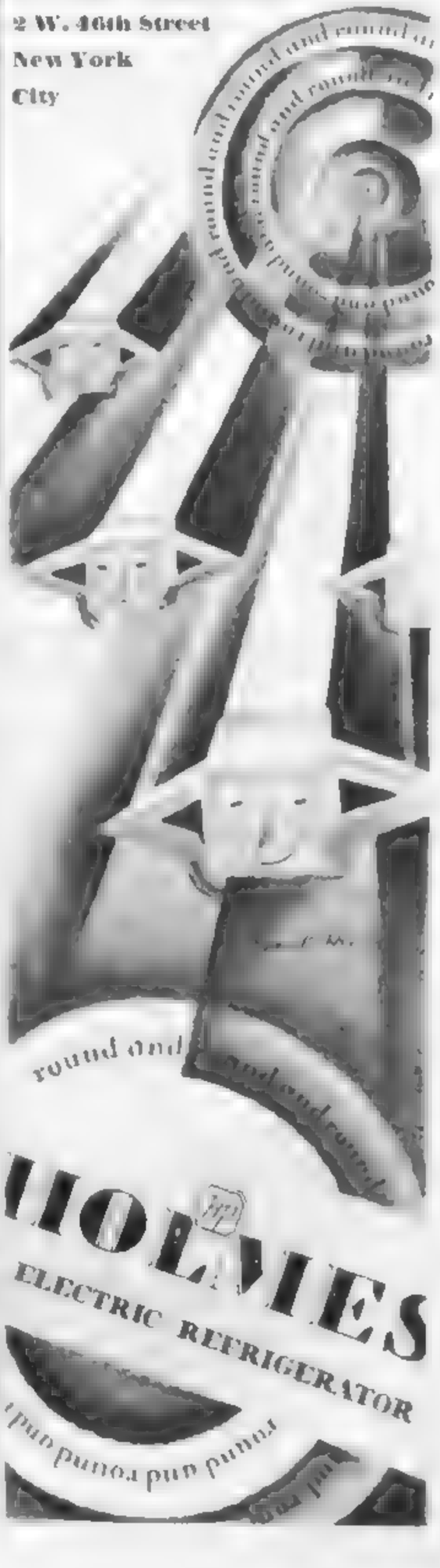

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1926, and to 10.1 per cent in 1927. Steps were taken to improve the breeds of livestock by the elimination of unsuitable sires and by the introduction of pedigree stock of approved strains.

"One of the most remarkable developments has been the growth of the cooperative movement among the farming communities. Simultaneously with credit and marketing improvements, the process of settling the problem of landownership has been steadily going on. The Irish farmer now owns the land he tills, and is secure in the enjoyment of the fruits of his toil, free from the danger of exaction or exploitation at the hand of an unscrupulous landlord. The rent-racked tenant has been converted into a peasant proprietor.

"Industrial activity in the Irish Free State had not made any substantial advance for many years. It was in part due to the absence of coal and iron in deposits readily capable of profitable exploitation. It was also perpetuated by the fiscal policy of the United Kingdom, under which it was almost impossible to prevent unfair competition and underselling of the Irish manufacturer in his native markets. The efforts to encourage industrial development have been in the main directed toward the provision of a cheap supply of power and to the protection of the home market for such commodities as can be efficiently produced within our territories at a reasonable cost.

"Three years ago all the railway companies operating within the Irish Free State were amalgamated into one, with the result that economies in working costs amounting to $3,500,000 have been possible. In addition to these measures, a scheme for government guaranties of loans for the erection of new and the extension of existing manufacturing plants is in force."

A Building Boom

"Two urgent problems with which the Irish Free State found itself confronted at the beginning were the crying need for improved housing conditions and the necessity for better roads. Much attention has been given to these matters. In 1922 house production was at a standstill. Prior to the war there had been a grave shortage. During the eight years from 1914 to 1922 practically no building had taken place. State grants amounting to approximately $9,250,000 have been made available to encourage building in urban and rural areas. As a result 14,000 houses have been erected or are in course of erection.

"In many cases the housing grants thus provided enabled the fulfillment of long-deferred hopes. Instances have come to notice where the materials had been collected over several years by the applicant for a grant, the receipt of which put him in a position to pay tradesmen and to purchase the materials not procurable by his own labor. Other cases have been reported where men were receiving small sums of money from their children in America toward a building fund for the erection of new homes. The state assistance hastened the realization of their desire."

Better Roads

"The condition of the Irish roads in 1922 was deplorable, because they had been neglected for almost eight years. In the course of the struggle for independence and the subsequent disturbances, trenches were dug across them. Bridges had been destroyed in many places. Today our roads are second to none in Europe. More than 1600 miles of trunk roads have been converted into highways eminently suitable for modern traffic. They are surfaced with asphalt concrete or bitumen macadam. The less important main roads have been thoroughly repaired and steam-rolled. Bridges have been widened. Up to the last of December, 1927, more than $17,000,000 had been contributed by the state to this work. By the end of this year, when the present program will have been completed, a total of almost $30,000,000 will have been provided and expended, in addition to the annual contribution out of local rates on the maintenance of roads.

"You ask how the United States can contribute to the industrial rebirth of the Irish nation. There are many ways. We have industries which could be carried on with profit both to the investor and to the country if capital were forthcoming and if up-to-date machinery and business methods were introduced. There are opportunities for organizing and extending the Irish export trade.

"There are natural resources which are not being fully utilized. The Irish Free State is a field in which I have never had any doubt that the industrial and commercial genius of American experts would find valuable possibilities to reward their skilled prospecting.

"Many Irish products should find a much larger market in the United States than they have at present. There is, for instance, our cured herring, which in the past was very popular in the Eastern States. We have in preparation a scheme whereby the quality of our exports of this commodity will be guaranteed under a national brand. There are our hunters and our blooded stock, the reputation of which is worldwide. Many of our best horses actually find their way to the United States at the moment, but as they are imported via

(Continued on Page 121)

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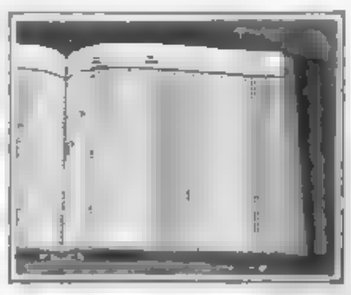
The second factor in good business records is the planning of record forms to make record-keeping less burdensome and record-use more efficient.



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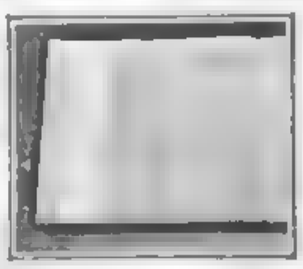

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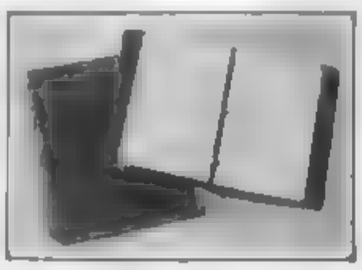

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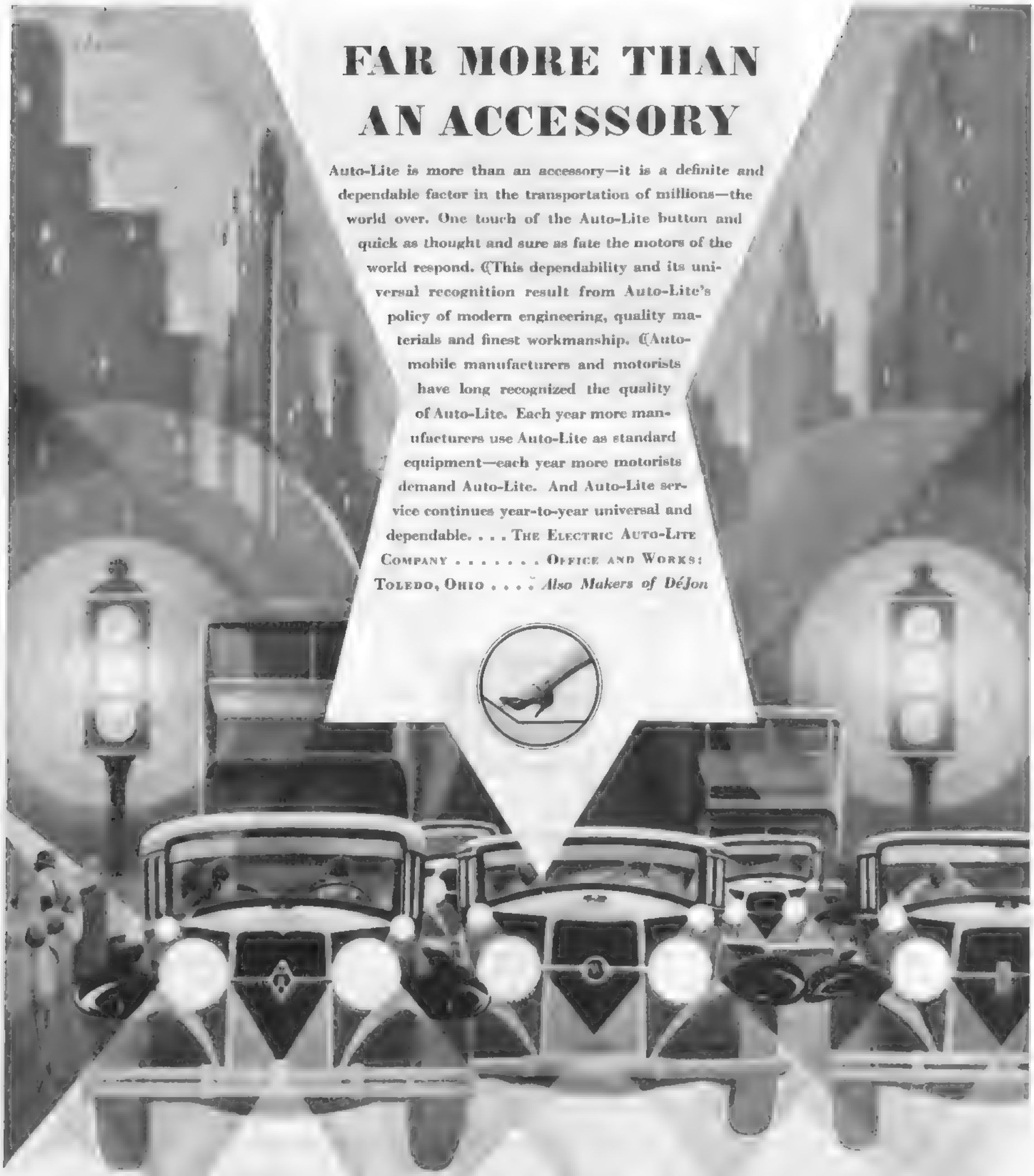

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(Continued from Page 118)

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"Finally, she can give us the pleasure of many personal contacts by making Ireland her holiday resort in Europe. For scenic beauty, hunting, fishing, shooting, green fields and purple heather, mildness of climate and cordiality of welcome, we challenge comparison with any country in the Eastern Hemisphere."

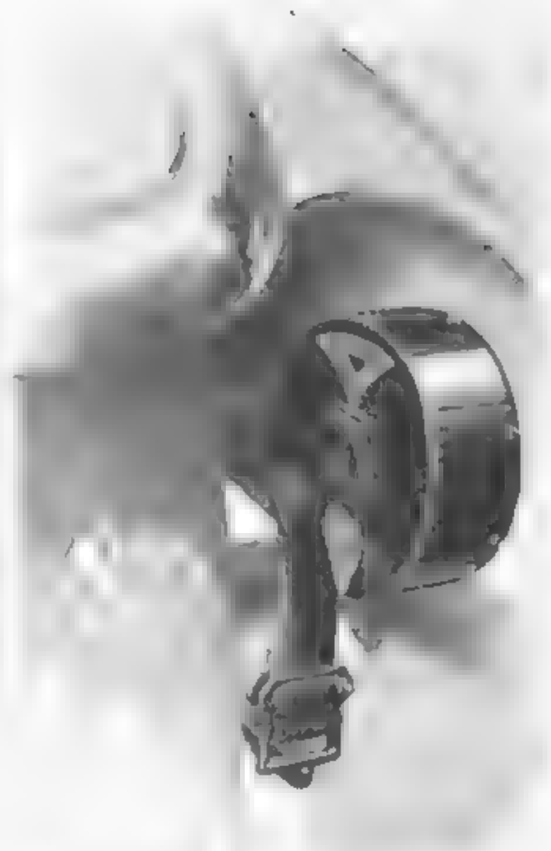
The establishment of the Free State not only ended the long struggle for South Irish self-determination but its operation emphasizes the growing autonomy in the units comprising the British Commonwealth of Nations. London is no longer able to shape their political and diplomatic policies. They raise immigration and other bars against the mother country and function on their own. Dominion High Commissioners at the capital have the rank and power of ambassadors.

The Free State has one advantage over all her sisters in the commonwealth. Though the others have a British governor-general—usually a person with a heavy title—the official Dublin link with the Crown is Irish.

Finally there arises the supreme question: Will North and South Ireland ever unite? Many persons on both sides of the border believe it is inevitable, but that the slow processes of time alone can reconcile the existing differences. One thing is certain. It was succinctly put by a brilliant contemporary observer who said: "The road from Dublin to Belfast does not run through London." It means that Irishmen themselves must turn the trick. Common economic need will doubtless do more to bring about cohesion in a single year than decades of political discussion.

Meanwhile the Free State continues to reënforce its position as an assertive and constructive factor in the community of nations.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Europe. The next and last will be devoted to the international trust movement.



PARK AVENUE VOODOO

(Continued from Page 23)

begun to annoy your friends. The great business of deputizing responsibility will be taken over for you so that you can live without obligations to your fellow men.

And, at the same time, you will feel, not that you are falling back to the status of a savage but that you are really enjoying the very latest thing in scientific discovery. Unkind people will persist in saying that grown-up human beings ought to make their own way in life, pay their own debts and choose their own careers, clothes and colors. But that is because these unkind ones haven't seen the light.

The ramifications of these new sciences are many. Some of them are associated with witchcraft and some with genuine scientific research. The novelty lies always in the application. Name changing, for instance, has always been practiced; when a man becomes a viscount in England he frequently drops his family name for his title, and when a man becomes a forger in America, he almost invariably finds a more agreeable name to use when he gets out of prison.

In Tune With the Infinite

Only recently name changing has been put on a business basis and associated with the eminently practical sciences of astrology, fortune telling and numerology. Even the soul has been called in, but as no one ventures to believe in the soul, it is called your "aura" or personality, and is recorded by vibrations. In name changing the purpose is to find a name which vibrates at exactly the same rate as your soul vibrates. For instance, the name John Keats is obviously a butcher's name, and the sensitive soul who bore it was hampered by it because its vibration was wrong; whereas the name of Algernon Swinburne is definitely a poet's name, with high and fancy vibrations, and this would probably account for the fact that Swinburne was a poet and John Keats was not. According to the textbooks on English literature, Keats was second only to Shakspere as a poet, but there is probably a mistake somewhere.

In less romantic lives the science of name changing produces odd results. Assured in some way that she has a personality far transcending the common associations of Mary Smith, and being dissatisfied with herself or her social success or her job or her income, Mary Smith determines to create a new personality for herself, a harmonious and tremendously successful personality, who will be seen at first nights in New York or become the leader of society in Back Bay or get into the movies or get rid of her husband. Whatever Mary has wanted she now proposes to get by the simple expedient of becoming a different person. It is much easier than working for what you want. Mary consults a specialist and in a few days signs herself Dymphned' Amoris, and you can believe in it or not, but Mary does.

It is a remarkable circumstance that the intricate science by which names are changed to harmonize with personality has never resulted in Phyllis Daubigny changing her name to Annie Krzcyniewski. Phyllis may be ordered to Latinize her name to Felice—which you will not call Fellees but Fayleechay—but let her temperament be hard as rocks, let her meditate a career as a rum runner, her name will still retain lovely liquid syllables. The new science sees to that. The name it invents may sound like a disease of the heart or the name of a Pullman, but it will run trippingly off the tongue, and it will positively bring you success because it corresponds to your mystic number, your aura, your complexion, and in all probability to the size of your hat.

There are several schools of name changers, it appears, working on a variety of principles. The old-fashioned type arrives at a name which will be easily remembered and attract attention, such as Mary Pickford or Theda Bara. But the more complicated schools go in for occult sciences. The precise hour of your birth, the zodiacal signs governing that hour, are consulted and a number is discovered which represents you. It then becomes necessary to find a combination of letters which will be a mathematical equivalent of that number, for that number indicates our vibration and is as much the key to our lives as a combination of numbers is the key to a safe.

The moment you begin to use this new name—to think of yourself by this new name—a great change comes over you—you are at one with yourself, your neighbor and the infinite. Consider, for instance, the case of a young dancer, as definite a personality as has occurred on the American stage for many years. In accordance with a system or a mystic prompting, she changed her ordinary first name to one which went better with her unusual last name; the whole, in either case, forming a simple declarative sentence like Elsie Smokes. Before she changed her name she had worked and studied and starved and fought, but she was almost unknown, although a few discerning people spoke of her talents. After she changed her name she worked, studied, starved and fought for five years more and finally gave a recital which was a success. As anyone can see, this was entirely due to the creation of a new personality after her name was changed.

But the higher voodoo is not all concerned with names and numbers. It is a business and goes into business. During the recent flurry of speculation in Wall Street, when messenger boys and street cleaners were supposed to be talking of nothing but margins, you could hear something like this from tall, brawny men who may be listed as brokers, but who are hard-headed speculators and nothing else:

"Pipsqueak common? Sure. Got in on it at 48¾ and sold just at the turn—le's see; must have been about 99 9 16. Not bad. Why, I had Lightless Match at 112, let go of it at 230 17/96. Everything went this year, my boy. Why, the only time I didn't take a profit was on General Motors. That was because I didn't consult Mrs. —— in time."

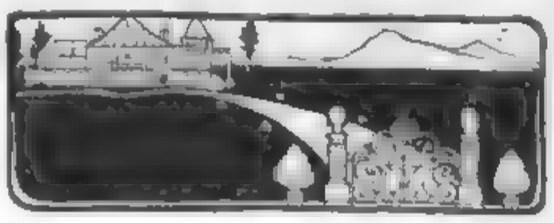
You imagine that Mrs. —— is one of those financial wizards, one of the women who have gone into Wall Street and are supposed to know more about speculation than cartoonists know about horse racing. Your imagination does you credit, but it is all wrong. Mrs. —— doesn't know a ticker from a tadpole. She is a fortune teller. You cross her hand with silver—a bag of it weighing about ten pounds would be enough—and she tells you what to buy and sell. And she is far too expensive for ignorant clerks and washerwomen; her advice is given to rich financiers who follow it implicitly—and seem to thrive on it.

A Modest Beginning

"Ask any question—$3." That is a lower grade of astrology, although the price is high in comparison with the fifty cents' worth of advice, horoscopy and form-letter bunk you used to get through advertisements in rural gazettes. The advertisement appears in an extremely respectable New York newspaper. So does "Year's forecast—$5," if you'll only send in your date of birth—the hour if possible—and, of course, your check. The price in a New York publication—the editors of which are probably tired of hearing that they are sophisticated—is ten dollars. And there are the really tony fortune tellers who never advertise at all.

One of these—the most famous of all—is said to have begun her labors in the simple field of locating lost articles.

There was, for example, the young woman who nearly lived out the major incidents of Guy de Maupassant's story of the necklace. She borrowed from a rich and rather unfeeling relative a string of pearls to wear to a party, and she lost them. There were a hundred reasons why she could not say that the pearls were lost; there was one reason why she could not replace them—she was desperately poor. She knew that she had brought the necklace home, had taken it off in her own room. Every inch of that room was searched with frantic intensity; the deceptive places between the seats and backs of chairs were plumbed; the pearls were gone. The girl had no faith whatever in fortune tellers, but in her terrible plight she was condemned to try everything and



Rust-Proof Because PARKERIZED

NOT only does Parkerizing prolong the life of the fine enamel finish of the Watson Stabilator but it protects every metal part (except the actuating spring which is packed in grease) from the corrosive effect of mud, snow and slush.

All manufacturers of shock absorbers and other exposed automobile accessories now realize the value of Parkerizing as an effective protection from rust.

Rust is unnecessary. Hundreds of manufacturers are now rust-proofing the iron and steel parts of their product. All metal parts that are exposed to the splash of water and the corroding action of dust and wind should be Parkerized.

Parkerizing is available to any manufacturer. It is accomplished by immersing cleaned iron or steel articles in a tank of boiling water and Parco Powder, a dry chemical of highly concentrated rust-proofing energy, producing adequate results at a low cost.

As a rust-proof base for enamel or lacquer, it greatly prolongs the life of automobile fenders, splashers, disc wheels and other sheet metal products, protecting the lustre and beaury of the finish.

Parkerizing jobbing service plants are located in twenty-five industrial centers

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she took almost her last ten dollars to a locater of lost articles of whom she had heard. The locater made only one remark: "The pearls are between the cushion and the back of a chair." And they were. The original search there had not been thorough enough.

Some ten years later this woman arrived at a position of actual command over the lives of dozens of men and women. They came—they are still coming to her—not for guesses, not for finding things, not for advice on when and what to buy and sell, but for decisive orders concerning the progress of their lives.

Recently a highly intelligent woman, influential in politics, was about to marry a young man, actually of the first rank in his profession. She had long been a follower of the lady with mystic powers and naturally went to her with the announcement of her marriage. The seeress asked, and the cultivated young woman got out of Who's Who, the date of her fiancé's birth—presumably including the hour. Horoscopes were then cast for the girl and her fiancé, and to the girl's dismay, the prophetess announced that she forbade the banns. Not personally, of course. The stars forbade. Irreparable disaster would follow the conjunction of these two fortunes, she said. The young man, confronted with this interruption to his felicity, defied the stars. He crashed into the fortune teller's presence and demanded to know by what right she interfered with his life. The answer was that the stars interfered. The thing came to a deadlock which was resolved in a curious way. The youth confessed that out of vanity he had lied about his age. And when the new horoscope was cast, on his proper birthday, the zodiacal signs indicated that he was the ideal mate for the girl. It is reported that they are extremely happy in their marriage.

Where Ignorance is Power

The inclination to make someone else responsible for one's decisions leads apparently sophisticated people in two opposite directions—to the latest science or to the oldest magic. The purpose is the same in either case—to put on the shoulders of another the burden of choosing one's way in life. The judge may be ignorant and psychic or learned and scientific; to him come people who would like to be regenerated without going through the difficult process of making themselves over, or would like to find a magic formula for peace and happiness, or are simply unwilling to face the consequences of their own actions and are anxious to have someone else dictate the course of their lives. The same thing, when it is done by simple people, is called superstition; in the new voodoo it has the name of mysticism or reference to higher powers or living in accordance with scientific knowledge.

Among the nonscientific advisers, those are most highly thought of who have the least education, on the principle that the less you know, the closer you are to the source of all knowledge and the more direct your communication with the powers which arrange our destiny. People of moderate learning and experience tend to look up to the expert, but those whose own education and training have set them among the superior intellecta, look down. There is in New York a woman of enormous personal force, with a delicate, interesting and well-informed mind, who in her time has enjoyed the friendship of some of the most distinguished men of Europe and America—financiers, scientists, statesmen and workers in the arts. Yet when she is faced with a difficult problem she goes to none of them. She consults her maid—a delightful, simple, wholly uneducated and inexperienced negress. And the nature of the maid's advice, which the mistress religiously follows, is usually something like this: "Don't you go to that party tonight. Ah dreamed of a spade last night and that means there'll be a death coming out of that party." I happened to attend that party and no death came out of it.

Foreigners, little children, members of backward races, rustics and simpletons are consulted; and when these fail, one can always fall back on reading cards, waiting for lucky days and taking care not to break mirrors. The old superstitions still do service, but new explanations are found. A most ingenuous one about breaking mirrors is based on the idea that human beings renew themselves every seven years—that is, the cells making up the body are changed in that period. If you break a mirror you injure your own person, as the mirror reflects it, and therefore have to wait seven years until a new person comes into existence, before your luck changes.

A New Parlor Game

But if simpletons and half-wits are close to the psychic forces of life, scientists, at the other extreme, are able actually to make one over in a course of thirty or forty lessons. It is not the purpose of psychoanalysis to assist people in fleeing from their responsibilities, but everyone knows that a certain proportion of people who go to psychoanalysts are not suffering exceptionally from neuroses; they are merely tired of themselves and of the struggles they go through, and wish to be relieved. An artist whose painting isn't going well seeks out an analyst and starts over again; a novelist stuck in the middle of a book does the same, and after six months the book flows on like the sea. The psychoanalyst supplies to everyone a deep and mysterious primal cause for the ills that flesh is heir to. If you are suffering from a shyness or are lazy or fail to make a good impression on people, it is pleasant to be told that the fault is not your own, but refers back to your infancy or, perhaps, as far back as some savage ancestor whose characteristics have come down the ages to you. The amateur psychoanalyst can always find consolation for the worried soul; what the professional would think of it hardly bears repeating.

If you are wealthy enough and can't be bothered with your children, there are consultant specialists who will tell you what color the nursery walls ought to be—lest the wrong color do violence to your children's vibrations—and will select governesses and schools for them, regulating every hour in the child's life, so that all you have to do is obey orders. Consultants of another branch will give you color combinations which you can wear with confidence, since they express yourself, so that you need no longer exercise taste and discrimination in choosing clothes, and if you wear a hateful frock you will have someone else to blame.

Experts, a little less respected, will read your handwriting and order you to discard your years of training as an engineer and become a salesman. And if you are married you can take your troubles to a variety of psychologists who will eventually give you a sure solution of your difficulties. The prospect is bright for little cards in the newspapers advertising expert advice on marital relations, with retainer fees paid yearly by those who expect trouble and would prefer someone else to get them out of it. Just at present this branch of the new magic is still in the experimental stage; that is, it is still science and not yet business. For several years the new schools of psychology have been applying themselves to the complicated problems of married life. Like magazine writers looking for a nice new subject, they have asked themselves: What is the matter with marriage?

A recent investigation chose the dangerous expedient of asking married people to give the answer, and skillfully penetrating questions were set, the replies tabulated, and a tentative guess has been made as to the importance of varying motives in causing domestic unhappiness. So far the serious scientist who has done this work has limited himself to scientific reports on it—genuine scientists have this habit of not hurrying to cash in by cheapening their discoveries. But once the precedent is established, the camp followers of science will be hot on the trail. Even during the investigation—which was concerned largely with people of the intellectual classes—there was an enormous excitement about it and couples who weren't invited to come and tell about each other felt as if they had been omitted from the best party of the year. It is exactly like being sore because you haven't been asked over to the domestic-relations court, but that is the kind of similarity which the Park Avenue voodooists refuse to acknowledge. At dinner parties you heard more or less accurate versions of the list of questions asked and were yourself invited to answer the favorite one: "If by pressing a button you could dissolve your marriage, would you press the button?" It has all the makings of a parlor game, as soon as the scientists let go of it and the magicians take charge.

The desire to put your future in the hands of someone else is carried on in still another way. Just as the mystic seeress will outline your whole life for you and provide you with a spiritual aura—so that you can tell the interior decorator what colors you want in your salon—the instructors in the social graces will make you over completely. Are you tired of your personality? Do you feel that you lack advancement? You can put on poise and culture like a raincoat.

Protégés of Taurus

Again the appeal is made not to the ignorant populace but to the upper class. Here, for instance, are advertisements appearing in a New York newspaper which appeals only to intelligent people:

> Personal culturist in private course eradicates deficiencies in personality for men and women who aspire to bigger things.
>
> Social culture and poise. Private lessons by a professional woman who has taught a great many prominent men and women.
>
> Acquire that refined finishing touch which will make you happier and which will help you at home and socially. No case too complicated. Successful results. Literary woman.

And also classes in voice, diction and poise, assistance in club papers, clever conversation taught, and how to dress to express your personality.

These are the Park Avenue equivalents of the schools that taught the young man to order ham and eggs in French. You can almost see the advertisements:

> They laughed at me when I got up with a lot of new poise. "This is going to be good," said old Ben Franklin; "he's got a lot of deficiencies in his personality." But I went on. Practically everyone there was expecting me to steal the silver, little knowing that I aspired to bigger things, but after the first five minutes their sneers changed to admiration. When I brought out my refined finishing touches, the whole drawing-room rose and applauded.

The rich and the sophisticated naturally look down on this sort of thing, leaving it to the would-be rich and sophisticated. The fortune tellers they patronize have suites in hotels or in office buildings and have developed an entirely new vocabulary, so that, instead of saying, "You are going to meet a dark gentleman," they coo something about a fresh impulse coming into your life. They do not study courses in personality by mail, preferring to live in harmony with the occult influences of their birth. But, underneath, one discovers fatal parallels. The old magic, discarded and looked upon with contempt, is still working under new names; it still calls on strange gods to take the responsibility off our shoulders and still looks for a magic formula by which evil spirits can be "vanished" without too much effort. The syllables of the incantation change, but the tune is identical. And considering the higher prices and the loftier social scale of the new voodoo, one begins to suspect that—in their own language—the new fortune tellers have been born under a luck sign. Under Taurus, in fact. Look that up in your zodiac and see if by accident it happens to be the sign of the Bull.

The only time I get Stage fright

LEW FIELDS

"COUNTING since my Weber and Fields days, I figure I have been on the stage at least about six thousand times. So—you could hardly call me a beginner.

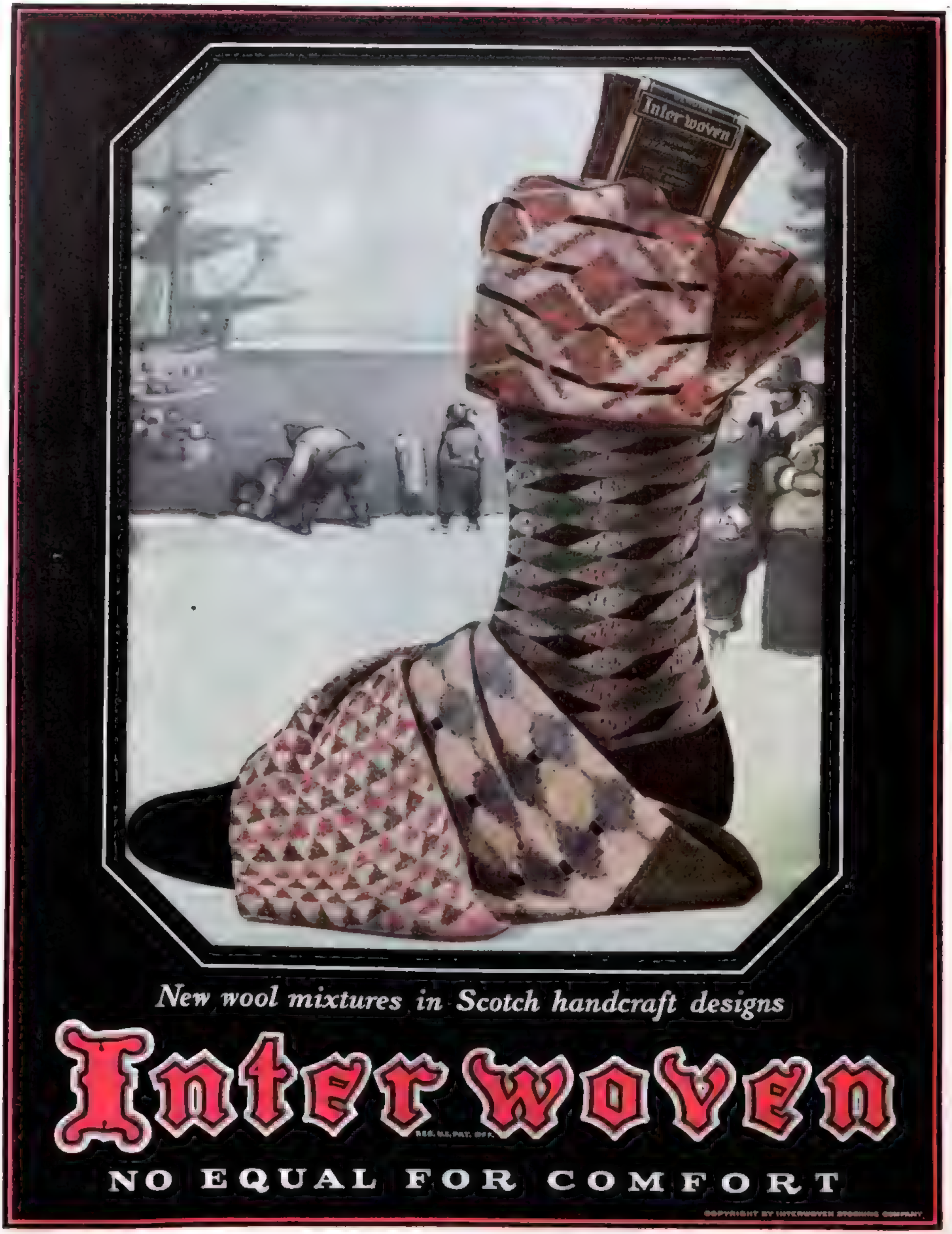
"Yet, on some nights, I still get pretty nervous. Those are the nights when the overture is nearly drowned out by coughing, and I know there is an army of coughers in the audience. How coughing can kill a wise crack dead!

"If only somebody would give out Smith Brothers' to the audience I would walk on with complete confidence. They'll stop the cough!"

* * *

Unpleasant and dangerous coughs are so frequent at this time of year. Smith Brothers' Cough Drops will bring you relief—quickly, surely, pleasantly. They soothe irritation, clear away hoarseness, relieve cigarette-dryness and—*they stop coughs.*

Keep a box handy! 5c —two kinds—S. B. (Black) or the new Menthol.



New wool mixtures in Scotch handcraft designs

Interwoven

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How much is your health worth?

You wouldn't sell your good health for millions. Then you'll certainly spend $6.50 to protect it!

That's the price of this real Health Coat—the PURITAN V KOTE. Made of *100% virgin wool*—light in weight, but warm, sturdy, comfortable and smart. Twelve different colors—including all your favorites. Dyed with fast chrome colors which will never irritate the most sensitive skin. The handiest garment you ever owned—and a real health preserver. $6.50 buys it—at good stores everywhere.

12 Points of Extra Value

1 The Health Coat
2 100% Virgin Wool
3 Strength—made of specially twisted yarns
4 Guaranteed fast color
5 Honest, liberal sizing
6 Perfect fit
7 Reinforced border and seams
8 Perfect tailoring
9 Roomy shoulders
10 Reinforced pockets
11 Puritan DUOPLY reinforced buttonholes
12 Backed by the Puritan guarantee—a tag on every coat

If your store hasn't it, we'll tell you the name of the nearest dealer

PURITAN KNITTING MILLS, Inc.
Puritan Building
Philadelphia
New York
Boston

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Puritan V Kote

100% Virgin Wool $6.50

ON THE BOTTOM

(Continued from Page 17)

cable flew apart, and with a rumble the anchor let go and dropped down the hawse pipe

"On deck. Take up the torch."

The tenders hauled up on the torch hoses. I looked at my watch. Only forty-five seconds since Kelley had lighted the torch. Quite a change since the day when he had shouted from the sea bottom that if he could only get his teeth on it, he could chew a wire cable in half faster than the old Navy torch could cut it.

The next divers down found the mushroom of the anchor buried in the mud, with its shank projecting upward toward the keel, still sticking over a foot into the hawse pipe overhead. It formed a perfect snubbing post. Quickly they ran through a new set of reeving lines and we sank a pontoon at the bow. A storm drove us off. Two days later we came back, untangled the mess the storm had made of our lines, and sank the mate pontoon on the other side of the bow. Then Kelley burned loose the guide wires. I decided to let the toggle bars go till later.

At the bow and stern we had been able to pass our reeving lines under with no great difficulty, because there the keel, due to its rocker shape, rose clear of the bottom. However, for the other pontoons amidships the case was far different.

Amidships the S-51 was buried about six feet deep in a bed of hard blue clay, overlaid with a thin layer, a few inches thick, of hard-packed gray sand. To get the reeving lines and the chains through here required that we provide a tunnel for their passage. There was only one way which appeared practicable for digging the tunnel. That was to wash a hole through, using a fire hose and nozzle.

Bailey was selected to start the tunnel. He dived, dragging the fire hose after him on a lanyard to his wrist. Abreast the forward torpedo davit, he planted himself near the port side of the submarine, braced the hose and nozzle between his lead shoes, aimed it at the sea bottom close to the ship's side, and sang out:

"On deck! Turn on the water!"

A sailor opened wide the valve to the Falcon's wrecking pump. The hose swelled out, and throbbing with each stroke of the pump as the water rushed through, disappeared over the rail.

Slow Progress

Another call from Bailey: "On deck! Turn off the water! I'm about fifty feet from the sub and I don't know where the hose is."

We shut down the pump and the hose flattened out, hanging limply over our bulwarks.

It was easy to imagine what had happened. The kick of the nozzle had sent the buoyant diver flying across the ocean floor.

Bailey picked himself out of the sand, located the submarine, and after a search, found the hose again. He dragged the nozzle back, braced himself against the hull.

"On deck. Turn on the water again. Easy this time."

Once more the wrecking pump started to throb. Gently we opened the valve from the fire main to the hose, watched the hose swell out slowly as we gradually raised the pressure. At forty pounds on our gauge, Bailey sang out from below:

"Hold it! That's enough!"

Bailey worked his hour and came up.

"I could just hang on the second time, but I didn't get much done. That clay is awful hard and the stream I had hardly made an impression. I don't think I made a hole a foot deep, and part of that was through the sand on top."

Day after day we worked on the tunnel at Frame 46. It was slow work. We were never able to get more than six men in any one day down on the job, because of the loss of time in getting the old diver out and clear before his relief could get down, pick up the hose, and crawl in. Other complications arose. The clay turned out to be so heavy that when cut, it would not stay in suspension in the water, but after floating back a foot or so, would settle down in the tunnel around the diver. Consequently, after cutting ahead for a few inches the diver had to stop and, crawling out backward, turn his nozzle and wash the cuttings all the way out to the tunnel mouth before he could again advance.

As a final aggravation, after one or two days' work a storm would drive us away. Coming back, we always found our tunnel filled in with hard-packed sand, washed along the sea bottom by the currents, and this had to be removed regularly before we could again drive our bore ahead.

Catastrophes in the Deep

We made progress, yes, but it had almost to be measured by the inch. As a result of two weeks' desperate work in May, the tunnel had advanced sixteen feet under the port side—about an average of one foot a day.

We were still two feet from the keel on the port side. Francis Smith was in the tunnel, burrowing his way along. Imagine his situation. In ice-cold water, utter blackness, total solitude, he was buried 135 feet below the surface of the sea. No sight, no sound, no sense of direction except the feel of the iron hull of the S-51 against his back, as he lay stretched out flat in a narrow hole, scarcely larger than his body, not big enough for him to turn around in. Ahead, in his outstretched arms he grasped the nozzle, burrowing his way deeper, while around him coursed backward a black stream of freezing water laden with mud and clay.

He had been working about twenty minutes, when on the Falcon the man at the telephone got a call from Smith. He could not understand and passed the telephone set to me

"Hello, Smith."

In an agonized voice came the reply: "I'm in a very bad position, Mr. Ellsberg. Send someone to help!"

Joe Eiben was working aft on the other side of the submarine. I dropped Smith's phone, seized Eiben's, ordered Joe to stop whatever he was doing, climb over the boat to the tunnel and help Smith. Eiben acknowledged the message, started forward.

Meanwhile I tried to figure out what had happened. The fire hose leading over the rail was throbbing violently. Perhaps the nozzle had torn itself from Smith's grasp, was thrashing him to death.

I took Smith's phone again, called down, "Shall I turn off the water?"

Almost a scream came the answer: "No! No! Keep it going! The tunnel has caved in behind me!"

On deck we looked at one another helplessly, stood silently round waiting for Eiben to arrive, wondering what good he could do when he got there. Eiben reported he was at the tunnel, said he was trying to enter.

I waited; then over Smith's telephone I heard Smith say to Eiben, "I'm all right now, Joe. Had a little accident. You go on back to your own job."

Though he could not turn round, Smith had managed to pass the nozzle back between his legs, and guiding it with his feet, he had washed his way out backward through the cave-in!

Eiben left. Smith sat down on the ocean floor a few minutes to rest; then picked up his hose, crawled back into the tunnel and for half an hour more continued to wash his way toward the keel.

No deed ever performed in the heat of battle with the enemy, where thousands cheer you on, can compare with Francis Smith's bravery when, in the silent depths of the ocean beneath the hulk of the S-51, he washed his way out of what well might have been his grave; then deliberately turned round, went back into the black hole from which he had, by the grace of God, escaped, and worked his way deeper and deeper into it.

Only the most experienced of the divers managed to make any headway in the tunnels. Carr, Smith, Wilson, Eiben, Kelley, Eadie, Michels and Bailey did practically all the work. We tried a few of the most promising of the newer divers on the job, but they never got anywhere at it. The reason was clear enough. Years of experience were necessary to develop the iron nerve and the forgetfulness of surroundings which were essential to allow the diver to concentrate on the job and ignore his situation.

The job proceeded, the divers coming up sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs. Eiben and Eadie, who had been working, one in the port tunnel, the other in the starboard one, met at the gun on the submarine's forecastle, climbed on the stage at the ninety-foot mark, and; according to ritual, began their setting-up exercises while decompressing.

A voice came from the superstructure: "Tom Eadie said something, but I couldn't make it out. I can't get him now."

Hartley tried, I tried, Gunner Tibbals tried. None of us could understand, though it did sound as if Eadie were shouting something. Eiben was on the stage down there with Eadie. I took Eiben's telephone.

"Hello, Joe. Ask Tom what he wants."

A pause; then Eiben replied, "Tom's not here. What did you pull him up for?"

Surprised, I looked at Eadie's tender. He had not pulled Eadie up.

"Where's Tom?" I asked him.

"He's still down there, sir. I'm trying to signal him. I've given him 'One'"—the signal meaning "Are you all right?"—"on his line, two or three times, but he doesn't answer."

A shout over the telephone from Eiben: "Eadie just fell back on the stage. His suit's nearly torn in half and he's full of water. Take him up quick!"

When a Valve Jammed

Half a dozen bears grabbed Eadie's lines and heaved hard. The weight was tremendous—evidently Eadie's suit was wholly water-logged. Others grasped the lines wherever they could lay hands on them and we heaved rapidly. Over the side went another stage, two men on it, dropped into the water up to their waists Hand over hand Eadie's lines came in, then at last Eadie's helmet. The men on the stage seized it, dragged his limp form on the stage; the winchman jerked the stage up, swung it in on deck.

Eadie's suit was nearly completely torn in two just below the breastplate, the leather straps over his shoulders were broken, his lead belt was hanging round his ankles. No need to take off his helmet. We cut loose his shoes, dragged him out of the suit through the hole around his breast.

Eadie was very pale, bleeding badly from the mouth and nose, but apparently still conscious. We did not wait to investigate. The tenders who pulled him out of the suit dragged him hurriedly to the recompression tank, thrust him in, together with Surgeon Flotte, who hastily ran the pressure up to fifty pounds.

Hours later, after Eiben had come up and Eadie was below, wrapped in blankets in his bunk, with Eiben resting in the next berth, I asked them what had happened. Eadie told me:

"Joe and I were on the stage at ninety feet. I was jumping up and down to decompress myself and I guess Joe was doing knee stoops. All of a sudden my exhaust valve jammed shut and my suit started to

Continued on Page 126

Washing the Face... Your Most Important Beauty Treatment

OLIVE OIL, *in this facial soap*, removes dirt and make-up an utterly different way. And this, beauty specialists agree, is the most important step in combating sallow, oily skin and blemishes.

MANY of the dangers that threaten complexion beauty today come through abuse of naturally lovely skin. Rouge, powder, face creams, added to create beauty, remain to destroy it. How? By clogging the pores! By imprisoning dirt, dust and oil secretions that must be removed thoroughly every single day, to retain the fresh color and firm, smooth texture of a youthful skin. Many of the women who think "this cannot apply to me" are even now abusing their complexions, inviting skin troubles which dermatologists will have to correct tomorrow.

The effect of olive oil on the skin

Modern beauty science has an answer to this problem! Wash the face thoroughly, twice every day, with this olive oil soap treatment! The facial oil in this remarkable soap softens and gently eliminates tiny masses which form in the pores, thus banishing blackheads and similar irregularities. Olive oil softens tender skin, keeping it supple, smooth, delicate to touch. The rich, balmy lather penetrates every pore, stimulating a wealth of hidden color, bringing out radiant freshness.

Start this treatment now

To discover your own possibilities of beauty, begin this very day to follow a treatment thousands of women find most effective. These two short rules are an unfailing way to enduring loveliness:

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swell out. I tried to reach my control valve and turn off the air, but before I could swing my arm around, my suit stiffened out from the pressure inside, and it spread-eagled me. Both my sleeves shot out straight sideways and I couldn't bend my elbows to get my hand in on the control valve. By that time I was so light I started to float up off the stage, and I yelled in the telephone to the man on deck to turn the air off on my hose. I guess he didn't understand me."

I interrupted Eadie and turned to Eiben: "Say, Joe, didn't you notice it when Eadie started up?"

Eiben looked at us sheepishly.

"Yes, I sort of saw him go, out of the corner of my faceplate, but I just thought he was taking an extra high jump, and I went right on exercising. I wasn't thinking about Tom and I didn't look around again for him till you called me from the deck."

Eadie went on: "As I started to float up, I thought fast. Of course I knew if I blew up without any decompression I'd probably get the bends, but that wasn't what worried me most. We were hanging from the Falcon, and if I came up from the bottom with all that buoyancy, I'd be going as if I'd been fired from a gun by the time I hit her hull. My copper helmet would flatten out like a pancake, and that would be my finish right there.

"As I shot up, I saw the top of the steel bails from which the stage was hanging flash down past my face plate. I couldn't do anything with my hands, but as I went by I shoved out the toes of both my shoes, and I managed to hook the brass toe caps on my diving shoes into the triangle where the bails join. That stopped me with a jerk, and there I was, hanging onto the bails with my toes and just praying that the caps wouldn't tear off the shoes.

"I tried again to pull my hands in, but I couldn't. My suit swelled out some more in a hurry and burst the shoulder straps holding my belt up and my helmet down. The lead belt dropped around my feet and my helmet flew up over my head. As it went by, the breastplate hit me a lick under the chin that nearly broke my jaw, and my suit then stretched out so the helmet was nearly two feet over my head. When the straps let go and the suit stretched, that gave me still more buoyancy, and the pull on my toes was awful."

Blowout

"I tried to yell in the telephone to you to have Joe climb up to me, shut off my air and open the petcock on my helmet so as to let some air out of my suit, but the telephone transmitter was up in the helmet, and that was two feet over my head, and I couldn't make you understand.

"Then the pressure increased with a rush and nearly broke my ears, and I started to bleed from my mouth and nose. The strain on my toes was fierce and I was wondering how much longer I could hang on, when all at once my suit tore apart under all that pressure, let out all the air, and I nearly burst as the extra pressure suddenly disappeared. My helmet sort of dropped back, my suit all filled up with water, and I fell down again on the stage."

There was a little delay on deck after Eadie was hauled up, before Carr, the next diver ready, was finally dressed and on his way down, but in about thirty minutes all was quiet again on the Falcon's quarterdeck. The pulsating fire hose, hanging over the rail and vanishing in the water, showed that far below, Carr, prone in the tunnel, was carrying on. Eiben, hanging at the fifty-foot stage, still had an hour to wait before he came aboard. The Falcon pitched easily as the waves rolled by; near at hand the Vestal, the Iuka, the Sagamore and the S-50 tugged at their anchors, and far off on the western horizon a thin wisp of smoke indicated that the Penobscot was coming out with the mail. All together, the squadron presented a very peaceful scene, with no indication of the swift drama that had just been acted ninety feet below the gently heaving surface of the sea.

A few more days went by, and from the starboard side the men reported that they could touch the box keel, which extended sixteen inches below the hull, with their hose nozzles. We knew we could do the same in the port tunnel.

To finish the job, Tug Wilson and Tom Eadie went down together, each one taking a fire hose, and each with a small manila line tied to one wrist. They entered the tunnels, Eadie on the port side, Wilson on the starboard side. When both had crawled in as far as they could go, they asked us for the water, and started from both sides to wash away the clay under the keel

For communication, I wore Eadie's telephone receiver over one ear, Wilson's over the other one, with a transmitter in each hand.

Fishing for a Foot

The divers worked nearly an hour, digging steadily. Neither one made any report. On deck we waited anxiously for news, but did not wish to bother the men with needless conversation. Still it seemed as if they should have been able to wash away the barrier under the keel in that time. As the minutes dragged by without a junction, I began to feel that the two tunnels had not met, that one or the other had been drifted at the wrong angle or perhaps a few feet too far forward to meet its mate.

A call in my left ear. Wilson talking: "On deck. Turn off my water. I think I can feel the water from Tom's hose."

We shut down on Tug's hose. It hung limply, while the other hose throbbed vigorously.

"Tell Tom to point his hose aft." I gave Eadie the word. A few minutes went by, then: "Tell Tom to point his hose forward."

I passed that order also down to Eadie. Wilson, lying in the darkness below, fumbled blindly around the keel, trying to locate the direction of the current of water he could feel washing by him. He could find nothing definite.

"On deck. Turn on my water again. I'll try to wash farther aft along the keel."

The hour was up, but with the prospect of finishing the tunnel, it looked best to leave them alone a little longer. Alternately, I shut off Eadie's water, and then Wilson's, each one hoping to feel a stream coming under the keel from the other side. Nothing happened; both men kept on digging.

A call in my right ear. Eadie talking: "Turn off my water, Mr. Ellsberg." I ordered the water shut off. Eadie resumed: "I got a hole under the keel. I'm going to shove my foot under. Tell Tug to look out for it." I turned off Wilson's water, told him to stand by.

Eadie crawled out of the tunnel, turned round, crawled in feet first, lying on his face till he touched the keel, and then shoved his right foot, heel up, under the keel till his knee passed through, then bent his foot upward as much as possible.

"On deck. I got my foot through. Tell Tug to look out for it."

"Hello, Tug. Eadie says his foot is under. Feel around for it."

Two hours had gone by, the men were long over time. I could hear Wilson cursing volubly as he fumbled in the water-filled tunnel.

"On deck. Tell Tom to wiggle his foot. I can't feel a thing!"

I told Eadie. Burying his face deeper in the mud, Eadie struggled to push his leg through a few inches farther and wiggled his foot desperately.

A message in my right ear: "Something is holding my foot!"

I seized Wilson's phone: "That's Tom's foot you've got hold of, Tug! Don't let go!" and in Eadie's transmitter: "Stop wiggling, Tom! Tug is going to tie his line on your foot."

Then to Wilson: "Get a couple of good round turns and two half hitches with your line on that foot before you lose it."

Carefully holding the foot with one hand to avoid losing it in the darkness, Wilson worked up a little slack in the line tied to his left wrist, wound it round Eadie's foot, then drew his knife, cut away the line from his wrist and firmly secured the end to Eadie's ankle.

A far-away growl came from Tug.

"All right; tell Tom he can have his foot now. I'm coming up."

Eadie crawled out on his side. And so the first reeving line was passed under the hull of the S-51. The divers had been down two hours and twenty-three minutes.

To finish sealing up the interior of the ship, we had two more ventilation valves one in the engine room and one in the control room—to block off against chattering under air pressure. The one to the motor room Kelley and I had blanked off, but these other valves would require cutting the submarine practically to pieces to get at the mains leading to them

I decided to plug the valves with cement instead. Niedermair experimented a week and finally found a special cement which would flow freely through a hose and set quickly under water. But to carry it, we would have to run a hose from the surface to the submarine and into each valve body, where we could screw the hose to a drain connection.

Eiben, Eadie, Wilson and Smith, after some dangerous work inside the boat, where the water was now so black that one could not even see a powerful lamp when it was six inches away, managed to secure the connections to the valves; from the surface we shot cement through under high pressure into the valves. Two days later we tried again to blow the water from the control room. The cement-filled valve no longer chattered; not a bubble of air escaped; in little over an hour all the water was expelled. Our second compartment was dry.

Everything inside the boat was now complete and we were ready to seal up the engine room. Smith, who, together with Frazer, had put on the other hatch covers, was selected for the job. Frazer, no longer able to dive, was working on deck in charge of the bears. Carr was chosen as Smith's mate in place of Frazer.

Help at Rehearsals

Together with Smith and Carr, the other divers had rehearsed the installation on the S-50 of the engine-room hatch cover. Several times each pair of divers had lowered the heavy steel cover plate, hoses and all, into place over the S-50's engine room and bolted it down. We could hardly make the rehearsal realistic, lacking the essential feature of working submerged; but to make matters even less like the real job, we were not able to prevent the eager sailors on the S-50 from helping out the men practicing, whenever the hatch stuck. Below, only two men could get to the hatch and there would be no spectators to lend a hand in the pinches.

The hatch cover for the engine room was the largest and heaviest of the three hatch covers installed on the submarine. Fully assembled, with strongback, discharge valve, air connections, and a heavy suction hose with check valve and strainer box to act as a spill pipe, the thick steel cover plate weighed 700 pounds. As an added difficulty, the strongback toggle bar had to be centered inside the boat at the end of a cylindrical trunk three feet below the deck on which the divers worked.

The weight was far too heavy for two men to handle, even if we had not had Frazer's experience to show the danger of overexertion. Here it was physically impossible to manhandle the weight. The Vestal's shop made us a small derrick, which Michels and Henry rigged up on the S-51's deck just over the engine-room hatch; then Michels removed the steel ladder in the trunk below down which all the divers had climbed in entering the boat.

Early the next morning Smith and Carr slid down the after descending line to the

Continued on Page 128

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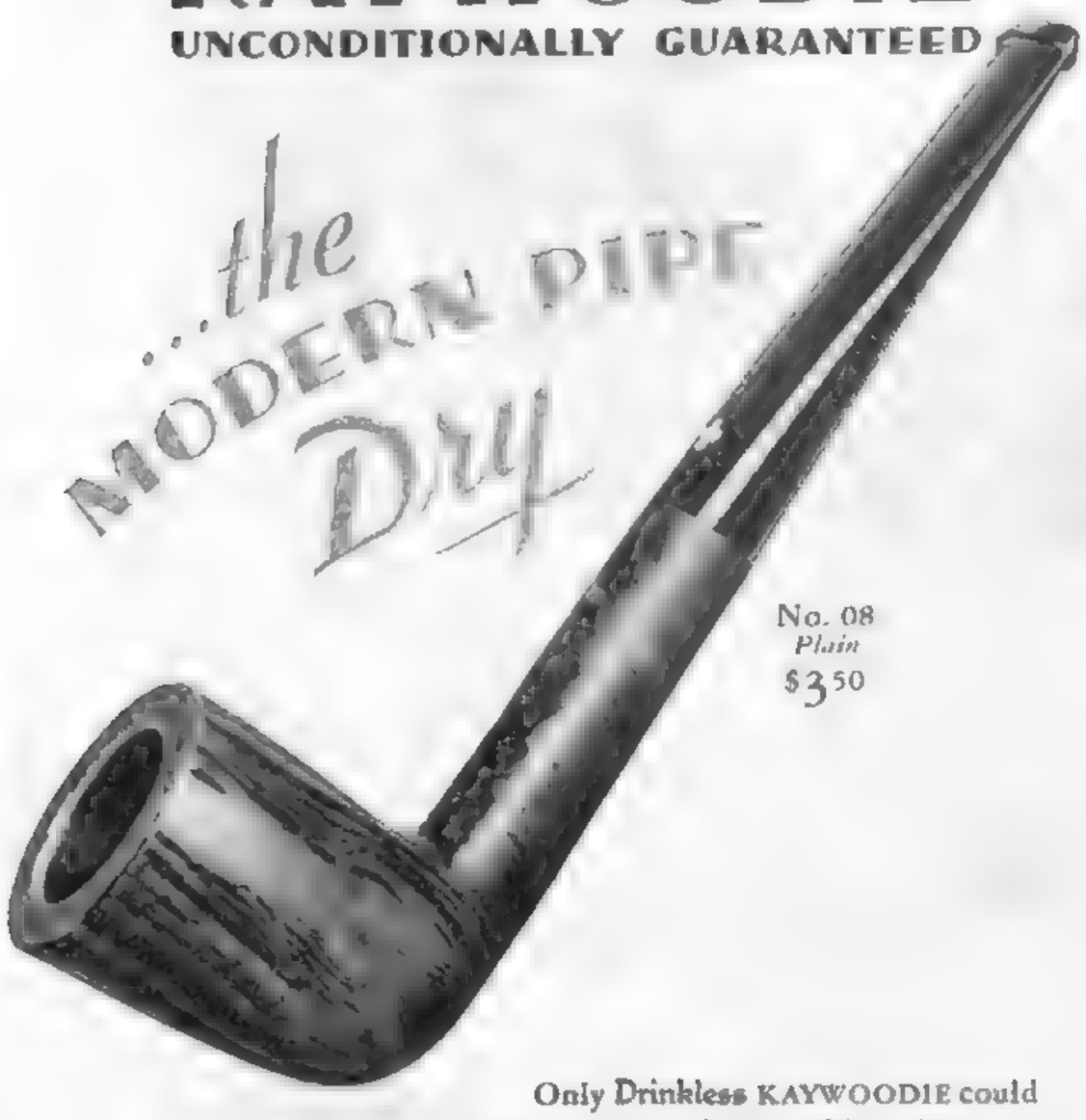

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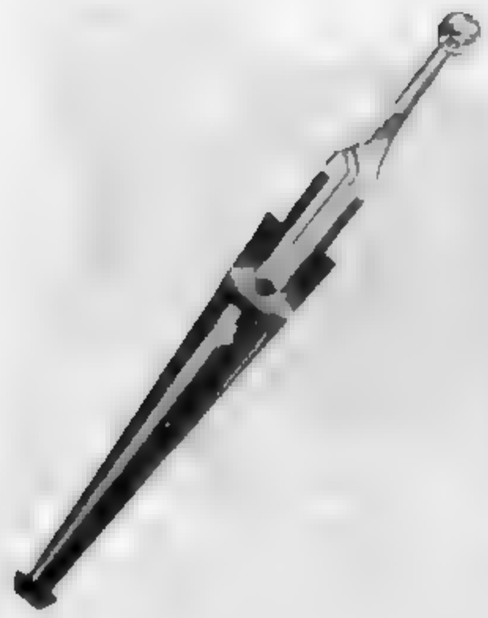

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deck over the engine room. Hartley hoisted the salvage hatch overboard, lowered it from his boom. With a little jockeying while the weight surged up and down over the deck of the submarine, we managed to land it close enough for Carr to hook it with the chain fall and drag it over near the open hatch. Smith cut loose all the lowering lines.

The two divers wrestled with the bulky hatch cover, getting the spill pipe through the opening, entering the strongback, lining the securing bolt up on the axis of the trunk, lowering the cover plate down till it rested on the knife-edge. It took a long time.

I took Smith's phone.

"Hello, Smith! Your hour's up. How are you coming along?"

"Fine, Mr. Ellsberg! Nearly done. The hatch cover is touching on one side, and only a few inches off the knife-edge on the other side. Leave us alone a few more minutes and we'll have it!"

It was an important job. If they could finish it, it were best to let them stay, as they were thoroughly familiar with conditions. We could give them a little extra decompression on the way up.

I waited twenty minutes, with the timekeeper eying me inquiringly all the time. No report from below.

Again I telephoned: "Hello, Smith! Nearly done?"

"Yes, Mr. Ellsberg. Just another minute now and we'll have it."

But that minute dragged on to many more minutes and they did not have it. Apparently the strongback bolt was not quite true with the center of the hatch, and it kept the hatch cover from sliding home all around the knife-edge. The cover touched on the high side—the starboard side—but it was still several inches off on the low side. The divers were trying to jockey the bolt and the cover this way and that, so the cover would drop and touch all around.

At intervals I called the men, told them to quit, they were long overdue; but each time they were nearly done, a few more minutes would see them finished, let them alone, plus plenty of profanity interspersed with their remarks.

On deck we grew more and more nervous as the time wore on and the men would not report themselves clear and ready to ascend.

I took Smith's phone, called down to him: "How is it now?"

"We nearly got it now. Don't bother us."

I looked at the timekeeper. "Three hours and twenty minutes now," he said.

I turned to the tenders. "Take them up."

When the World Went Wrong

Without further discussion we dragged both men off the deck of the submarine and started them up to the surface. They had been down nearly three and a half times the safe limit, on the longest dive ever made in deep water. Our decompression tables had no figures to cover such a case; to be sure, we spent nine hours in decompressing them!

For three days every pair of divers we had, tried their hands on that hatch and came up without success, some cursing, others nearly weeping. Everything happened. One pair apparently got the strongback lined up squarely, the hatch cover slipped over it, and were ready to screw down on the securing nut, when they found they had so burred up the threads on the strongback bolt while sliding the cover down it, that the nut would not engage the threads. They had to disassemble everything, send up the whole hatch rig again, for the Vestal to recut the thread on the bolt.

Another pair of divers got the hatch cover nearly down—enough so they felt a few turns on the nut would force it home—when they found that they had lost the nut. They telephoned up the bad news, asked for another nut. Unfortunately, it was a very special large nut, to fit over a two-inch-diameter bolt. We had no spares. Hurriedly we examined the main engines on both the Falcon and the Vestal to see if we could steal a nut that size from them. There was none. The divers had to come up.

The blacksmith and the machinist labored all that night, forging and machining another nut; two of them, in fact, for we made up a spare also at the same time. Next day two other divers took the new nut down to screw it on and force the hatch cover home, only to find that, after all, the strongback bolt was on such a slant away from true that when the nut was still six inches away from the cover plate, the bolt came so close to the large discharge valve on top of the plate that the nut would not go by the valve. The divers had to unrig the cover again and cast loose the strongback, ready to start at the beginning.

Three days had passed since we started on the hatch. That cover and its fittings had been down on the submarine and then up again for modifications or repairs three different times.

Smith and Carr were once more out of their bunks and around on deck, still weak, but full of fight. They asked for another chance at the hatch. Since everyone else had tried and failed, and the job had to be done, I described to them the new assembly and let them go down to try again.

Dancing Under Water

They were dressed, hoisted overboard, slid down. For three days and nights they had dreamed about that hatch; now they had their hands on it again. Carefully they lined up the strongback bolt, sighted it from all sides to get it true. Gently they hoisted the cover plate up over the bolt, and slowly lowered it down over the threaded part of the bolt till it touched the knife-edge.

They had been working nearly fifty minutes. I wanted no repetition of a dangerously long dive: it might be fatal to them the second time. I had on both their telephones, one on each ear.

I called Smith: "Hello, Smith. How are you making out?"

"Fine, Mr. Ellsberg. She's down on one side, only a couple of inches off on the other side, and we'll have it in a few minutes."

I dropped the transmitter, a little sick at heart, and called the timekeeper over to my side. They would stay no longer than their hour this time.

The divers were talking to each other. I heard Carr say, "I'd better jump on it and jam it down."

"No, don't," Smith replied. "You'll burr up those threads again and the nut won't screw down."

Silence. They worked a few minutes more, trying to nurse the cover farther down. Apparently no success.

Smith became desperate. I heard him say to Carr, "All right; go ahead and jump on the ——"

I listened. Carr jumped, there was a clatter of lead shoes on the steel plate, and then I heard a joyous cry from Smith:

"Hooray, Willie! We got it'"

As the cover went down under Carr's feet, Smith leaped on the nut, and he afterward claimed that before it hit the knife-edge all around, he had four full turns on the nut to keep it from bouncing back!

The fish thereabout saw the strange spectacle of two heavily weighted divers wildly dancing a hornpipe on top the hatch.

We started again on the pontoons. Using the line Wilson and Eadie had run through the tunnel, we pulled through another reeving line; then ran through our heavier manila hauling lines, brought a pontoon alongside and rigged it for lowering. However, the moment we started pulling on the manila hawsers to get our guide wires through the tunnel, one of the hawsers was promptly sawed in two by the rough edge of the S-51's bilge keel. The divers struggled futilely all day long in the mud under the S-51 trying to get at the broken end of the hawser so that we could proceed. Night

(Continued on Page 131)

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(Continued from Page 128)

caught us with a storm blowing and the pontoon still alongside the Falcon; it leaped wildly up and down against our rail and threatened to crash down on our decks. We spent a desperate hour in the storm, clearing the chains and the lines going from the pontoon to the submarine; by brilliant seamanship Hartley finally got the pontoon free, and it was with thankful hearts that at last we saw the Sagamore drag it away through the tossing seas and watched it vanish in the darkness.

The storm blew for two days. When the sea flattened out somewhat we once more rove lines through the tunnel, brought back the pontoon we had struggled with before, and started to lower it on our port side. The lowering went beautifully, for the first fifty feet. Then we found ourselves unable to get any more in on our hauling-up wires on the starboard side. Evidently the heavy anchor chains were just passing through the tunnel and were jammed against the box keel, which hung sixteen inches below the submarine hull.

We heaved our limit on the hauling wires, but they refused to render through. We bent an eight-inch manila hawser to one wire, a six-inch manila hawser to the other, sent them aboard the Iuka, which was anchored off our starboard beam. She heaved round without result. Darkness came on with the pontoon still hanging from our side, halfway to the bottom. I ordered the Iuka to go ahead on her main engine and see if she could drag the chains through that way.

The tug, specially designed to tow large battleships, gradually worked up to full speed, when, with her throttle wide open, her propeller was churning up a wake which rushed past us, 100 fathoms away, as a strong current. But she got no slack through on the hawsers. The chains were firmly anchored against the keel of the submarine. The Iuka stopped.

It was getting late. We could not afford to hold the pontoon much longer. As a last-ditch measure I ordered the Iuka to slack off the six-inch line and put her full towing strain on the eight-inch hawser alone, to see whether she might not pull the chains through one at a time.

Lost Beside the Submarine

We trained our searchlight on the Iuka's stern. The six-inch hawser slacked, sagged away. The eight-inch line tautened, stood out from her stern straight into the sea as the throttle was opened and the engine began to race at top speed. The Iuka moved ahead a little; evidently the hawser had stretched a bit under the pull; the Iuka came to a standstill, her propeller churning the sea violently. Suddenly the taut hawser leaped free out of the water, a broken end shot in on the Iuka's stern. The eight-inch hawser had parted!

With the strain gone, the Iuka jumped ahead as if shot from a gun, brought up on the slack six-inch hawser, parted that as if it were a thread, and ran several hundred yards before the engine could be stopped and the ship brought to rest. It was 10 P.M. There was nothing further we could do. We lowered the pontoon to the bottom and sent Michels down to cast loose the lines.

For two weeks we struggled with that pontoon, trying to get the chains dragged through the tunnel. Divers crawled down the tunnel, alongside the chains, to fit large pine wedges between the keel and the chains in an attempt to guide the chains by the point where the first links were catching. It did not work. The divers tried with crowbars to work the first links through, but there was not room enough in the tunnel to swing the bars. We decided to pull the chains out of the tunnel, fit a tapering steel cone over the first link to fill the shoulder between the inch-thick wire and the twelve-inch-wide link. To do this, it was necessary to hook into the chains as they ran from under the pontoon across the intervening fifteen feet to the tunnel mouth. Even this comparatively simple job was difficult. One of the divers got lost in the murky water between the pontoon and the submarine, and spent his whole dive trying to find the submarine, when he was never more than fifteen feet away from it.

I dived again with the torch, cut away some chafed wires, shackled new hauling wires into the chains as they lay near the tunnel. Bailey and Anderson slipped tapered steel cones over the wires where they were secured to the chains; once again the Falcon heaved on the lines with her winches, but the chains still hung up on the S-51's projecting keel. We bent a ten-inch manila hawser to one wire and sent it again aboard the Iuka for a pull.

The Iuka heaved in on her towing winch, but the chain would not come through. Then the Iuka went ahead on her engine full speed, but that also failed to start the chain. Still the hawser held, so as a last resort I asked the Iuka to back down, let the hawser hang in a bight, and then suddenly steam ahead on it full speed, hoping that the sudden jerk might make the chain jump free of the keel.

Learning Through Adversity

The Iuka drifted down toward us till the line was slack, then jumped ahead with her engine wide open. She brought up on the hawser with a sharp jerk. The chain did not start, but something else did. The Iuka's towing winch, to which the hawser was secured, was torn out of the quarterdeck and went flying over her stern into the sea.

Evidently we were beaten. The chains were never going to go through that way. We sent Eadie down, connected a pair of air hoses to the pontoon, and blew it, chains and all, up to the surface. Then we dragged the pontoon alongside our rail, and for the second time, but in a calm sea on this occasion, we lifted the chains out of the hawse pipes, landed them on our deck, released the wires, and let the Sagamore tow the pontoon away.

I had a new method for handling the chains. We would send them down one at a time, without the pontoon. Each chain, on deck where we could work, had a new tapered steel cone carefully fitted to fair off between wire and link, and the first few links were partly wound with marline to fill the shoulders.

When this was done we lowered the first chain over the Falcon's rail, hauling up on a wire on the other side. A diver entered the tunnel with the chain; with no pontoon to interfere, and a line on each end of the chain so we could haul it either way, the diver easily worked the first link by the keel; and the rest of the chain, with the diver out of the tunnel, we then dragged through in short order till half the chain hung evenly on each side of the submarine. The second chain quickly followed in the same way, and then, with wires leading to the surface as guides on both sides of the S-51, we were ready again for another attempt to lower a pontoon alongside the tunnel.

For the third time the Sagamore brought back the pontoon we had labored with for weeks. We rigged the lines and flooded it down. In about an hour it was awash; the stages swung over the side with Badders and Weaver manning the wrenches. The pontoon sank a few feet below the surface. We held it there and closed the flood valves.

Then, with Hartley aft and me forward, once more fathom by fathom we slacked out our 12-inch lines till the cylinder was down 100 feet. Kelley and McLagan, ready and dressed, slid down the hoses.

"On the pontoon." A few minutes passed while Kelley peered at the submarine below. "All clear; lower away slowly."

We slacked away. With the divers riding it, the pontoon went down about twenty feet more. The anchor chains showed in the hawse pipes as we lowered, till seven links suspended from the guide wires projected above the pontoon.

"On deck. Hold her." The lines on the bitts tautened, the pontoon swung from our side. Both chains and pontoon moved up and down together as the Falcon rolled.

We had previously painted with a bright yellow color the links through which the toggle bars were to go. With our new method of handling chains and pontoons separately there was no longer any danger of the chains kinking up, so before we lowered the chains we had burned out the stud in the yellow link.

Kelley unscrewed his diving knife, cut the lashings holding a toggle bar to the top of the pontoon. Cautiously he lifted the heavy bar, balancing himself on the swaying pontoon as he approached the chain in the forward hawse pipes. The open yellow link was waist high. He shot his 140-pound bar through it; McLagan on the other side pushed home the locking pin. The second toggle bar went into the other chain in the same way.

"On deck! Both toggles secured. Lower away!"

Once more we slacked. The pontoon went the last fifteen feet; and the wood-sheathed cylinder came to rest on the bottom alongside the sunken wreck. The lowering lines went slack upon our bitts.

Kelley unshackled the pelican hooks, and one at a time the capstan heaved up the water-logged hawsers. Then the divers came up.

The Iuka was standing by with another pontoon. It was already 8 P.M., but we had no desire to stop. We took the mate pontoon alongside, rigged it, and started it down at 10 P.M. It vanished in the darkness and we lowered it slowly 100 feet. There we held it while Carr and Grube slid down the hoses to it. It was clear of the boat; we lowered it till the chains showed through the proper amount, and once again held it from our bitts, while Carr inserted the toggles and Grube rammed home the locking pins. At midnight the divers reached the surface. With our new method, in one day we did what two weeks of heartbreaking labor with the chains in the tunnel had previously failed to accomplish.

There was still one more tunnel required to take the chains for the fourth and last pair of pontoons, abreast the conning tower. For some weeks I had looked forward to this task with dread. We had had a terrible time in the first tunnel. It seemed doubtful that the divers could last through another such ordeal, especially as the new tunnel, being amidships and therefore under the widest part of the submarine, would be even longer than the first one.

A New Tunnel

It was nearing the end of May. On the surface the weather was growing milder, storms became less frequent. But on the bottom the water still retained its intense chill and conditions for the divers were as bad as ever. Our first-string divers displayed no enthusiasm about starting the second tunnel.

But at this point a machinist's mate on the Falcon, Waldren, made for us a nozzle after a balanced reaction design which none of us had ever seen, though it had been used in the commercial world for other purposes for some years. It ejected water both ahead and astern.

Waldren brought out his handiwork just before we were about to start the new tunnel. It was a full-sized nozzle, so we used a two-and-a-half-inch fire hose again for the first time since the day Bailey had started the other tunnel.

Eadie went down with the new nozzle, carefully spotted his position on the port side abreast the conning tower, braced himself with the nozzle pointed at the clay close to the buried hull, and sang out:

"On deck! Turn on the water!"

Slowly we opened the valve from the fire main to his hose till the pressure rose to thirty pounds, then held it there. The hose swelled out moderately. Far below, Eadie started washing. He worked a minute, when I heard:

"On deck. More pressure on the hose."

(Continued on Page 133)

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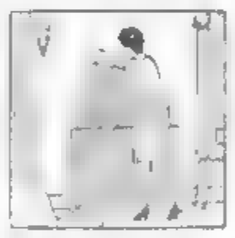

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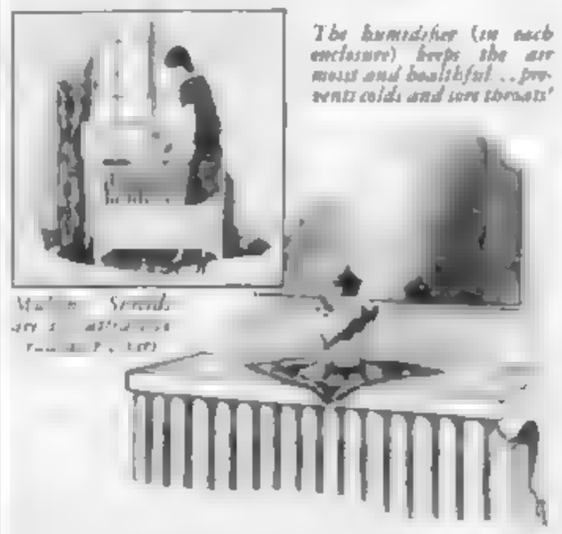

MULLINS
RADIATOR ENCLOSURES

The Newer Knowledge of Candy

Modern diet experts advise eating candy as food — hints on slenderness

"Candy is a food!" That sums up what modern authorities on diet have to say about how you should regard candy. In other words, just as milk, oranges, potatoes, eggs, all perform necessary but different functions for the body, to keep it in health —just so it is with candy.

What Candy does for you

Many people think of candy as a source of energy. And so it is—as a "quick-energy" food, candy is near-perfect. An energy-ration is, of course, very necessary, because every time you move, you burn either fuel stored in the tissues or—in extreme cases—the tissues themselves. Quick-energy food is a real safeguard; that is why athletes, explorers, soldiers value candy so highly.

But Candy is more than an energy-food

In fact, in many kinds of candy you will find proteins, carbohydrates, mineral salts, vitamins. That is to say, many regulative and building elements, all vital to bodily health, as well as energy-elements. Eat candy as part of a balanced diet! Like other foods; bearing in mind that no one food is enough to keep you in good health—you couldn't live long even on milk, the most nearly perfect of all foods.

Thanksgiving comes on the last Thursday of November
—a holiday to celebrate our blessings with good cheer.
Candy is part of the picture

Here is a suggestion* for your food budget:

"One fifth for vegetables
One fifth for milk and cheese
One fifth for meats, fish and eggs
One fifth for bread and cereals
One fifth for fats and sugars" (candy)

Caroline Hunt† has calculated the normal "sweets ration" of a family of five as five pounds a week. Candy may constitute any part of this that is desired. But candy will do more than give you your required "sweets ration," necessary as that is; remember, candy is rich in other vital elements of diet.

*Cited by Dr. Henry C. Sherman "The Chemistry of Food and Nutrition."

†Expert, Home Economics, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Farmer's Bulletin 1313.

Use Candy for dessert—and give it to children after meals

Candy is a most welcome and attractive substitute for many heavy, more or less indigestible and fattening desserts. Used so, it will help to keep you from putting on too much weight,‡ if used in proper amounts. Or it will help you to grow thin, if that's what you want to do.

Give candy to children as dessert, if they want it. Their craving for candy is natural (especially during the maturing period) and denotes a real need for this "quick-energy" food.

A Book about Candy

Dr. Herman N. Bundesen has written a book on candy, giving you the modern scientific ideas on this subject in everyday language. Use the coupon.

‡Candy is in fact the chief reliance of the Burgess Gordon-Von Stanley "Slenderizing" regime.

Please send me Dr. Bundesen's Book on Candy. Ten cents enclosed.

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Address _____

ABOVE STATEMENTS APPROVED BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

Mail Coupon to EXECUTIVE OFFICES, NATIONAL CONFECTIONERS' ASSOCIATION, 111 *West Washington Street, Chicago*

(Continued from Page 131)

The valve was opened a little wider, the pressure went to fifty pounds. Shortly another call: "More pressure!"

We went up to 70 pounds, 100 pounds, finally to 150 pounds the safety limit for the pump—but even then Eadie asked for more.

I looked down the hatch where the engineer waited.

"Shove her up till she breaks."

The chief engineer screwed down on the safety valve, shot more steam to the pump. Up went the pressure again—160, 180, 200 pounds. The gauge needle would go no farther. We paused there. The domed cast-iron head over the pump cylinder was pulsing back and forth with each stroke as if it were made of rubber, not iron. The pump was laboring far over its normal capacity. I dared go no further. We stopped there.

Another call from Eadie: "On deck! Give her some more!"

"Sorry, Eadie. You'll have to get along with what you've got. If I give her another ounce the pump will blow up. You've got 200 pounds now."

Eadie, handicapped by only 200 pounds pressure, was nevertheless making famous progress. The hose on deck was so stiff it would have been impossible to make a dent in it with a sledge hammer. Under that pressure a jet of water hard as a crowbar was shooting out of the nozzle, cutting through the stiff clay easily, while the side jets shot a cone of water astern that widened the hole made by the main jet and at the same time carried backward the broken clay. In less than an hour, Eadie had tunneled six feet under the boat and disappeared beneath the hull.

Eadie turned over the hose to Wilson and started up. Wilson continued the job. The wrecking pump pulsated, threatened to let go at any minute, but the divers were doing so well it seemed unwise to cut the pressure. Wilson finished his hour, advanced another six feet. Eiben relieved Wilson, Kelley succeeded Eiben, Carr followed Kelley, and when darkness fell, and Carr, the last diver for the day, finally started backward out of the tunnel, he had reached the keel. Five divers in one afternoon had done what had taken weeks on the first tunnel.

The pump stopped, we pulled up the hose, admired the shiny brass nozzle. Eadie explained the secret.

"There wasn't any kick at all. I could have held everything you could send. And the harder the water came, the faster the clay went. It's a wonder!"

A Tunnel Under the Keel

Everyone on the ship braced up. Instead of weeks of work and hours of terror, the last tunnel would go through in a few more hours. Eagerly we waited for the dawn.

Next morning Wilson took the hose, went down to start the tunnel on the starboard side. With great care he noted the tunnel entrance on the port side, and then threw a weighted line down the starboard side of the ship, exactly opposite, to mark the location. There he braced himself, directly below the huge 5 of the S-51, painted on the side of the conning tower.

"On deck. Turn on the water."

The valve was opened wide, the pump speeded up. The gauge needle spun round to the 200 mark and steadied there. The pump started to pant once more, as the fire hose, swelled to the bursting point, carried the pulsating stream to the nozzle in Wilson's hands.

Twenty minutes went by. A loud crash from the hold, a fountain of water shooting from the pump-room hatch. The fire hose went limp. The wrecking pump was racing like mad when the soaked engineer finally worked his way through the deluge and shut off the steam. The expected had finally happened. The cylinder head on the pump had blown up! The cast-iron plate lay in pieces all over the fireroom. Hurriedly the Vestal made us another head of boiler plate; in four hours the pump was ready again, but the weather turned bad and we ran for shelter.

Next day Kelley took the hose down to work in the hole Wilson had left. He came up an hour later, sure he was not far from the keel. Wickwire and Michels followed Kelley, and Carr followed Michels. The pressure pounded from the pump. The new head pulsated even more than the old one, but being boiler plate instead of cast iron, had much more elasticity. Carr worked away steadily.

Thirty minutes went by. Carr reached the keel, washed a hole under it and found himself in the tunnel on the other side. Saying nothing to us, he crawled all the way through under the boat, hauled a small reeving line through from side to side, and then crawled back through the tunnel. Dangerous work! A cave-in behind him would have cut off his escape.

Human Ballast

And so the first reeving line went through the midships tunnel, a far different scene from the one in the forward tunnel, where Wilson struggled for hours to find Eadie's foot wiggling in the darkness and the mud under the keel.

We rove through heavier lines, ran through our chains, were chased away for four days by a storm, and finally came back to lower the last pair of pontoons. The first pontoon went down, rested on the bottom abreast the conning tower. The breeze was freshening. We would have to hurry to sink the second one. We flooded it, watched it disappear in the flying spray. We lowered the pontoon 100 feet, held it just above the submarine. Kelley and Boyd went down. It was getting dark.

"On the pontoon," came from below.

The Falcon was rolling badly. Far below us the pontoon, straining on the hawsers, was compelled to follow our motions, and the divers were in a hazardous position trying to maintain their footing on the slippery cylinder as it heaved them irregularly about in the water. They cut loose the toggle bars, finally managed to shoot them through the proper links and secured them. As a last step, they were to open the flood valves on the pontoon before coming up, but matters began to go wrong.

Boyd's tender got a signal on his life line to take him up. The telephone man asked him his reason. It came back in broken sentences, interrupted by expressive pauses:

"On deck. I'm seasick from"—gulps—"trying to ride this pontoon. If you don't take me up"—another pause—"my insides are coming up anyway."

We started Boyd up.

Smith was waiting, dressed except for his helmet, as the emergency diver. I told him to stand by.

Meanwhile Kelley, alone now, crawled on his stomach along the top of the pontoon to its forward end. Stillson wrench in one hand, he tried to cling to the pontoon with the other, as he attempted to get his wrench on the valve stem just beyond the edge of the cylinder. The pontoon plunged erratically, sweeping him through the water and bouncing him up and down as he clung to the lowering ring. He was unable to steady down on the pontoon.

Finally he telephoned: "On deck. This pontoon keeps falling away from me. I can't hang on long enough to get the wrench on the valve. If you can send someone down here to sit on me, maybe I can make it."

"All right, Kelley. Smith is coming right down."

We put on Smith's helmet, hoisted him over and watched him disappear.

"On the pontoon." Smith crawled to the forward end where Kelley lay, sat on

Kelley's legs. With this extra ballast, Kelley tried again to adjust the wrench, but on the back of that pontoon, which, in spite of its huge size, was heaving up and down just above the submarine like a bucking bronco, it was like trying to brand an untied mustang. Smith could hardly hang on himself, let alone hold Kelley.

Another minute, and Kelley could stand it no longer: "On deck! Take me up! I'm sick!"

Kelley started up.

Smith took the Stillson wrench, stretched himself out and tried, unaided, to get at the valve. Over the telephone I listened to him, heard his heavy breathing, his gasps as he was thrown against the pontoon, his curses as he was flung back from the valve stem.

Smith was the mildest-tempered diver we had—a very quiet man—but after a few minutes of tossing up and down, in futile efforts to turn the valve, he was swearing profusely.

At last he ceased long enough to call: "On deck! I can't make it. The pontoon won't stay still long enough to get a look at the valve; and I'm near flying off every roll. Lower her to the bottom or I'm coming up!"

If Smith couldn't do it, nobody could. We lowered the pontoon the last twenty feet and slacked out the lowering lines when the pontoon came to rest. With the pontoon lying quietly on the sea floor, no longer hanging from the Falcon, Smith cast off the lowering lines, disconnected the air hoses, and then crawled aboard the submarine and started up. Our day's work was over. The Falcon unmoored. The last pontoon was down.

As Smith was hoisted over the rail I noticed casually a canvas tool bag upside down on the stage at his feet. Queer. Had he lost the tools? I lifted the bag. There, neatly hidden, lay the bronze bell of the S-51! I remembered that I had intended to bring that bell up myself once; I had often directed other divers to retrieve it when their work near it was done, but always the men were so worn-out that the extra minute's work on the bottom to uncouple the bell was never undertaken. Now Smith had it, apparently intending to make away with the trophy unnoticed.

The Stolen Bell

I sent Lieutenant Kelly to the Vestal with the bell, directing him to lock it safely in a chest under my berth there. Some hours later Smith came out of the recompression chamber, found me and asked for the bell.

"I'm sorry, Smith, but that bell is going to Annapolis as a trophy of this job. Nobody is going to have it personally. But I'll be mighty glad to have your name put on the name plate as having recovered it and as being the donor."

"No, I want the bell myself, Mr. Ellsberg. If it goes to the Naval Academy it'll be lost in a crowd of other things in a museum. If I take it back home with me to Pittsburgh, it'll mean something. Come on, be a sport. If you hadn't seen that bag for another minute, I had one of the bears all set to take it away, and you'd never have known. Besides, the bell had pulled out of its socket and was lying against the sub's rail, ready to fall overboard and get buried in the sand, and then none of us would have had it. Come on, I rescued it, it ought to be mine!"

But I was adamant. The bell was government property; the Naval Academy should have it. Smith left, disappointed.

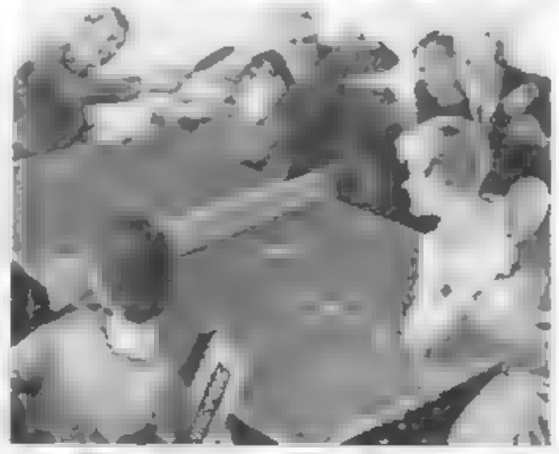
For weeks afterward my usual morning greeting was a grin from Smith, and the query: "Well, Mr. Ellsberg, have you decided to give back that bell you stole?"

My stock reply was: "No, Smith; it's going to be presented to Annapolis with your compliments."

Gradually we both forgot the affair.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Lieutenant Commander Ellsberg. The fourth and last will appear in an early issue.

Famous PARKER GAMES



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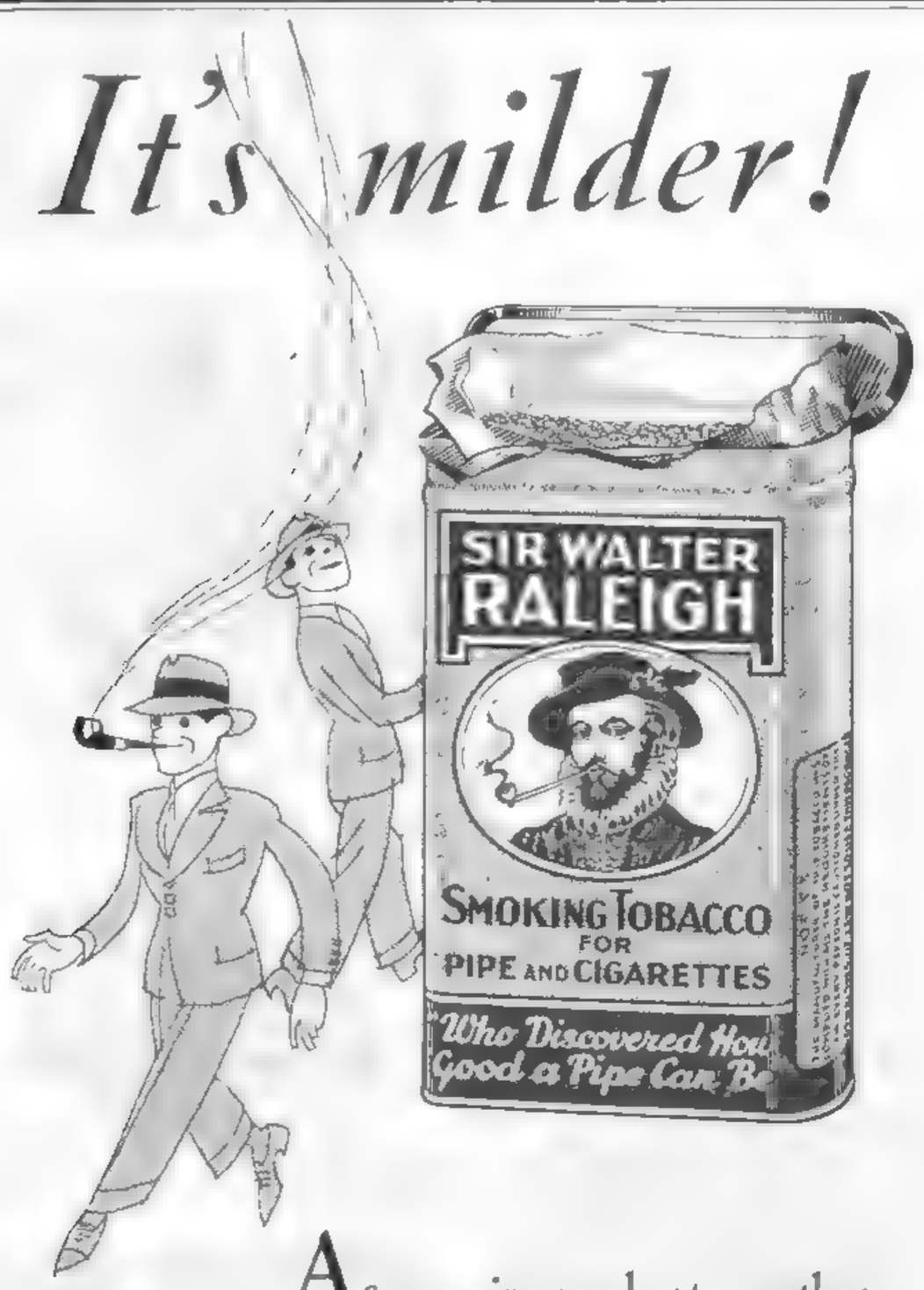

As one pipe smoker to another, we *mean* it. Sir Walter Raleigh really *is* milder; it really does have a special, rich, and mellow virtue all its own. And, quite incidentally, the heavy gold foil lining really does help a lot in preserving the unique fragrance and freshness of Sir Walter's favorite smoking mixture.

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SIR WALTER
RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

B&W

A TINTYPE OF THE FLASH AGE

(Continued from Page 5)

his early years in Boston, in one of whose suburbs he was born in 1809, he had gravitated to Nantucket to follow the whaling industry, and from there had gone to New Bedford. Less than thirty when the crippling injury afflicted him, he now turned to newspaper work for an outlet to his energies. He founded, in 1836, in the neighboring town of Fall River, the Patriot. And three years later he took over the New Bedford Register, founded shortly before.

In 1843 William Canfield, who by this time had turned from newspaper publishing to running the Sheridan House, a small hotel, was married to Julia Ann Aiken, daughter of Joseph and Hannah Howland Aiken, of the neighboring town of South Dartmouth. Julia's father was a farmer of no great ancestry, but her mother was of the Howland family, a prolific race which has helped make history in Southeastern Massachusetts.

VII

FRANÇOIS BLANC, the Parisian waiter who was later to found the famous gaming establishment at Monte Carlo, was in this year of 1855 firmly established in his gaming concessions at Homburg and Baden-Baden; but despite the fortune rolling up for him, he was furtively looking about for some place where he would not be confronted by the men and women ruined at his tables—a problem finally to be solved for him by the Franco-Prussian War sending him out of Germany to the Rock of Monaco. In the Eastern United States the most noted gaming places were in New York City and Washington. At Pendleton's, which divided the congressional and Southern planter trade with Joe Hall's place, about this time two faro players won close to $50,000 each at a sitting.

But New York, Washington and the other cities east of the Rockies were in the piker class compared with San Francisco, of whose traps for the young, and gilded halls catering to the miner laden with gold dust, a report to the New York Society for the Suppression of Gambling spoke with an eloquence that quite puts to shame Bunyan's description of Vanity Fair.

Quoting an unidentified correspondent, the report runs:

"The gambling saloons of San Francisco are the most splendid in the world. The saloons of London, Paris, Havana, New York or New Orleans are far beneath them in splendor of decoration and magnitude of dealings. The Bella Union, El Dorado and the Veranda are conspicuous for their interior arrangements and the number of persons which nightly can be seen in them.

"The halls are fitted up with superb furniture and appointments. On the gilded walls, often painted in fresco, are grouped copies of the most beautiful gems of modern and ancient art. . . . The couches, lounges, divans, scattered along the sides of these temples of chance, heaped with cushions of crimson, green and gold, purple and azure, are of every graceful and lovely shape. Now a carved sea shell, an antique chariot, a Gothic nondescript, carved with all the exquisite minuteness of the Elizabethan age. Upon the marble tables are scattered flower-shaped vases of alabaster or Bohemian glass of every hue, and quaint jars of costly porcelain. The lamps are veiled, until their light softly floats in the air and mysteriously reveals the surrounding objects.

"Dealing the treacherous cards from an ornamented silver box sits at the table the keeper of the faro bank. The game requires all his attention and that of an associate, who generally sits by his side to aid in paying and taking. The crowd press eagerly to make their several bets, the cards glide out of their confinement for either loss or gain. Perhaps a series of winnings draws attention to a particular card and hundreds of thousands are immediately staked upon it. As it wins or loses, rejoicings or cursings fill the air; but heedless of both, the game goes on till sheer exhaustion or the bank's ill luck closes it.

"In one of these, the El Dorado gaming house, we saw a young man, certainly not more than nineteen, walk boldly to the table and deposit a large sum upon the ace; he won, and letting the increased amount remain, he won again. Seizing the whole he walked coolly away, the winner of $22,000 in cash.

"He was followed by a miner—a rough, reckless, hardy yet honest-looking fellow, who placed his bag of dust, recently acquired, upon the card which had thus proved so lucky for the youth. He won also, and doubling the bet he won again. Elated by his success, he placed the whole on the same card and was followed by at least a dozen others. All around and on the card were heaps of gold, money, dust, ore and counters. The ace had proved so remarkably lucky all were induced to risk a large sum. Instantly all was hushed and still as death. The faces of all were blanched with suspense, both the dealers and the betters. Slowly the cards went forth—not a sound was heard until the ace was revealed, favorable to the bank. Curses and imprecations, shouts of 'Foul! Foul!' resounded, with hoarse threats and expressions—until the two dealers coolly produced their revolvers, declaring everything fair, and announced the bank a winner of $95,000!"

It was in this gaming house, nearly a score of years later, that Lucky Baldwin won more than $200,000 on the turn of a card.

In New Orleans and Cincinnati, the same report had it, there was a multiplicity of gambling houses, the 558 Cincinnati houses being divided by the society's observer as:

Faro, 9; bagatelle, 72; billiards, 30; cards, 420; rondo and keno, 27.

As one of the horrible examples of gaming in New York City, the report cited the case of a young Bavarian who on his arrival in that city made the rounds of the gambling houses and was soon penniless. Somehow he managed to return to his native land, and about two years later came back to New York with $3000 and a quantity of champagne.

The report continues: "He refused to go to a low public gaming house and visited Moore's at 256 Broadway." There he lost all his money, and found himself unwelcome. Becoming sick, he went to a hospital and "endeavored to procure a small loan from the man who had ruined him, not merely by the fair percentage of his game but by absolute and downright cheatery, which, if Mr. Moore denies, we stand ready to prove." The young man, it appeared, wrote the period to his career in suicide.

Orlando Moore's gambling house was doubtless a resort for wealthy gamblers, but it was not so well known as that of Joe Hall at Number 537 Broadway near Prince Street. In addition to this and his Washington place, Hall maintained in the 50's a noted gaming house in Philadelphia. His chief claim to fame is that he opened, in 1859, the gambling house at Number 818 Broadway, which was to endure for thirty years as New York's best known temple of chance. Next to Hall's in prestige was the ornate house conducted by Pat Herne, or Hearne, at Number 587 Broadway.

VIII

IF WILLIAM CANFIELD had been a faithful Democrat in his newspaper career, it was as a Northern Democrat and not a believer in negro slavery, for he supported Rodney French, a wealthy whaleship owner who had befriended the negroes and whose reputation as a supporter of the Underground Railroad was so lasting that seventy years later the negro population of New Bedford were the most active of the petitioners who persuaded the city to name one of its important streets the Rodney French Boulevard. French served as mayor

(Continued on Page 137

STYLISH ANKLES

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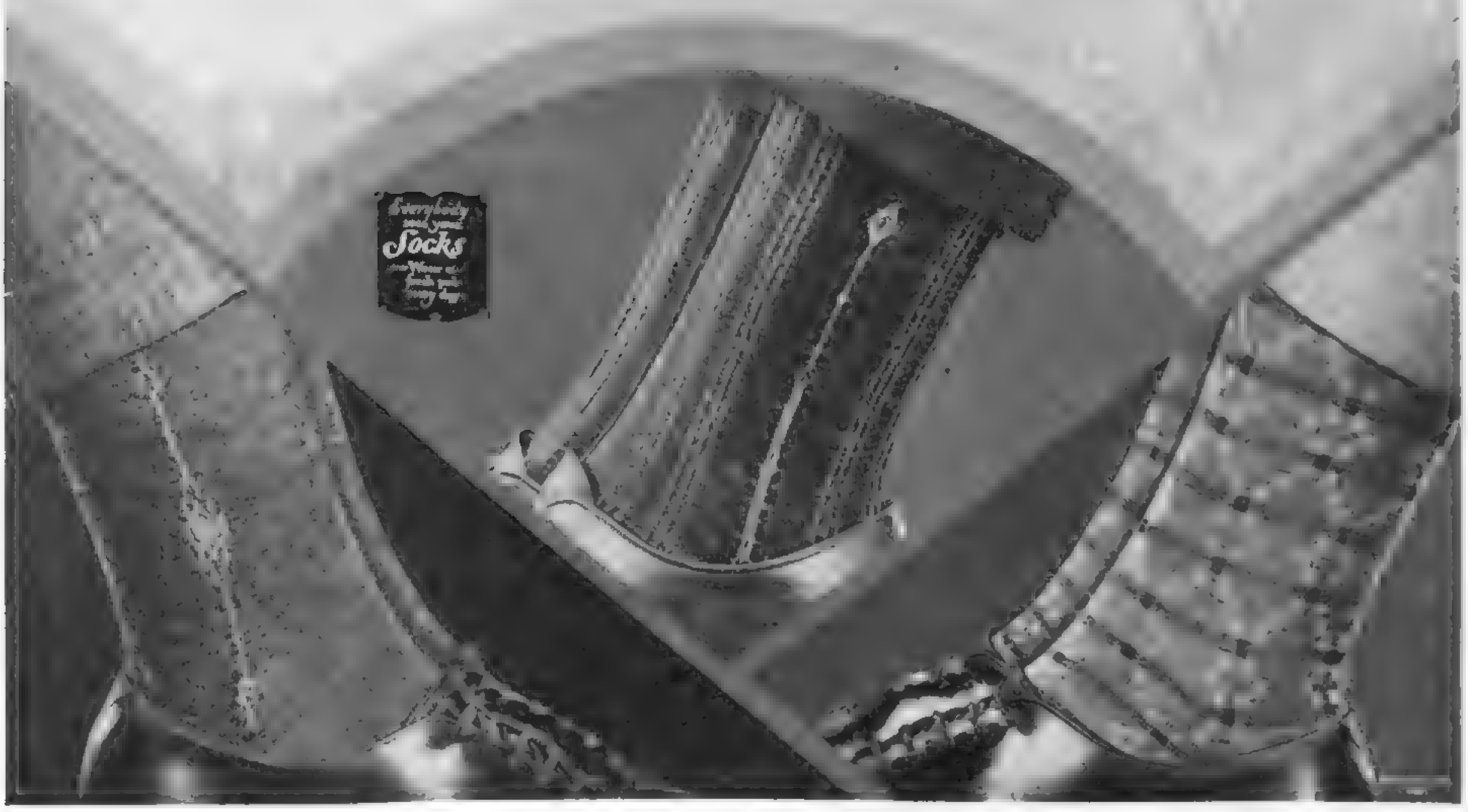


. . . carry your own
safety gates . . . *put*

McKAY
TIRE CHAINS

between you and trouble

UNITED STATES CHAIN & FORGING CO. PITTSBURGH, PA.

Continued from Page 134

in 1853. The following year he was a candidate to succeed himself. On the night of his reëlection a crowd of about a dozen men who had bitterly opposed him went on a rampage, assaulting a number of persons and doing damage to several houses and places of business, among them the saloon of William Canfield

The ruffians, it should be recorded, eventually paid fines of ten dollars each and were placed under bonds to keep the peace.

But in 1856, when little Dick Canfield was a year old, the solid men in the city took the law into their own hands, as had their fathers a quarter century before under similar provocation. The action of the mob, which has gone down in local history as the Howland Street Riot, came on the night of April 19, 1856, anniversary of the Battle of Lexington. Howland Street at that time was a resort for drunken sailors and evil-disposed persons. It abounded in "dance halls, saloons, gambling dens and brothels. When the ships came in these abodes of iniquity were in high carnival. Fights and brawls were of common occurrence and it was dangerous to be there after dark." When the high carnival left two murders in its wake the local vigilantes painted their faces, pulled down the offending brothels and set them afire.

Dick Canfield was not quite six when the New Bedford City Guards marched away to the war four days after the firing on Fort Sumter in 1861. He had become enrolled in the public-school system and attended the Middle Street School, not far from his home on the same street. Besides his parents, there were two brothers—Charles, seven years his senior, and William, Jr., the baby, in 1861 four years of age.

One of the prominent citizens of New Bedford at this time was Andrew J. Dam, who had succeeded William Canfield as proprietor of the Sheridan House, and who was now owner of the Mansion House, the principal hotel of the city. He and Mrs. Canfield were cousins; and as the two families lived near each other, Andrew J. Dam, Jr., and Charles Canfield, who were of the same age and attended the same grade in the Middle Street School, were playmates. Dam remembered many years later that he and Charles had several times to give young Richard a trouncing before that determined youngster would concede that he was not to go with them in their adventures on the wharves.

IX

THE Dams moved to New York in 1864, where the elder Andrew had bought the new Union Square Hotel, an ambitious hostelry that in the uptown march of business bade fair to become a second Astor House. Although she had relatives in Dartmouth and New Bedford, Mrs. Canfield, whose husband had died a few days before Appomattox, decided a year later that she would have a better opportunity to bring up her children in Providence, Rhode Island, the second city of New England. Her oldest son, Charles, now eighteen, feeling that he was old enough to make his own way in the world, stayed behind to follow the sea as a whaler as his father had before him. He was lost at sea a few years later.

Richard was now a boy of eleven, well set up and with a pride in his supple body that made him suspect that some day he might become a famous runner. He was fond of racing in impromptu fashion with his schoolmates and could outrun any of them. Someone had told him that to be a good runner he should rub his legs with whale oil, and he followed the instructions carefully each day. The story got around, and one day on the wharf his companions ducked him in one of the whale-oil barrels. . . . Richard gave up the idea of becoming a runner.

An attempt to get work in Providence failing, he paid a visit to his grandmother at her farm in South Dartmouth, and with that as a base set out for New Bedford each day to make the round of the stores to see if they could use a boy. Returning each night to the old farmhouse with the story that he couldn't get work, he was gently upbraided by Grandmother Aiken. Why didn't he just settle down and help her on the farm, or ship on a whaling cruise? Young Dick laughed at the idea of farm work. It was too hard. As for whaling, his father's injuries and the loss of his brother Charles at sea proved that there was nothing in that for a young fellow. Now if he could get a job in some nice store or office, go to work at around seven or eight o'clock in the morning and get out at six, dress nicely and have some fun ——

He borrowed money from his grandmother, who predicted that he would never amount to anything, and went to Boston. Two or three days after his arrival he was writing home that he had landed in the shipping department of the famous Jordan, Marsh & Co. store. They had asked him for a sample of his handwriting and he had given them something that closely resembled the copy-book script he had painfully studied. So he was made an assistant to the shipper at two dollars a week.

At this time James Fisk, Jr., whose disregard of the *mores* of his day kept his name on the tip of folks' tongues, was operating in New York, but paying visits periodically to Boston, where his wife made her home. A former partner of Jordan, Marsh & Co., it is certain that his name and fame were known to every employe of that concern, for on his visits to the Hub "Prince Jimmy" made sure that he would be noticed. It has been suggested that the full-blown success of the notorious playboy of Wall Street had a profound effect upon the impressionable youngster employed in Jordan, Marsh & Co.'s shipping department, and that the idea of big money, easily made, came to him as he daydreamed amid the unloading of goods and the directing of materials destined for the Back Bay. A disagreement with his immediate superior led to his giving up his job after he had held it little more than a year.

So we find him back in Providence at the age of fifteen, out of a job, and not particularly caring whether he got one. For the next seven years he was to be without a regular position, but that did not keep him from having money. By 1873 he had progressed as far as the position of joint proprietor of a ten-cent poker game on the second floor of a building at Westminster Street and Westminster Place, the site of the present Boston Store. It ran but a short time, for Policeman John A. Murray soon heard of it and warned Canfield and his partner, a youth named Buckley, that they would have to stop their gambling. They had a room about twelve feet square, with a table and several chairs and two or three packs of cards. Canfield was eighteen years old.

In the meantime he had become acquainted in Providence with a Pawtucket young man named Elisha Bucklin, and Elisha had taken his new-found friend to Pawtucket, where his father, David Bucklin, Sr., ran a hotel called the Pawtucket House. Elisha's brother David, whom Canfield met on one of these trips, was to become one of his best friends and run his place in New York until Jerome put them out of business.

Richard Canfield got into the Providence directory in 1875, when he was but twenty, as an accountant—a euphemism for gambler. His younger brother, now eighteen, was learning to be a burnisher in a jewelry shop, and they were living with their mother at Number 424 High Street, still on the west side. Richard seemed to have money all the time, and when he returned to town from visits to Boston or stays with the Bucklins at the hotel in Pawtucket, he supplied his mother with money. He was still on the wrong side of the gaming table, but was building up his knowledge of faro and roulette. The first step, he thought, was to get a job in one of the finer houses in Boston or New York and ingratiate himself into the favors of the wealthy patrons, who would help him when the time should be ripe for starting a place of his own.

But in 1876 he won a good deal of money—just how much nobody has ever definitely known. The following year when he went to New York to become night clerk for his kinsman, Andrew J. Dam, at the Union Square Hotel, he said that his winnings had been $20,000 and that he had spent the summer and his money in Europe, coming back almost penniless. Mr. Dam told me recently that he doubted that Canfield had won that much, and Elisha Bucklin also scouted the idea that his winnings at that time were even as much as $10,000. But he went to Europe in style and spent what he had in prodigal fashion.

In 1876 William had given up his jewelry work because of bad health and was now a clerk in a small store on Westminster Street. The directory for that year is the last to carry the name of Julia Canfield, widow, though she continued to live in Providence until her death in 1884. William developed tuberculosis and died in the winter of 1889.

By that year Richard Canfield had married, served a prison term as a common gambler and was embarked on the New York career that was to make his name more famous in the annals of gambling than that of any other American. To give him his due, he provided in his own home for his mother and ailing brother in their last years.

X

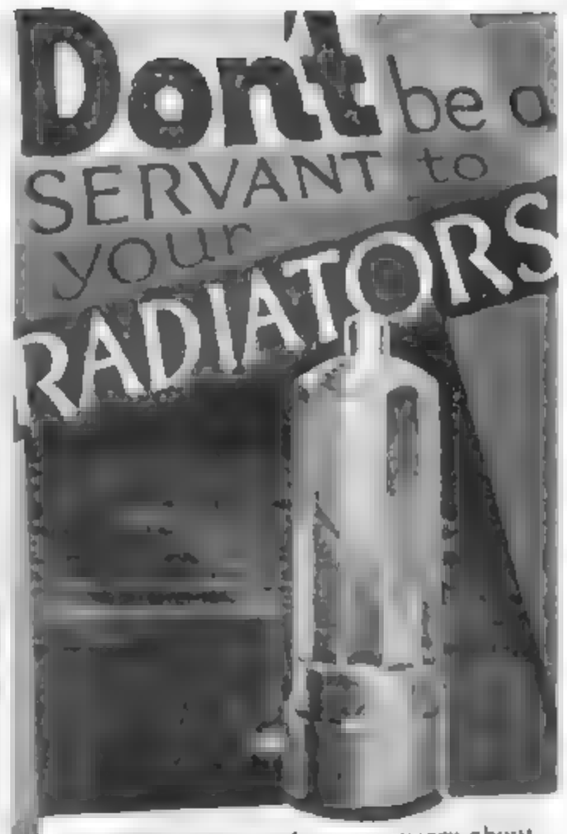
THE period from the close of the Civil War to the panic of 1873 has been called the Flash Age of America. The rapid expansion of the country through the building of the transcontinental railway and the opening up of the West, with its great mineral wealth, made fortunes overnight for thousands who had before been pinched for money, and the vulgar display that followed the acquiring of these fortunes fixed the name of the period. A diamond shirt stud, the bigger the better, stamped the possessor as a solid citizen, elegant and tony, until by the grace of Nast and Harper's Weekly caricaturing William M. Tweed's immense stone the practice fell somewhat into disfavor.

Commodore Vanderbilt, Daniel Drew, Jim Fisk and Jay Gould set the pace in business in New York with their practices, and the smaller fry followed suit. Business men as a whole were untrustworthy, the public Treasury was being looted by rascals who abused the friendship of President Grant while waving the bloody shirt of sectionalism; and though the activities of the Tweed Ring in the 60's and early 70's are even today regarded by many people as a flagrant breach with the spirit of the times, the fact is that all over the land unscrupulous men in offices of public trust were making themselves rich at the expense of the people they pretended to serve. Cashiers fleeing to Canada with all the banks' cash they could carry were as common a phenomenon as automobile bandits and hijackers today.

The severe panic of 1873 curbed the flamboyant excesses of the new-rich, and in the slow upward climb that followed, the country gave evidence of amazing soil potentialities and mineral deposits that advertised it throughout the world as the land of opportunities and sent immigrants to its doors by the hundred thousand.

In the 70's gambling was the avocation of men of substance throughout the nation. United States senators and congressmen, judges, bankers, stock-market operators, doctors, lawyers and high officers of the Army and Navy were to be seen unabashed in the gambling establishments of New York, Washington and Philadelphia, some playing the roulette wheel, but most of them crowded about the faro box to watch the cards flash out their happy or doleful message. Faro was to retain its place with poker as one of the principal American gambling games until the 90's. In the first decade of this century, because of the prevalence of crooked boxes, faro passed almost completely out.

New York of the post-Civil-War period had hundreds of gambling places, from the dives in which low characters played policy or ran up against three-card-monte sharps



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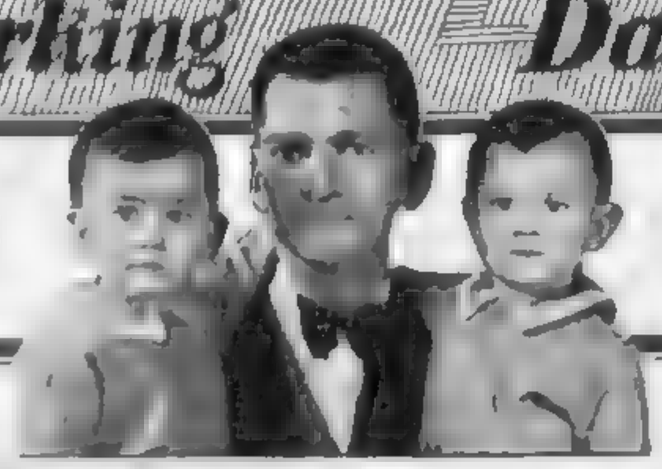

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City *State*

on through the small poker clubs and dicing establishments to the most elaborate salons, like Number 818 Broadway, the Chamberlin and Ransom places in Twenty-fifth Street and John Morrissey's establishment at Number 5 West Twenty-fourth Street.

In 1867, the Antigambling Society having succeeded in raiding several of the Broadway gambling houses, an indignation meeting of the gamblers sought to devise ways and means of defeating this menace to their prosperity. The Herald's account of the meeting reveals that the gamblers were ready then, as in later years, to pay well for protection:

"A large number of the leading gamblers of this city met in private council yesterday at one of the principal establishments, in Broadway near Prince Street, for the purpose of giving vent to their feelings against and devising the best means of vanquishing the Antigambling Society in their present crusade against the faro institution. In the absence of a prominent member, an ex-blood of the ring [Morrissey], who was previously nominated, another individual of the fraternity was called to the chair and a skillful dealer was appointed secretary. The proceedings commenced by the technical speech of one man who was in favor of employing counsel and meeting with the lawyers before taking any further steps in the matter. He was afraid of suckers who knew the ropes, as it was not likely they would resist the temptation of selling to the Antigambling Society.

"Another individual announced the fact that their opponents had already collected $20,000 and he dreaded their special detectives, but did not care a straw for the ward police. After further discussion, in which 'double banking,' 'checking' and 'putting up' the society were suggested, a motion to tax each establishment $100 as a beginning was carried, with the proviso that the total taxation for each establishment should not exceed $500. The secretary then announced that the $100 tax would realize $5100 and the $500 tax $25,500. More 'square dealing' and 'playing' having been exhibited by all hands, this concentration of 'banks' dissolved business for the present."

Evidently the money was judiciously spent, for in the next several years the Broadway houses seldom ran afoul of the police or the agents of the reform organizations.

A newspaper of the early '70's, seeking to tabulate the town's gambling places, declared that they fell into ten classes, as follows:

CLASS	FREQUENTED BY
1. Policy or exchange offices	Negroes, foreigners and Americans
2. Sailors' gaming houses	Mixed, with Americans prevailing
3. Houses of ill fame	American, foreign.
4. Lager-beer gardens	Mostly Germans.
5. Low eating houses and saloons	Mostly Irish.
6. Day gaming hells downtown	Mostly Americans
7. Broadway houses	Mixed.
8. Ransom's and Morrissey's	Chiefly American
9. Clubs	Americans.
10. Chamberlin's	Americans.

On Broadway below Fulton Street a shoe store did such a flourishing business and patrons stayed in the back room of the store so long that reporters found out it was a faro and poker joint—the 1928 variant of which is the radio-store speak-easy. On West Thirtieth Street, not far from Broadway, was "a brownstone house where ladies of the highest respectability played faro, keno and poker."

Chamberlin's, rated the most exclusive of the palaces of chance, was a brownstone-stoop establishment at Number 8 West Twenty-fifth Street. It was, according to all records extant, the very embodiment of Victorian sumptuousness. Fine paintings looked down on mantels crowded with gewgaws, massive furniture sank into thick carpets, marble-topped tables and horsehair furniture gave an air of elegance; and under the gaslights a crowd of men drifting from play room to supper room, to library and back to play room—men whose social and professional and business standing were of the highest. Chamberlin served the finest of foods and liquors free. Many who came to eat failed to play, but the courteous host said nothing to these deadbeats until they abused his hospitality by crowding the regular players away from the food, when they were quietly told to get out.

John F. Chamberlin was a native of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, who made enough money on the saloon privileges of a boat plying between St. Louis and New Orleans in the '50's to open an exclusive gambling club in St. Louis. He prospered there, and with a partner named Price McGrath came on to conquer New York. He built the Monmouth race track and the Long Branch, New Jersey, clubhouse in the late '70's and won the undying enmity of John Morrissey and other Saratoga gamblers when society people, who had been patronizing the Spa, flocked to Long Branch instead. Losses on the track caused Chamberlin to close out his New York house in the late '70's and he moved to Washington, where he established a restaurant that became probably the most famous in the capital's history. So popular was he with senators and congressmen that Congress voted him land on the government reservation at Fort Monroe, Virginia, on which to erect a hotel, and Washington society people subscribed heavily to the $1,500,000 fund which he raised to build a great rambling, comfortable structure called the Chamberlin, which was the solitary glory of Old Point Comfort. The hotel was destroyed by fire shortly after the close of the World War.

Tweed and his friends were prominent patrons of Chamberlin's and left thousands of dollars of the city's money there. And as Jim Fisk lay dying, one of those gathered about his bed was his very good friend John Chamberlin.

Number 818 Broadway, take it all in all, was probably the most famous gambling house in New York's history until Canfield's East Forty-fourth Street establishment began making history itself with its phenomenally high play. Founded by Joe Hall, the king gambler of New York, in 1859, when Union Square was far uptown, its patrons drove in carriages from downtown to the brownstone palace near Twelfth Street. Other gambling-house keepers, lured to the vicinity by its success, were raided by the police and ousted. Morrissey, who owned the place for eight years, is said to have cleared $700,000 in it. After his death the quaint old-fashioned building was run by various people, and as late as 1886, when Richard Canfield came to New York for the second time, it was the best known gaming place in town. A light occasionally peeping through the heavy blinds told the initiate the story of high play each night, but to the casual passer-by it was just a dwelling place surrounded, in its final phase, by business buildings. It went out of existence as a gambling place in 1890, but the old tumbledown, weather-beaten building still stands, a sorry memento of the lush days of the Flash Age.

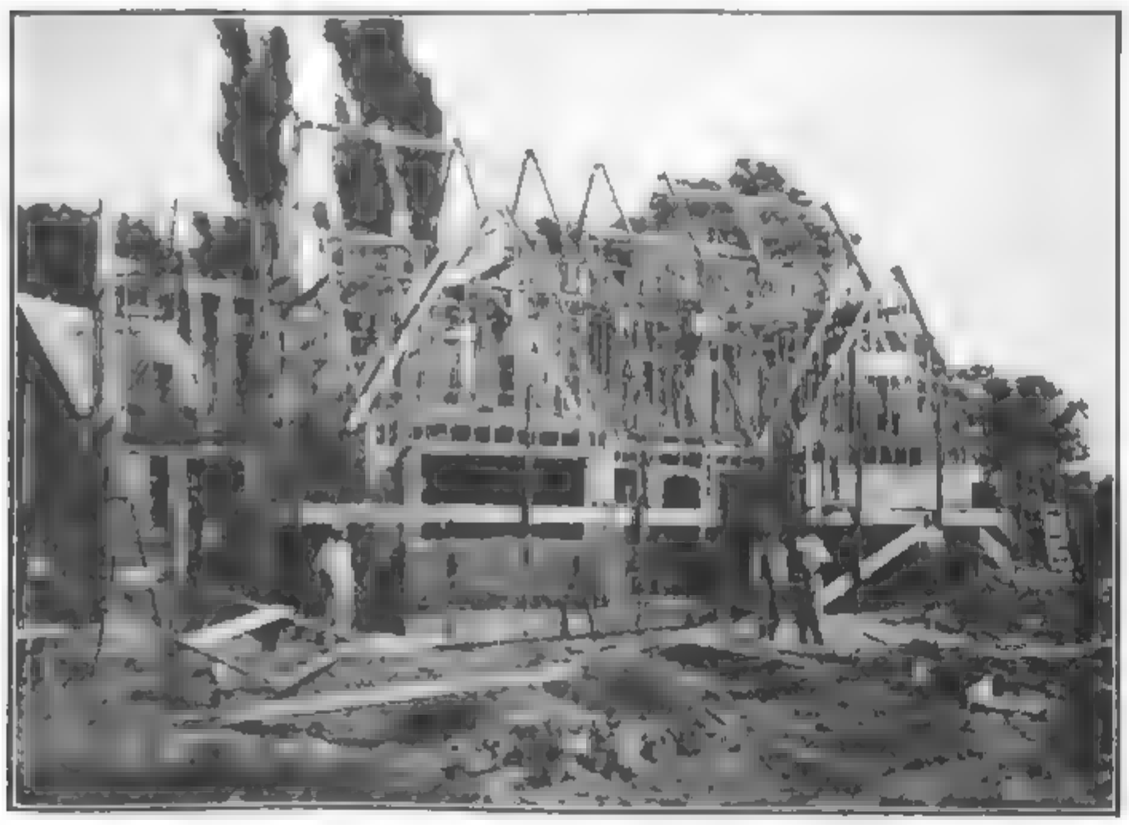
Ransom's, run by Charles B. Ransom at Number 11 West Twenty-fifth Street, almost directly across the street from Chamberlin's, remained a high-class gambling place until the death of the proprietor, from tuberculosis, in 1885. After Chamberlin left New York, Ransom's and Number 818 shared the high-class trade, Ransom's at one time having the reputation of being the biggest and squarest game east of San Francisco.

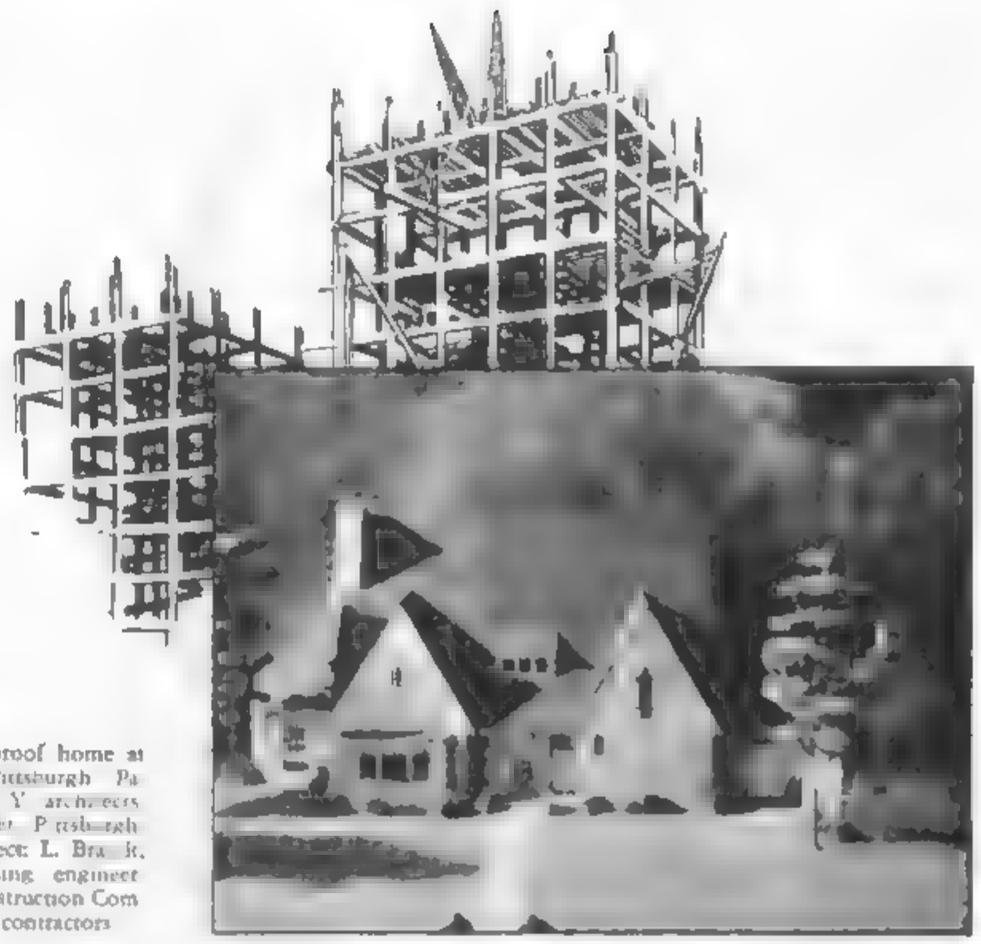
Charles Ransom was a native of New Haven who arrived in New York in the early '50's with a few pennies in his pocket and a boastful confidence in his ability at tenpins. He won bets on himself so frequently when he matched his skill with the experts that he made enough to open a saloon at Port Jervis. This he sold out for $8000 in 1856 and returned to New York, to meet with Tom Hyer, the boxer, fresh from his defeat of Yankee Sullivan.

A three-day set-to they had at poker seems to have made them fast friends, for soon afterward they joined forces in a

(Continued on Page 141)

The house is beginning to take shape. The steel frame is ready for the brick veneer is going up over STEELTEX for Stone or Brick Facing





Steel frame, fireproof home at Mission Hills, Pittsburgh, Pa. Lyon & Taylor, N. Y. architects; Charles R. Gessler, Pittsburgh, consulting architect; L. Brack, Pittsburgh, housing engineer; L. O. Maines Construction Company, Pittsburgh, contractors

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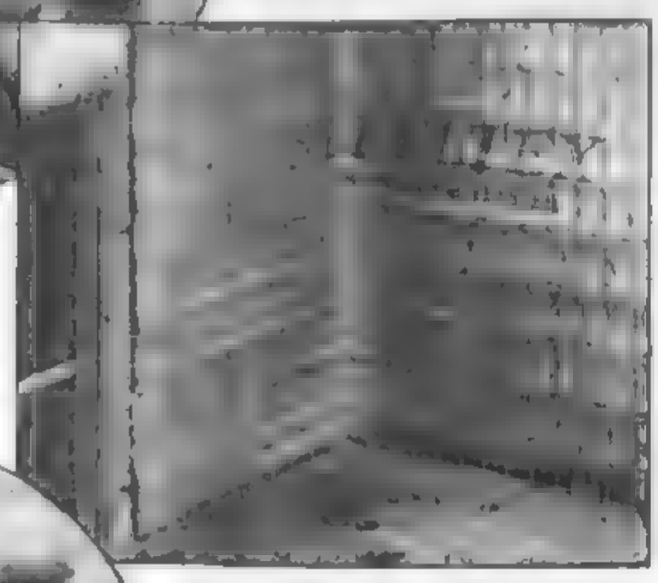

STEELTEX for Interior Plaster is also attached to the steel framing by the attachment bar, giving automatic back-plastered, reinforced plaster construction, plus the insulating and sound-deadening qualities of the backing

The STEELTEX attachment bar is V shaped, and has flexible metal ties welded to it at regular intervals. Easily and quickly attached. It comes in standard lengths and is readily cut with ordinary pliers. It is only a matter of seconds to set a sheet of STEELTEX in place and secure metal ties by hand. In wood-frame construction, STEELTEX is nailed to framework in sheets like metal lath or wall board

STEELTEX for Brick Facing provides a 1-inch reinforced cement slab, cast in place as the bricks are laid, forming a monolithic wall of brick, steel and cement. In addition, wall ties, hooked to the STEELTEX, are embedded in mortar between brick courses. Since the STEELTEX is waterproofed, the result is moisture-proof masonry quality at brick veneer cost

Like a page from the Arabian Nights is the story of America's most talked-about house, now building at Mission Hills, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Here, at last, is the fireproof home, built by skyscraper methods using steel girders and steel framing, *yet brought within reasonable cost.* This result is due largely to STEELTEX. This modern reinforcing material is now repeating in this new field the success it has had in over a quarter million homes, apartments, etc., of standard wood construction.

STEELTEX makes it possible to use economical brick facing, reinforce it with steel, have an absolutely moisture-proof wall, and with the same material, add insulating and sound-deadening qualities. In fact, this construction in a steel frame house is endorsed by the Common Brick Manufacturers' Association of America.

STEELTEX guards the plaster-walls with completely embedded steel reinforcing—minimizing the crack hazard and bringing added insulation and sound-deadening.

STEELTEX puts a 4-inch sealed air space around this house to prevent the passing of winter's cold and summer's heat. STEELTEX brings such economies to the building of reinforced concrete floors that these fire barriers have been constructed under all the wooden floors.

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In Gift Flacon de Luxe of rose embossed with silver, with silk lined grey suede case, $20; small flacon $8; trial size $2; face powder $1; sachet and bath powder $1.50 each . . . If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct. L. T. PIVER, INC. (pronounced Peevair), 118 East 16th St., New York, 1030 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Canada

PIVER *Paris*

(Continued from Page 138)

gambling house at Number 5 Park Place. The partnership did not last long. Ransom tried his luck in solo successively at Number 8 Barclay Street, a house whose more than fifty years as a gambling establishment, ending in 1902, constitutes a record for New York City. This place prospering, he added a house at Prince and Mercer streets and a third in West Fifteenth Street, finally giving all of them up in 1865 to take over the Twenty-fifth Street house that was to serve him until his death. He was known as the squarest, quietest, coolest-headed gambler in New York, and except for a short time in 1884, when all of the houses shut down while the Roosevelt Legislative Committee investigated conditions in various municipal departments, it was able to operate continuously.

With the end of Ransom's, John Daly's establishment in the big double house at Number 39 West Twenty-ninth Street took the lead as the resort for the plungers, to yield in the middle '90's to the place run by Richard A. Canfield at Number 22 West Twenty-sixth Street.

XI

ANDREW J. DAM, Jr., stood behind the desk of the Union Square Hotel one afternoon in the early fall of 1877. Business was pretty brisk, what with drummers streaming in and out of New York as heralds of the expansive prosperity that had followed upon the Centennial Exposition, theaters were running full tilt near by and the dancing halls and gambling houses were crowded nightly. New York, with a population of a little more than 1,000,000, was on the move uptown, and venturesome prophets were predicting that the sporting portion of the town would shortly be beyond Madison Square, which then marked its northern boundary.

The town was wide open, though Anthony Comstock carried on a battle with the lotteries and the purveyors of filthy pictures. When anyone had the temerity to suggest that Captain Williams had the power to close up the gambling dens and disorderly houses in his district, the captain or his friends pointed out that he was not afraid of any man and had cracked more heads than anybody else in the police department. Of the drinking and dancing halls, Harry Hill's in Houston Street was the most conspicuous; but a place called the Haymarket, which had been established only five years before, away uptown, at Sixth Avenue near Thirtieth Street, was putting up a valiant fight for recognition as a rendezvous for men on a tear and women of easy virtue.

Dam looked up from the register over which he was poring, to see a most agreeable-looking young fellow with a smooth-shaven ruddy face, a twinkle in his dark gray eyes and a shock of brown hair. He didn't at first recognize his kinsman Richard Canfield, which is natural enough, considering the fact that in the thirteen years that had elapsed since his residence in New Bedford he had seen hundreds of new faces every day in his duties about the hotel. The boy who at nine was merely a pest who insisted on playing with older boys had now, at twenty-two, become a handsome young man with a trim, well-knit figure.

They had supper together, and Dam gave Canfield a room on the top floor of the hotel. Later they talked over the reason for the younger man's visit to New York, and Canfield declared that he thought it was about time he got into some sort of regular work. Dam at once told him that there was an opening as night clerk in the hotel, and asked if he would like that.

Canfield jumped at the chance. He at once made good. He had a perfect memory for faces and the names that went with them, a suave manner and a smile that disarmed influential patrons complaining about the service. But he could be stern and forbidding if the occasion required, as it not infrequently did. Further, he was even then well-read and had a presence that inspired respect. The night clerk of a commercial hotel, then as now, must be all things to all men, and Canfield set about learning all he could about the city—where the best gambling houses and churches and banks were located, what time the trains and boats arrived and left, what was playing at the theaters—hundreds of facts that he stored away in his mind—simple little facts that somebody sometime might want.

Business boomed and Canfield got a raise in pay. He had little leisure to indulge in his favorite game of faro, but he borrowed and bought books which he read during the tiresome hours of the night trick. Prose and poetry of America and England, histories, novels, essays—he read them all, and his retentive mind stored up long passages that he was wont to recite upon occasion. His formal education had carried him to the seventh grade of elementary school, but that marvelously retentive memory and a will to better himself had brought him to the point where he was able to discuss literature with anyone that had any pretension to knowledge in that field.

XII

ALEXANDER S. WILLIAMS was finishing his first year as police captain of the precinct to which he had given the succulent name of Tenderloin and which he and his successors in the job were to mulct of hundreds of thousands of dollars while the district remained the center of night life in New York for something like thirty years. That precinct, managed from the station house in Thirtieth Street between Sixth and Seventh avenues, comprised the territory between Fourteenth and Forty-second streets, with Park and Fourth avenues down to Union Square as the eastern boundary and Seventh Avenue the western. Delmonico's restaurant, bellwether of the town's high life, had moved up from downtown the year before to the strategic location facing the junction of Fifth Avenue and Broadway at Twenty-sixth Street that placed it within a short distance of some of the most famous hotels of the day—the Fifth Avenue, gathering place of politicians and to become famous for its Amen Corner; the Hoffman House and the Albemarle, the St. James and the Brunswick. The trend was very definitely uptown, but Union Square still retained a share of the sporting life of the community.

John Morrissey, the prize fighter, politician and gambler with whose name Canfield's is linked unforgettably in Saratoga, was fighting Tammany tooth and nail in this fall of 1877 in an attempt to win reelection as a state senator. His frame weakened by excesses, he nevertheless was able to give his Tammany opponent a beating, but he didn't occupy his seat, dying the following spring.

Morrissey's career is one of the most picturesque of all the American gamblers'. Into his forty-seven years he crowded more action than most active men get in seventy. Born in Ireland and brought up in Troy, New York, he was sent to work at an early age and knocked around from one rough job to another. Of massive frame, he early attracted the attention of pugilistic managers looking for a meal ticket, and soon he was launched as a fighter. He whipped Yankee Sullivan and in 1858 had the satisfaction of defeating John C. Heenan, an old boyhood enemy in Troy, for the championship of America, at Long Island Point, Canada, not far from Buffalo. The fathers of the two fighters had carried on a more or less sanguinary battle over rival fighting cocks that was not settled in either cocking main or law court, and they died hating each other and passing on to their sons the sort of feud usually associated with the mountaineers of Kentucky. Morrissey was not so scientific a fighter as Heenan, but although his nose was broken in the first round, he beat Heenan into insensibility in the seventh.

He had announced before the battle that it was to be his last prize fight. He kept his resolution. With the $1000 he had won on the fight he started a faro-bank establishment in Broadway between Great Jones and Bond streets with Matt Dancer, a gambler whose reputation for square dealing was so well established that patrons frequently gave him large sums of money to wager against his own game. The Morrissey-Dancer combination proving successful, a second place was established at Number 12 Ann Street. During the Civil War Morrissey branched out for himself in the gambling house at Number 8 Barclay Street, where he is said to have made $1,000,000. In 1864, in association with eight other men he established a gambling place at Number 5 West Twenty-fourth Street, just around the corner from the Hoffman House and near the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Each of the partners put up $10,000. Morrissey himself took over the famous Number 818 Broadway and ran it for several years.

When he got into politics, Morrissey gave up active connection with the gambling houses, though he continued to exact tribute from some of them. He was twice elected to Congress as a Tammany man, but broke with the organization in 1870, going back to it at the request of Samuel J. Tilden and Honest John Kelly, who, as the new leader of Tammany Hall, was trying to win for the faithful another chance at the fleshpots. Later he once more broke with Tammany, this time for good.

Morrissey was himself a great card player, being particularly adept at poker, which for more than fifty years fought a successful battle with faro for the distinction of being considered the great American gambling game, to yield a few years ago to bridge whist. At various downtown places and at the Bull's Head Tavern he frequently sat in on games that lasted around the clock. It is said that in one game he took $120,000 from Ben Wood, editor of the old Daily News and brother of that Fernando Wood who, as mayor of New York at the beginning of the Civil War, wanted the city to secede from the Union on its own account and set itself up as a free city on the model of certain German municipalities. There is a tradition that after the war Ben Wood, in one of his numerous visits to Morrissey's Saratoga Clubhouse, won $124,000 at faro. But more than likely he gave it all back in time, for then, as now and always, the percentage was with the house.

Two of the men associated with Morrissey in his gambling enterprises in New York were Albert Spencer and Charles Reed, who were later to carry on the gambling business of the Saratoga Clubhouse, Spencer eventually buying out Reed and himself disposing of the property in the 90's to Canfield. In the 70's, however, besides their affiliation with Morrissey, Reed and Spencer ran a gambling house at Number 21 West Fifteenth Street, just west of Broadway, which was known as the Cottage. Its gable roof, Gothic windows and curiously ornamented chimneys set it off from the buildings in the vicinity, and the beautiful interior, the high play and the costly suppers dispensed with a lavish hand gave it a reputation hardly inferior to that of the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Street houses and Number 818 Broadway. Spencer, in his leisure hours, collected fine paintings and sold them at auction, while Reed's hobbies were the breeding of horses and the scientific development of casino.

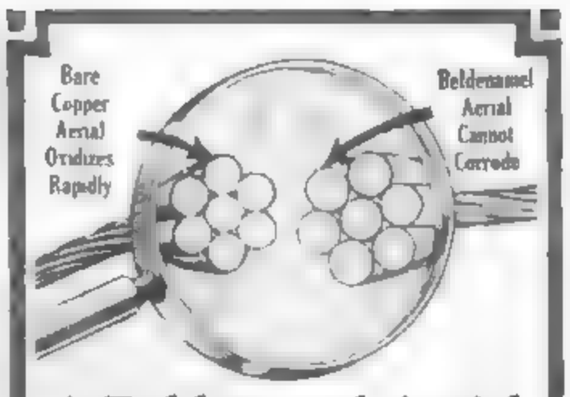
By 1877 they were both out of the Fifteenth Street place and living in their establishment at Number 5 West Twenty-fourth Street. The little ivory ball spinning nightly as the roulette wheel turned to the droning of the croupier's

Round and round the little ball goes,
Where it will stop nobody knows,

must have been the inspiration for the Yankee trick they played on the solicitor for Trow's New York Directory of 1877. This is the way their names appeared:

Reed, Charles, ivory, 150 Fulton, h. 5 W. 24
Spencer, Albert, ivory, 5 W. 24.

Having sport with the compilers of the directory was a rather common practice with the New York gamblers of the second



A Beldenamel Aerial Cannot Corrode

THE secret of a Beldenamel Aerial is in the baked Beldenamel coating that protects each strand from corrosion. If you want to assure yourself of maximum receiving efficiency, ask your dealer for a Beldenamel Aerial Kit—it resists atmospheric fumes and smoke, permanently. Get the most out of your radio set by using a good antenna system.

BELDEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
2334 South Western Avenue, Chicago

A Caseless Flashlight that Fits the Pocket and the Purse

CHOICE OF 5 BEAUTIFUL COLORS

ACTUAL SIZE

A complete flashlight 39¢ Nothing else to buy

THIS amazing innovation is the most practical flashlight ever designed. It answers practically every flashlight requirement. In ordinary usage lasts several months. Light snaps on and off as lid is opened and closed. No power wasted unknowingly. When not in use, power is guarded by Chrome, the preservative, a patented feature of Burgess Batteries. Thus extra life and service are added.

Sold by practically all dealers.

BURGESS BATTERY CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

BURGESS SNAPLITE FLASHLIGHT

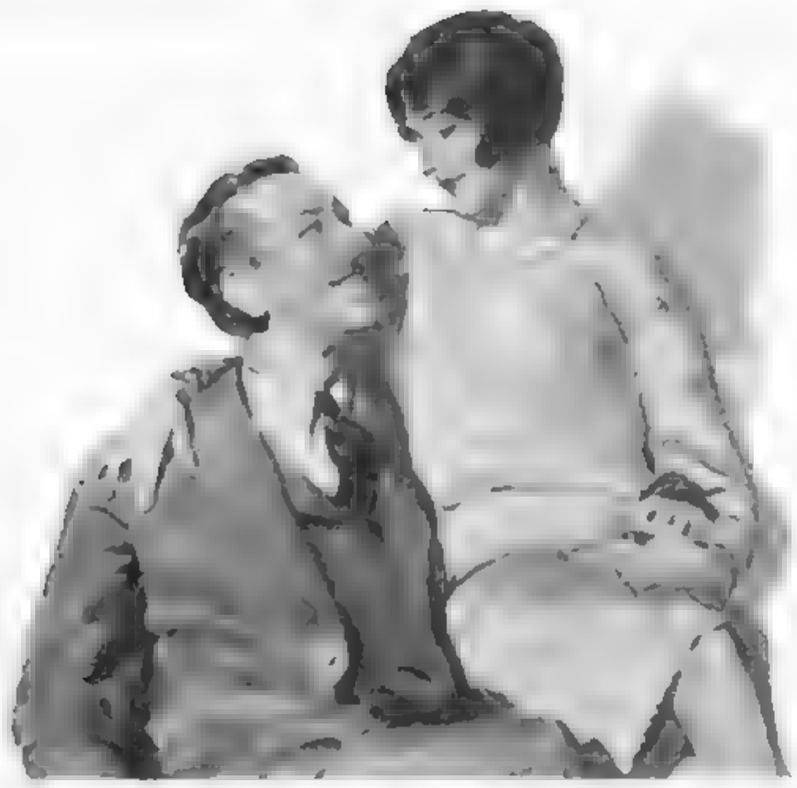
MEDITERRANEAN Cruise $600 up

as "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 30

Clark's 25th cruise, 66 days, including Madeira, Canary Islands, Casablanca, Rabat, Capital of Morocco, Spain, Nice, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, 15 days Palestine and Egypt, Italy, Riviera, Berlin, Paris, Brussels hotels, guides, motors, etc.

Norway-Mediterranean, June 29, 1929; $600 up

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.



Makes Life Sweeter

Because of the way we live today, the things we eat, few are entirely free from acidosis. To help the system keep sound and sweet take Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Does a hearty meal give you an uncomfortable sense of fullness? Do rich foods disagree, or bring on sour stomach? Don't suffer, and don't diet. Try this universal sweetener that every physician endorses; that the public has found so helpful. It is a gentle corrective that every stomach needs at times; whenever a coated tongue, fetid breath, and acid skin tell you the system needs sweetening.

Phillips is the genuine, prescriptional product; physicians endorse; the name is important.

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Milk of Magnesia has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Company and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

Want $50.00 Extra For Christmas?

AMONG the things which Miss Eleanor A. Brown of Montana wants for Christmas each year is more money—for herself and for tasteful gifts. Being self-reliant, she long ago discovered that she could easily earn it for herself. In a single day we have paid her more than $6.00 extra just for sending us new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

In Your Spare Time

WE want more workers to represent our publications, locally, just as Miss Brown is doing. The work is easy, pleasant and dignified. You do not need previous experience to succeed, and your time is your own. We will pay you liberally for results whether you have one or ten hours to spare—but if you want $50.00 for Christmas do not delay.

—Mail This Coupon Today—

The Curtis Publishing Company, 890 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

I am interested in your cash plan for more money. Please tell me about it, but without obligating me in any way.

Name _____ Age _____

Please Print Name and Address

Street _____

City _____ State _____

half of the past century. Many times they were able to keep their names out entirely. Other times they took refuge in "broker" as an occupation. On occasion, John Daly and Charlie Reed became dealers in horses for directory purposes, which was not far wrong, as both had racing stables. Morrissey was a "broker." On at least one occasion the directory recorded him as refusing to give his home address. Still others were "merchants" and "agents." In the end they all came back to the simple way blazed by Joe Hall and Pat Hearne in the '50's. Thus:

Daly, John, h. 39 W. 29
Reed, Charles, h. 5 W. 24
Canfield, Richard A., h. 5 E. 44

After he gave up his connection with Spencer at Saratoga in the late '80's, Reed continued to run the house on Twenty-fourth Street until Jerome closed down all the gambling establishments in 1904. From that time until 1906 he gave his attention to the breeding of horses at Fairview, his stud farm in Tennessee; but though he had paid $100,000 for the famous racer St. Blaise and had sought to perpetuate the strain in a succession of fast-stepping horses, he had had little luck. Spencer had quit the country for France after selling the Saratoga place to Canfield, and lived there up to his death in 1907, so confirmed an expatriate that his will, directing cremation of his body, stipulated in most positive terms that the ashes should never be taken to America.

XIII

ONE day in the spring of 1878 young Dam—he was now twenty-nine—attended a drill of the Seventh Regiment, of which he was a member, in Tompkins Market at the Bowery and Seventh Street. With several other militiamen, he later went to a gambling place in Broadway between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets. The militiamen played faro, and there was nothing about his particular luck, either good or bad, to make the night memorable for Dam, until several years later Richard Canfield, no longer in his employ, told him that when the militiamen entered he had seen Dam and had left by the back door without taking the trouble to pick up from the table the money he had just won.

From this distance his action in fleeing the gambling house seems to have been panicky. Dam was himself a gambler in a mild way, and certainly he was not straitlaced about his young night clerk, who in the very first hour of their renewed acquaintance had boasted of winning $20,000 at faro the year before. But the newspapers were forever telling about how men intrusted with funds by banks and mercantile houses had lost those funds in gambling rooms and skipped to Canada or blown their brains out. Gamblers themselves came to no good end and, like their patrons, eventually lost all their money. As night clerk, young Canfield had no great funds in his possession, but if the two Dams knew about his passion for faro they might conceivably decide that he was not the proper sort of person to bed down the drummers getting into town on a late train. The chances were at least even that he would be spoken to sharply—if he didn't lose his job. He wasn't ready for anything like that.

If he was gambling frequently, Canfield in this year was also showing ability of a high order in running his job at the hotel. The Dams, father and son, were so well pleased that they sought for him the more lucrative position of day clerk at the Astor House. But Flavius J. Allen, who was the elder Dam's partner in the hotel, would not hear of it.

The situation at the Astor was one of open hostility between the two partners, each of whom felt that the other was trying to maneuver him out of his share of the property, which was making money. In 1875 the two had taken over the famous old hotel, which had been closed for a number of years. Its days of glory had been from its opening in the '30's to the beginning of the Civil War, when the northward march of the city left it stranded. In its early days, Webster, Clay and other national figures had stayed there, and Abraham Lincoln had been a guest on his first visit to New York after becoming President. The rooms occupied by its patrons now in 1878 had no more of comfort to them than when the early statesmen occupied them.

Allen and Dam started a restaurant in the rotunda on the ground floor back of the stores. For years it made money for them and their successors, and finally outlived the hotel itself, yielding to the march of progress only when the building, made over a number of times, was finally torn down. But if the restaurant was a great success, the other parts of the business were only slightly less so. Business men were content to put up with the primitive pitcher and basin in the room in place of running water—for one thing, because even on the new Elevated road and the Broadway stage it took an unconscionably long time to get down from the railroad terminus near Madison Square Garden to the business section, which, as now, was near the tip end of Manhattan. If a salesman had three or four days to spend in New York, he could stay at the Astor House and be at his customers' places bright and early in the morning. Then if he wanted to go uptown at night there was plenty of time for that. So the rooms of the Astor were in demand.

But in 1878, after Allen had refused to let Canfield come down to the Astor, Canfield decided that perhaps New York wasn't the one place in the world he had thought it was. He was rather weary of the long hours of the night shift, and there was no doubt that if he wanted to he could land right side up in some other hotel. The elder Dam, when he heard of Canfield's decision, placed the opportunity in his path.

It was a job as clerk in a summer resort hotel—the Monmouth House, at Spring Lake, New Jersey.

Spring Lake, like many another Jersey shore resort, had experienced a boom in the summer trade through the habit of President Grant of spending his summers at Long Branch. In 1876, the last full year of Grant's second term, Col. L. U. Maltby, a Confederate veteran, had built the Monmouth House at Spring Lake. It was a wooden structure of ample lines that finally fulfilled around 1900 a promise of some day making a fine bonfire, but in 1878, when it began its third season, it was one of the finest places on the shore and attracted an exclusive clientele. Colonel Maltby was, in the last quarter of the century, one of the best-known hotel owners in Philadelphia, where he ran the Lafayette in Broad Street near the Union League Club and later the Continental at Chestnut and Ninth.

The new clerk was soon popular with both men and women guests. They called him Dick, invited him to their parties at the race track and made a lion of him. His unfailing courtesy and his remarkable memory impressed Colonel Maltby so favorably that the following year he made Canfield manager of the Monmouth House and of the Beach House at near-by Sea Girt which the colonel now leased. Occasionally Canfield played draw and stud poker with the male guests in the tower of the Monmouth House, but the play was never heavy, and he did no other gambling during the season except to take an occasional flyer at the Saturday afternoon horse races. A horse-drawn stage took him back and forth between Sea Girt and Spring Lake.

During the four seasons that he remained at Spring Lake, Canfield joined the Masons, becoming a member of Wall Lodge of Manasquan and reaching the dignity of a Knight Templar.

One who knew him at this period tells me that the Canfield of those days, quiet, sedate, commanding when necessary, had many offers of jobs from patrons of the hotel. One of Colonel Maltby's friends, a Philadelphia banker, urged him to take a job as teller in his bank, assuring him that promotion would be rapid and substantial, but Canfield could not see bank life. In his

(Continued on Page 145)

"travelo"

knit jackets & vests *for* men & boys

They hold their shape

When it's cold

"travelo" *is warm* - - -

It costs more to have a cold than it does to buy a "travelo"—and prevent it. Snug . . . smart . . . handsome . . . economical. Sold and recommended by 11,000 good men's wear stores.

Write for "Portfolio of Styles" showing people you know in "travelo" knit jackets. Peckham-Foreman, Inc., 1909-1915 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. Makers of the well known "travelo" SwimSuits.

THE MARK OF PECKHAM FOREMAN QUALITY

Lido
KNIT JACKETS

The greatest value you can buy at less than the cost of a "travelo". Knit and tailored by the same methods and with the same painstaking care and skill that have made millions of wearer-friends for "travelo" Knit Jackets.

AN ARCHITECTURAL MASTERPIECE

Built to Serve and Inspire

THE new Fisher Building in Detroit is a tribute to American enterprise and business leadership. This mammoth building has 1,134,000 square feet of floor space, a theatre seating 3000 persons and an eleven-story garage accommodating 1100 cars.

It is significant that Black & Decker Portable Electric Tools played an important part in the construction of this gigantic building. For instance, thirty-four Black & Decker Portable Electric Hammers were used for drilling concrete to accommodate conduit in the installation of electric wiring and fixtures. Electric tools in this instance alone saved millions of hammer blows by hand and speeded up the job by days and weeks.

In every civilized land the labor required in construction, manufacture and maintenance is being lessened by Portable Electric Tools made by

BLACK & DECKER

TOWSON, MD., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 142)

later years he used to wonder what would have been his lot had he taken the Philadelphia offer. Doubtless he would have made a fortune as a banker. Mr. Dam maintained that had Canfield continued in the hotel business he would have won a conspicuous success and piled up a large fortune. And one of the many lawyers who were thrown with him in close relations told me that had Canfield taken to the law, with business consolidation as his special field, he would have become a great business leader.

XIV

DURING the winters of 1879-1881 Canfield had been living in Pawtucket, Rhode Island. With his summer money he was able to tide himself over the winter neatly, especially as he had become associated with another young man named Robert Kendall in the running of a small poker room that paid good dividends. There were only a few tables in the place, and the refreshments consisted mostly of sandwiches; but now Canfield had arrived at the point where he realized that there was money in gambling if you happened to be the banker. He had gambled in Europe at Monte Carlo and at other places on the Riviera, in Paris and in London, and knew the ropes in Boston, Providence and New York.

At this time David Bucklin, Sr., was running the old Pawtucket House, the best known hotel in the town. With him were associated his sons, Elisha and David, Jr. Elisha had known Canfield in the early 70's in Providence after Canfield returned from his work for Jordan, Marsh & Co. in Boston, and now the young gambler made his home at the Bucklins' hotel. David W. Bucklin was later to manage Canfield's clubs in New York City and be a joint purchaser of his Newport property. It was at this time also that Canfield met Jimmy Levens, bookkeeper whom he employed as Bucklin's assistant when the Twenty-sixth Street house was opened in 1888.

Though he was not always in funds owing to the precariousness of the gambling profession for the house operating with limited capital, Canfield, according to people who knew him in those days, was in some degree the Beau Brummell of the town. His clothes were of a dignified pattern, well cut, and he knew how to wear them. The nearest approach to jewelry he affected was a cheap watch which he kept with his change in a pocket of his trousers. On Sundays he occasionally wore a silk hat. Always he smoked the best cigars he could get in Pawtucket.

Occasionally the expanding body of facts, quotations and literary odds and ends which he had picked up and continued to store away in his retentive mind were displayed before his associates. Once when a fellow gambler garbled Hamlet's Soliloquy, Canfield quietly corrected him and was forced into a bet, which he won as soon as the eager seekers after knowledge could get hold of a copy of the play.

Canfield was a favorite with the young women in Pawtucket. He cut a dashing figure, and there was just enough of mystery about him to intrigue the girls. He had lived in New York, wore good clothes, went about with a sporty crowd of men, and it was whispered about that he was a rather successful gambler. One of the Pawtucket girls whom he met in the spring of 1882 was Genevieve Wren Martin. She was one of the most attractive looking young women in the city, and Canfield wooed her so persistently that when he went to the New Jersey resort that summer they were betrothed.

Genevieve and Richard were married on the last day of August that year. Canfield gave his age as twenty-seven, his occupation as hotel clerk. Miss Martin said that she was nineteen, born in Lynn, Massachusetts, and the daughter of Edwin L. P. and Maria Martin. Her father was dead. Canfield had just completed his fourth and last season at the New Jersey resort. Henceforth he was to follow that work no more, but in later years the knowledge he had picked up at the Union Square and in Spring Lake was to be of service to him in supervising the work of his chef at Saratoga and his cooks in the Newport and New York houses.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FACE VALUE—OR WHAT PRICE PORTRAITS?

(Continued from Page 38)

favor in one another's eyes to acknowledge their friendship by the exchange of portraits, which nice custom was a distinct godsend to the profession.

For many of his portraits Morse received no more than twenty dollars—the cost of materials must have been borne by the sitter. In spite of this, one of the finest examples of American portraiture was painted by him and hangs in the New York City Hall—a portrait of Lafayette.

Two seasons ago $30,000 was paid to a European painter for the portrait of a famous man to be used in advertising, and I should judge that this example of his work came as near to being a failure as any ever from the brush of that artist.

Ten thousand dollars was a price common to Sargent, regardless of the fact that the time he required was considerably less than that of most of his contemporaries.

Frank Benson, of Massachusetts, achieved topnotch prices. But some time ago he decided that he preferred etching wild ducks to painting portraits. This was a loss to the profession of portrait painting, but fine for ducks.

An Ambitious Scheme

Referring to the matter of painting from photographs, it is pertinent to recount that after painting the portrait of a deceased bank president which was immediately followed by one of the new president from life, the directors, who had sat in to help me with the first portrait, decided to have me paint sketches of two of the younger directors who were in line for the presidency so that I might have those sketches on hand when the promotions took place, guarding against the possibility of their death before the regulation portraits of them should be painted. And it was a good idea. For when their turn comes, even if I am already painting the apostles, some other artist can carry on more easily with the help of my sketches.

Eighteen years ago I painted a sketch portrait of a college professor. Four years ago the college wanted a regulation portrait of this same man. In the meantime the professor had suffered a stroke. His ruddy complexion and weight had undergone a tremendous change. Particularly unfortunate had been the effect upon his lower jaw and mouth. The old gentleman posed for me, but had I not had the assistance of the earlier sketch, with its ruddy color, its firm flesh and its general solidity, I would not have been able to produce a portrait of the man as thousands of his students had known him.

My first portrait painted for money was of my landlady while I was an art student in New York. The financial reward was the price of my hall bedroom and meals for one week. This kindly patron of the arts had a motherly appearance, and I fear that my strivings for the truth were not particularly flattering to her type.

My second portrait painted for a price was of my neighborhood grocer in the Latin Quarter in Paris. The price was fifty francs—francs were more valuable in those days—to be taken out in trade at his shop. A long pointed beard was the distinguishing asset of my benevolent patron, and his portrait was hung in an advantageous position in the grocery.

Six months later the Salon accepted and hung three examples of my effort, and the career of a portrait painter was established—not. When I returned to the United States there followed many a year before portrait commissions painted for a price began to grow upon the rose-madder bush. These years were busily filled with the drawing of portraits for newspapers and magazines, and there were times and seasons when portrait painting as a career seemed further in the dim and beckoning future than when a kindly landlady sacrificed herself to the brush of a shy art student.

Just after the Great War, when I had hardly more than returned from overseas, there came to my studio an out-of-town publisher with a proposition so remarkable as to be incredible. However, I have a file of letters which confirm the facts.

The man told me that he had contracts to publish the histories of two of the American Army divisions. Then he propounded his scheme. Evidently inspired by the newspaper accounts of my having painted for the Government 142 portraits at the Front, he had got busy. His scheme was to publish a history of each of the many divisions, the portraits for which I was to paint from life, the size of the pages to be sufficient to permit of my original painting of the head of each subscribing soldier to be pasted—the canvas—upon the inside of the front cover, each history to contain photographic reproductions of the pictures of all subscribing soldiers of that particular division; each reproduction to indicate by its size the rank of the subject—generals to occupy a full page, majors a half page, and so on, up and down the line, according to rank.

Already his agents had procured the subscriptions of a few hundred soldiers at a very high price. This guaranteed to furnish the subscriber with one copy de luxe of the history of his division, inside the cover of which was to be affixed a portrait of himself painted by me!

The First Hundred Thousand

During the recitation of this plan, my amazement had been growing greater and greater and my eyebrows had been ascending higher and higher. Finally I gasped, "How many subscriptions do you expect to procure involving my painting a portrait for each?" And at the publisher's reply of, "Oh, about 300,000," I roared with laughter.

As I wiped the tears from my eyes, I managed to whisper, "The first 100,000 would be the hardest!"

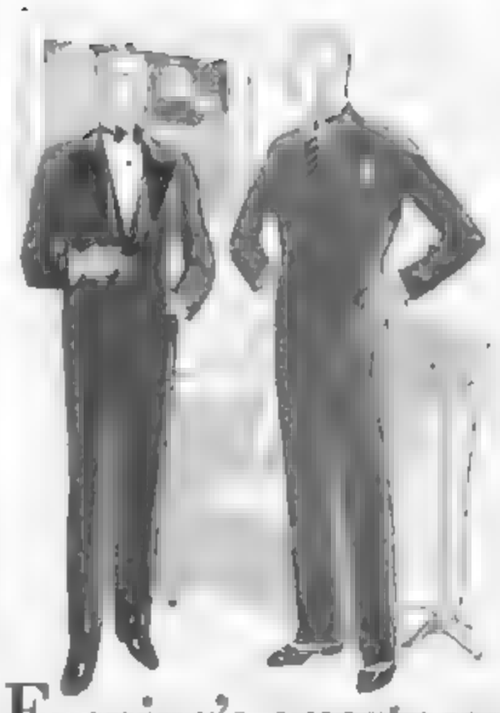
Personally, I have never solicited a portrait commission. Somehow I am not keen to paint a person unless he really wishes me to paint him. And by the same token, I would not want him to accept his portrait unless he liked it.

Three or four commissions for the same family are not a novelty. My record is thirteen for one family—grandfather, sons and daughters and grandchildren. Several times I have painted two portraits of one person—once three.

I was painting the son of a well-known family—a college sophomore—when an advertising man came to the studio asking me to paint some portrait advertisements for a collar concern. He caught sight of the picture on the easel and said, "Won't you sell me that one?"

I laughed and answered, "Here is the young man's mother. You can ask her."

He did, and to my enormous surprise, the knowing woman replied, "Would you pay Mr. Chase for it more than I am paying him?" This the advertising man agreed to do. "All right," said the mother, "Mr. Chase can sell you this one and he can paint another of my son for me. I think that we



Evening's smartness with daytime comfort

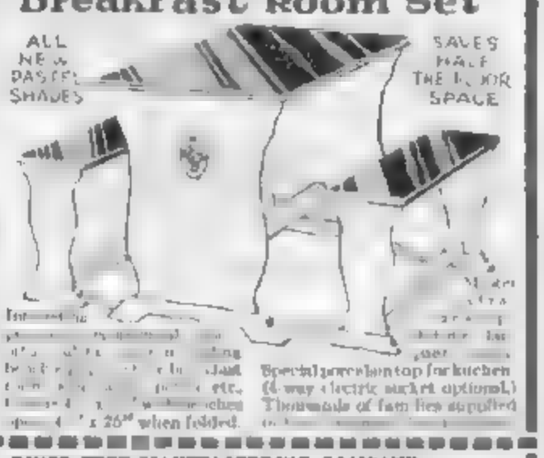
DRESSED for evening or business, your clothes are always smartly styled—unfailingly comfortable with President Suspenders. Trousers hang faultlessly. A tailored appearance is assured.

Presidents offer a wide selection of distinctive styles in tasteful colors. Look for the President label—it's the President guarantee of lasting satisfaction in keeping a trim, smart appearance with comfort. President Suspender Company, Shirley, Mass.

Styled by President
English Style (In colors)
Sliding Cord
Cross Back
Police

President Suspenders

"Diner-ette"
Folding Bench Breakfast Room Set



DINER-ETTE MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
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Between the appointments of a busy day this fine little cigar saves money. Between-the-Acts, ten short smokes in a handy package, real cigar quality, real Havana charm.

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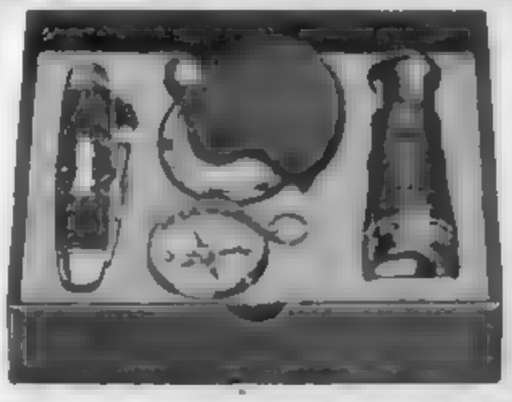

New Outing Kit $5.00

A gift for every man and boy.

Six Power Pocket Telescope to observe distant objects with ease and clearness.
Sport Knife with sturdy cutting blade, screw-driver, reamer, bottle and can opener, is an outdoor necessity.
Reliable Compass, pocket size, is indispensable on [illegible].
Pocket Magnifier that is always useful.

At your dealer's, or direct, postpaid, $5.00.

WOLLENSAK OPTICAL CO.
860 Hudson Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

BREATH-TAKING Beauty! Decorated folding Bridge Set in rich Oriental colors—a delight to the heart of every hostess. Upholstered seats, decorated leatherette top and two insertable ash trays for corner legs. Write today for beautiful folder.

LOUIS RASTETTER & SONS
3958 Wall St. Fort Wayne, Ind.

will have lots of fun with the advertisement." And we did.

Sometimes a patron suggests that a double portrait—containing two figures—might be done for a price less than for two single portraits, not realizing that a successful double portrait is much more difficult to achieve than two single ones.

Some painters receive their commissions through art dealers, who charge for their management ordinarily one-quarter or one-third of the price. Or a member of the smart set, with an eye to business, acts as agent by inducing his or her friends and acquaintances to sit to a certain artist. This particular kind of business venture is, of course, *sub rosa*.

Do artists really care more about what they paint than they do about the money they will receive? I am often asked that question, and the answer is, "Yes—and no!" Because there are times when it is so interesting to paint a certain somebody that the price really doesn't count, and there are plenty of times when a certain some-other-body is so uninteresting to paint that it requires a considerable inducement to create any interest.

Yes, a portrait painter makes changes in his work to please his sitter and the family. Most painters do not like the family to see the painting until the canvas is practically completed. Then, of course, when the family is permitted to see it, each anxious member is filled with questionings. My method is the opposite. I urge the family to be present from the very start. We talk over the pose. Together we develop the best liked expression, and in the end the family has had a part in the creating and shares in the interest and in the satisfaction.

In every field of the arts the workman is confronted with suggestions for changes. The writer as well as the painter comes in for this experience. Don Marquis once said to me, "Of course, we shall always have to make changes whether they help or not. Changes must be made."

So from this story of barter and trade, you have derived the understanding that your own family portrait collection can in these days be added to for a price varying from $800 to $10,000—or more; and that the history of civilized nations shows that family portraits do much to preserve family ties and to foster family tradition.

Sheaves of letters attest the enjoyment that families find in the possession of portraits, as for example: "In the old home hang portraits of ancestors dating from Colonial days, and now your portrait will hang with them." And, "It will always be one of the treasured possessions of the family."

But there is another side. Scores of times a son has told me after the death of his father, "We had been intending to have you paint a portrait of father, but now——" A letter says: "I have lost my son, a boy of twenty-nine. I was going to have you paint him—he was so much of my life. I cannot tell you how sorry I am that we did not have it done last year. Could you make a portrait from photographs?" And a mother's tear-stained letter says, "On May twenty-first we lost our little girl. Will you make her live again for us—if only on canvas?"

It is a serious profession, this portrait painting. It trains and develops our emotions as well as our hands and eyes. We have to take it seriously, but we find that the continued effort to create a beautiful and dignified thing is worth while. It tends to keep our minds open to see, to believe and to receive deep impressions.

In The Doctor's Dilemma, Doctor Dubedat gives his credo—which is ours:

"I believe in Michelangelo, Velasquez and Rembrandt, in the might of design, the mystery of color, the redemption of all things by beauty everlasting, and the message of art that has made these hands blessed. Amen. Amen."

THAT BIG ROCK-CANDY MOUNTAIN

(Continued from Page 7)

see that these guys put clothes on your back an' food in your belly. I ain't arguin' against clerks, I ain't arguin' against the guys with all the money. Somebody's got to handle th' change, I guess, an' somebody's got to use their heads an' run things. But they oughtta be guys what know what th' score is, an' I'd like to see every young buck what some day will be sittin' in a swivel chair do somethin' besides sneer every time he sees a pair of overalls. We don't owe that kind nothin' an' they owe us plenty."

"There aren't many like that," I told him.

"Maybe so," said Bill, "but I've seen 'em. I don't take nothin' off of 'em, either. I've done more'n they'll ever do, I know more about my business than they'll ever know about theirs, an' I don't mind tellin' you I hate like hell to support the crums. That's what I do, an' that's what you do too. Now the guy what understands my job an' his own job besides, I'll work for him, an' I'll get what I can from him if I have to fight for it. But how can you work for a guy what don't know nothin'?"

"I don't savvy what you're talking about," I said.

"Aw," said Bill, "you're dumb. I got my self-respect, I have, an' I wouldn't work under a foreman what don't know his stuff. Partly because I'd get in a jam because he'd put me there, account of him not knowin' what he should. Th' principle is th' same thing with a king pin of a big business. If he don't know his stuff from the ground up he ain't got no right bein' where he is. An' th' only real way for that guy to know his stuff is for him to get down to the bottom when he's young. He ain't gonna get it outta a school, because the school ain't the bottom. Let him go to college after he's been through the mill. He won't sneer after he's been through the mill, an' he won't promise you th' world in a jug, either, but he will know his business an' I wouldn't mind workin' for him."

Another time we were talking about women.

"You know," said Bill, "they ain't no gettin' along with 'em an' they ain't no gettin' along without 'em. I had to marry three of 'em before I found that out."

He had an inexhaustible supply of yarns, and he and the other boomer, named Monte, used to tell the most outrageous lies. Partly, I think, for my benefit. I was goggle-eyed over some of their stuff, and they'd compete with each other to see who could make my eyes pop out the farther. For instance:

"I was workin' on th' Yucatan Central," Bill would begin very solemnly, "an' we was havin' trouble with th' help. They was some very peculiar circumstances connected with railroadin' in that country—some of 'em was so very peculiar as to seem outrageous. I don't want nobody around here thinkin' I'm lyin', so I'll say right now that though it may seem fishy, why, it ain't fishy. See?"

I'd generally see.

"Well, sir," Bill would continue, "I had me a gravy train. Th' management had looked around for some capable gent to handle these here peculiar conditions, an' seein' me there, an' knowin' me to be a gent what'd had considerable experience, you might say, they give me this job. All I had to do was ride around an' see th' grievers. Keep 'em contented—that was my job. We was havin' most of th' trouble with th' train crews. Did I mention that we used monkeys for brakemen down there?"

"You didn't," I said.

"Well," said Bill, "we did. Th' monkeys was always complainin'. There was some bad practices goin' on an' th' monkeys wanted 'em discontinued. You see, we had Americans runnin' th' engines, an' th' grievance th' monkeys had was that th' hoghead or th' tallow pot would catch 'em unawares an' cut off their tails. This happened quite frequent, because these here tails made swell piston or valve-stem packin'—much superior to th' kind we used, an' th' engines was always havin' steam blows. Yeah. Well, I had a right hard time settlin' th' disputes what arose from th' monkeys losin' their tails, because them monkeys was so convenient you couldn't hardly blame a man for takin' what was so easy to take. But I got 'em fixed up finally. Yeah. We made it standard equipment for ev'ry engine, we did—one cageful of wild monkeys on th' tank an' a pair of shears for the engine crew. That settled that. But you know, we'd no sooner got them monkeys contented than they up an' got discontented again. Yessir."

"How's that?" says I.

"Well," said Bill, "they got to crabbin' about not gettin' enough pay. Th' standard rate for th' Yucatan Central for monkey shacks was two coconuts a day. Now this here was all right for th' single monkeys, but for married monkeys with a big family it wasn't enough to live on. Th' married ones wanted three coconuts a day an' a differential of half a coconut or its equivalent in bananas for every four wives or children. Th' management was willin' to give 'em the extra coconut a day, but they wouldn't give 'em this differential, because they knew the monkeys would run this marryin' business into th' ground. So they told the chief monkey griever, 'Nothin' doin', brother.' So th' chief monkey griever he goes back to his lodge an' they have a strike ballot, an' sure enough they struck."

Bill paused. He continued to pause.

"Well," says I, "I'll bite. What happened?"

"Well," says Bill, "we busted the strike. We sure did. A bunch of Americans come down an' went to work for one coconut a day."

I digested this.

"That ain't no lie," Monte enhanced; "I was one of them Americans."

Monte could unravel a few of his own.

"My old man," he would say, "was a boomer, an', kid, what I mean, he boomed. Yessir, he was a real boomer machinist. I 'member one time he was runnin' a lathe for th' B. & O. at Montclair an' his feet they got to itchin' on him. I was about six then; we'd been in that place for pretty near five months, which on th' face was nothin' short of mirakalus. Off he went. He wrote ma to come on down to Houston—to come on down to Houston where they was a-pickin' th' money off th' trees. He was runnin' a piston lathe in Little Rock then, but he didn't like the town an' he was goin' to Houston. Ma she gets everything tied together an' in a box car an' way-billed it for Houston, when she gets another letter from th' old man sayin' he didn't think so much of Houston, but that th' Cotton Belt was a-payin' five cents over th' rate at Tyler an' they was pickin' th' money off th' trees in Tyler, an' for her to come to Tyler. Ma she was right mad, but she went down an' they finally located th' box car with our stuff in it an' labeled it for Tyler. We was all down to th' station gettin' ready to leave when we gets a tellygram from pop sayin' that Tyler wasn't what it was cracked up to be, that there wasn't any trees there, let alone any money, but that there was regular forests with five-dollar bills instead of leaves down at Palestine, an' for us to come to Palestine. Hot dam, but ma was mad. My uncle he was a-workin' in Muskogee, Oklahoma, an' ma she went down an' had tracers sent after that car headed for Tyler an' got it sent to Muskogee, an' about three days later Uncle Howard give us the first good feed we'd had since we left Baltimore. I ate so much I like to busted. We settled down in Muskogee an' bought a house an' when I was fourteen I started servin' my time there."

(Continued on Page 149)

FILL up with Kendall Penzbest Motor Oil—keep the proper level and drive for 2000 miles before draining! That's the story of Kendall quality which starts with the finest Crude Oil* in the world—and is completed by special Kendall processes that remove to the merest trace all substances which dilute the oil at high temperatures or thicken it at low temperatures or carbonize in the cylinders.

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3 wires and all they mean to YOU

THREE small, black wires run from a nearby pole to your home. Unconsciously, each hour, each day, they enter into your life, bringing additional comforts and greater freedom. Early in the morning your electric percolator and toaster aid in the preparation of breakfast. Later, the vacuum cleaner helps tidy up the house. The electric heater warms the room for baby's bath. The electric washer and ironer, in turn, take up their tasks. The electric refrigerator maintains its constant vigil.

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From these three wires spring heat, cold, light, music—in addition to greater freedom from household duties—and all for a few cents a day. Where else can you obtain so much for so little?

But behind this miracle of low cost electricity—behind those three wires—stand miles of "feeders," great sub-stations, giant generating equipment, all costing millions of dollars. On this invested capital, the public utilities are entitled to receive a fair return. Obviously, any movement which would force these companies to invest additional millions must be promptly reflected in the cost of your electricity unless such an investment produces operating economies or a greater sale of power.

Consequently, whenever anyone agitates for underground wires, you as a consumer must in the long run foot the bill; for the underground wires are very expensive to install, but work no operating economies or produce no greater sale of power.

If it were essential to place wires underground in order to realize the "City Beautiful" ambition, the expense would perhaps be justified in certain extreme cases. But if you carefully analyze the objection to overhead wires, you will find that the wires themselves do not offend your sense of beauty, but the poles on which they have been placed.

In line with the "City Beautiful" movement, Union Metal has now developed a heavy duty FLUTED STEEL pole of such beauty that the public immediately accepts it as the logical means of supporting wires where artistic ends are to be served. These poles are low in cost and exceptionally durable.

Already such cities as Cleveland, Detroit, Wheeling, Pontiac and others have accepted Union Metal Heavy Duty Fluted Steel Poles as the logical means of obtaining streets of beauty without burdening the public utilities and, in turn, the citizenship, with the expense of costlier equipment. If you wish further information on these new poles, consult your local power company. Their engineers are well equipped to give you full details.

THE UNION METAL MANUFACTURING CO.
General Offices and Factory, Canton, Ohio
Branches: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Jacksonville.

UNION METAL Heavy Duty Fluted Steel Poles are patterned after the beautiful columns of ancient Greece and Rome, but pressed from modern, enduring steel.

Embodied in these poles are new principles which make them lighter, stronger, and longer lived than any pole as yet produced. Union Metal Poles provide greater strength and flexibility in all directions and have a lower center of gravity. Moreover, because of their exclusive ventilated construction and cadmium coating, the hazard of ground line corrosion has been practically eliminated.

Briefly, the advantages of Union Metal Poles are:

(1) Fewer poles are required.
(2) Better appearance is obtained.
(3) Longer pole life is assured.

UNION METAL
FLUTED STEEL PRODUCTS

UNION METAL
DISTRIBUTION AND TRANSMISSION POLES

(Continued from Page 146)

"What'd you do for money?" I asked.

"You see," said Monte, "th' old man didn't stay in Palestine very long; he finally ended up in Cripple Creek. He couldn't find no work there an' he went to prospectin' an' about six months later—maybe more—he come walkin' in on Uncle Howard an' asked how much he owed for keepin' us. He'd been lookin' for us for a month—none of our family was much of a hand at letter writin'. Ma said she hadn't worried none about him because he was too mean to kill an' th' good die young. He'd hit it lucky in Colorado an' he had both pockets full of money, so ma made him buy a house an' swear to quit boomin' an' get a steady job. I think it was about eight months later he was killed when a flue plug give way in a fire box, an' I went to sellin' papers an' swipin' brass."

"Whoever heard of the Katy havin' flue plugs?" I popped off to show my knowledge.

"Aw, be yourself, kid," said Monte. "This was down on th' Mexico National about two hundred miles from El Paso."

"Whadda you know about flue plugs, kid?" broke in Bill. "Say, we usta have 'em on lots of railroads in this country. They usta use 'em out on th' Coast when I was workin' there, before they got next to themselves. They sent a boiler maker in to pin a couple of flues, an' she was hot, of course, an' kinda dark in th' fire box, an' this boiler maker noticed her leakin' a little on th' sheet an' he didn't notice it was around th' plug. He lammed her a couple of times to calk her, an' out come the works! When she'd blown herself down we got that boiler maker out with a rake."

I was properly subdued.

"Things wasn't always like they is now," said Monte. "Say, I could tell you things that'd make your eyes bug out like car wheels. Afore they put tell-tale holes in stay bolts you couldn't tell whether they was busted or not, an' I've seen engines out in service with th' side sheets bulged out like a balloon! When you'd blow an engine down she'd get back to normal size. One place I worked, there was strict orders against hogheads goin' through tunnels without reducin' steam pressure. Them engines would swell till they didn't have clearance'"

I squalled like a stuck pig.

"I was a-workin' one time for a Chinese outfit," said Bill. "It uz jus' before they promoted me from valve setter to superintendent of motive power. We had one drop pit manned by Chinks. It was like the judgment of God to raise it or lower it. We had to take th' main wheels out from under th' engine what was scheduled to blow up next according to the natural progress of events, an' we was in a awful rush.

"In order to sort of hasten matters—we sure needed that engine—I got me a lot of old ties an' I crisscrossed 'em in th' pit, see? I'd build me a pile on one side an' then I'd build me a little bigger pile on th' other side, an' so on, till I had th' ties right close up under th' wheels. It was a deep pit. Th' guy that dug it was lookin' for water an' they didn't find no water, so they made a drop pit out of it. I got me about five corn-colored assistants an' we held th' wheels with blockin', an' a couple of us took our life in our hands an' knocked the binders off. We let gravity do th' rest. I never heerd such a racket in all my life. Them wheels started straight for Buffalo, an' if it hadn't been for th' mathematical precision with which I'd laid my plans them wheels wouldda ended up in Buffalo. Howsomever, they stopped at th' bottom an' th' common labor got down there an' picked up th' kindling, an' I got enough trustworthy help to put in two new crown brasses, which was needed. I lined them Chinks up for the monotonous task of raisin' them wheels back up in place—it was only a case of endurance—an' went back to readin' my magazine. An' as a result a number of most peculiar an' outrageous things happened an' I got promoted to superintendent of motive power."

I was all ears.

"You see," said Bill, "in spite of all th' precautions I took in gettin' them wheels down, they musta turned a couple of flips before they hit the bottom. They musta swapped ends; on account of what happened later they ain't no doubt but what they swapped ends. You know, if you change the main wheels—an' these was th' mains—you turn th' engine around. If you get th' left side where th' right side was, an' th' right side where th' left side was, th' engine'll run backwards when you want it to run forward. An', in addition, it'll run forward when you want it to run backwards."

"I know that," I said disgustedly.

"Well, I was just tellin' you," said Bill. "Anyways, that's what happened to this pair of mains. We had Chinks for engine crews, an' Chinks is very peculiar. You teach 'em a thing one way, an' that's th' only way, so far as they're concerned. They ain't able to adjust themselves to nothin' out of th' ordinary.

"We got th' rods hung on this baby an' steamed her up, an' they had a couple of cigar boxes all hooked up an' waitin' for a tow. So th' Chink hoghead he climbs up an' blows th' whistle according to custom, an' looks out th' windah, an' I says, 'Will you get outta here?' So far everything was according to custom, so he sets her ahead, an' instead of goin' ahead, she starts to back up. Th' dumb Chink he opens her a little wider an' shoves her farther ahead an' she continues to back up. Which was not according to custom. Th' Chink he thinks a dragon musta breathed on th' iron horse, so he unloads. She busted outta th' house track an' started down th' main line. Now we didn't have no turntable—all we had was a Y to turn 'em on an' a shanty over th' drop pit—so I knowed somethin' must be wrong an' started down th' track after that engine. I got me a hand car an' a section gang an' we lit out after that runaway. We chased her about twenty miles.

"It was most peculiar," continued Bill, "that th' only other train on th' railroad at that time shouldda been goin' in th' same direction that runaway was, an' that this train shouldda got in difficulty an' we shouldda come along an' helped 'em out. Did I mention that this part of China was full of bandits an' other tough Chinese?"

"Just now," I said.

"Well," said Bill, "this train ahead of us was a passenger train an' they was three or four mandarins aboard an' maybe a couple of emperors, an' they was a-goin' up a grade an' havin' a tough time makin' it. Th' bandits was a-chasin' 'em on horseback an' afoot, an' th' ones on foot was makin' as good time as th' train, so you can figger out for yourself what the ones on horses was a-doin'. When outta blue sky, so to speak, here comes th' runaway engine which I'd just caught up with on th' hand car, an' takin' in what was goin' on almost instantly, I give th' passenger train a awful bump an' coupled in an' shoved 'em over th' hill at a tremendous rate of speed what effectually prevented th' passengers from bein' robbed, scalped, an' made to suffer indignities. An' it so happened that one of th' mandarins—or maybe he was a emperor—was a heavy stockholder in th' railroad, an' he was so taken by my quick thinkin' an' actin' that he rewarded me by makin' me superintendent of motive power!"

I considered. "I suppose," says I, "that an engine can outrun a passenger train for twenty miles with no fireman to keep her hot."

"Kid," says Bill, "you pain me at times. You really do. Listen. Didn't I tell you them Chinks was peculiar? Didn't I? You tell 'em to do a thing an' they do it, an' so long as somethin' don't go wrong, they keep on doin' it. Well, this engine was steamin' accordin' to Hoyle an' th' fireman didn't pay no attention to th' hoghead. They never do, not even in this country. So when she started to run away, th' fireman he wasn't interested in what way he was goin', an' he jes' kept right on bailin' in th' coal. He was a good fireman too," added Bill hastily; "we had one hell of a time catchin' 'em in that hand car!"

Bill could work as well as he could hand out the hooey, and so, too, could Monte. Bill, however, had the edge. There was a difference between the two men that any mechanic can easily understand, and which I hope the layman can see, too—at least in part.

Monte liked machine work. He had the patience of Job when it came to close fits and perfect workmanship. Time meant nothing to him, production even less. He got the work out because he knew his business and was industrious, but he never really cared about anything except the job itself. If Monte was working on some important job and a little dinky job came up that required lathe work, Monte would drop the important job if the foreman wasn't riding his tail and do the dinky job. He was a machine-shop man, not a roundhouse man; he belonged in the tool room of a back shop, or on a lathe making pressure fits up to two or three hundred tons.

Bill was the roundhouse mechanic, the man for hot work—highball them in and highball them out, that was Bill. Not that he wasn't every bit as good a machine man as Monte, for he was; he simply liked the hot work better.

"They ain't doin' no good settin' in th' house," said Bill; "you gotta keep 'em in service."

Every roundhouse of any consequence has an organization designed to handle the work with a minimum of confusion. For instance, there is a gang known as the spring gang. They replace broken springs and kindred parts. Another known as the rod gang. These men take care of main rods, side rods, and so on. Each division of the work is taken care of by specialists. If you'd take a man out of the rod gang and put him on cab work, he wouldn't do so well because it was out of his province. I don't mean that this man couldn't do the work; I mean he couldn't do the work as efficiently as required.

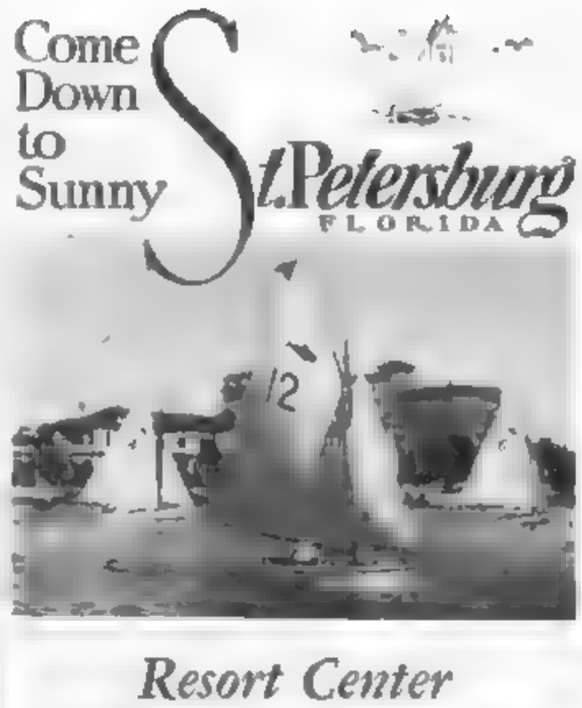
Now Bill was the exception. It didn't matter where you put him, he'd throw the work out. So, too, could Monte, provided he worked with Bill. We had an epidemic of broken springs one time and it was a little more than the spring gang could handle. The foreman was in a jam, and as usual he turned to Bill. Bill's helper was leased to the spring gang; so was Monte's, and Monte and Bill put a trailer spring in for the foreman almost before you could turn a handspring. Just the two of them; their two helpers were off somewhere wrestling with an equalizer.

Spring work is generally conceded to be semiskilled work. But neither of the two boomers grumbled; they tied into the job and got it over with. I was working where I could see them and hear them, and I enjoyed watching them and I enjoyed hearing them. Monte was on one end and Bill on the other when they set the spring in place, and there was a leak off the mud ring that deposited boiling water down Monte's neck, and the blow-off cock dripped equally hot water on Bill. Never have I heard such language! And never have I seen a spring put in place and coupled up so promptly.

He was a good old man, this Bill. He'd do anything for you so long as he didn't think you were taking advantage of him. One time an engine came in—a big one; she'd failed out on the road. Wouldn't steam. They brought her in, wanted her right now. We opened up her front end and found that the petticoat pipe had fallen down. It was spread all over the front end. The engineer said he'd seen what the ailment was and decided it was a little too much to repair out on the road. What he meant was that the front end was a little too hot to crawl into.

The petticoat pipe is just a stack extension. That's all. It guides the exhaust steam and is arranged to pull the smoke up the stack. The main brief the writer holds against them is that they're adjustable and just about as easy to hang in place as a wiggle worm.

I drew the job and, with a helper, crawled in the front end. The engine was just in off



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the road; the fire box itself wasn't any hotter than that front end. We stood on planks to keep our feet from turning to cinders, and cut the braces to the petticoat pipe. You couldn't turn the nuts off with a wrench because of rust and because you couldn't get at them, and if I didn't have me a party in that front end, smoking like a ham all the time, nobody ever did.

Everything went wrong. Everything always does when you get in a hurry, and believe the lad, he was in a hurry. What skin I hadn't knocked off was burned off, but finally the pipe fell loose and dropped in my lap. Which was pleasant, to say the least.

We repaired it out on the floor of the roundhouse and fixed up some new braces, and got back inside to get warm again. The roundhouse foreman had remarked how much opening he wanted at the top and how much he wanted at the bottom, and don't take another week doing it. The helper was up on top burning his pants off and trying to put nuts on the brace bolts and I was having a swell time inside trying to use a scale and a wrench and a pinch bar all at the same time, using my odd moments trying to figure out just what the flash point was for the human body. We hung that contraption somehow, but we didn't do it in five minutes. When I came out of that hell hole I was soaking wet and looked like I'd wallowed in a hogpen, but I didn't no more care. All I had to do was crawl back in and tighten up a few odd gimcracks and cuss a little on general principles, and I was through. I felt I was entitled to a moment of leisure, and my helper thought the same. We sat us down and observed how cockeyed glad we were that the job was done, and remarked also that very few men and no women could have done a better piece of work.

Along came Bill.

"Get through, kid?" he says.

"Take a peek," says I, right haughty.

So Bill takes a peek. He came back.

"That's a right nice job," he says. "I don't know but one mistake what you made on it."

"I didn't make no mistake," I answered.

"Well," says Bill, "you might not call it a mistake, but when that engine gets out on the road an' won't steam, th' fireman is sure gonna think somebody made a mistake. You put that petticoat pipe in upside down!"

Believe me, I've felt badly before this incident, and I've felt badly since, but never have I felt worse. I was pooped in the first place, and in the second place, if the foreman came back and found I'd pulled a bust like that, he'd probably ruin me for life.

Bill says: "It won't take but a few minutes. Let's get in there an' change it."

And we did. In about a third of the time it had taken before, mostly because Bill knew his stuff. We stayed in there and finished it, and when we came out Bill looked much worse than I could possibly have looked.

"Now," says Bill, "you go get the foreman. Don't tell him nothin'."

I brought the foreman back and he passed on the job. Bill had disappeared.

"Where's Bill?" demanded the foreman. "You seen him?"

"He was around here a couple of minutes ago," I answered.

"If you see him tell him I'm lookin' for him," said the foreman; "he ain't hit a lick. He must think this place is a rest cure!"

I know that the foreman gave Bill a bawling out, or at least griped at him, and that Bill never made an effort to pull himself out of the hole by telling about helping me. I've met lots of guys, in better clothes, with clean finger nails and a better command of English, that I couldn't say as much for. Bill was, by and large, a pretty good gent.

Another thing about him—he never boasted. But he would brag forever and a day about what other men had done, of impossible things that were actually done. For example:

"I worked on a railroad north of here," he named the road, "an' they had five Mallets—good-sized they were—that'd been sittin' out rustin' away for four or five years. We was awful short on power, but they wouldn't use them Mallets, not on a bet. They'd tried 'em before. It was just a case of havin' to send another engine out after 'em ev'ry time they left th' house. One day a little, dumpy, fat guy come walkin' into th' shop an' says he was th' new king pin an' that we was a-goin' to overhaul them Mallets an' we'd start on one as soon as we could drag it over th' pit. We did. What I mean, we overhauled 'em. That fat guy was a mechanic, an' he stood over them engines an' he knew ev'ry bolt what went in 'em, an' he wouldn't stand for a rivet if it wasn't perfect enough to hang your hat on. One of th' main troubles with them engines was that th' second set of cylinders was always pullin' loose from th' boiler barrel. They never pulled loose again. That fat guy knew his business.

"Th' first of these five engines was about to go out on th' road an' the second one was stripped, when th' management found out what he was doin' an' hollered. Said they'd throwed away all th' money they intended to, that th' engines was foul balls an' they was tired of throwin' money down a sewer. An' do you know what that fat guy told 'em?"

"Nope," I said.

"He told 'em," went on Bill, "that there was one what wasn't a foul ball no longer, an' if they'd let him alone he'd have four more what wasn't. But if they was goin' to get hard nosed about it, they could take their engines an' their job an' kindly go to hell. That th' only reason them engines hadn't done their stuff before was because he'd been absent, an' he sent word to th' high hats that th' first one was takin' a full-tonnage train out without no trial trip, an' to come down an' see what happened. They did, an' it happened. The fat guy sent me along as nurse to th' hot pins an' bearings you always get when you break in an engine, an' we had better'n five thousand tons behind us. We took 'em to town,

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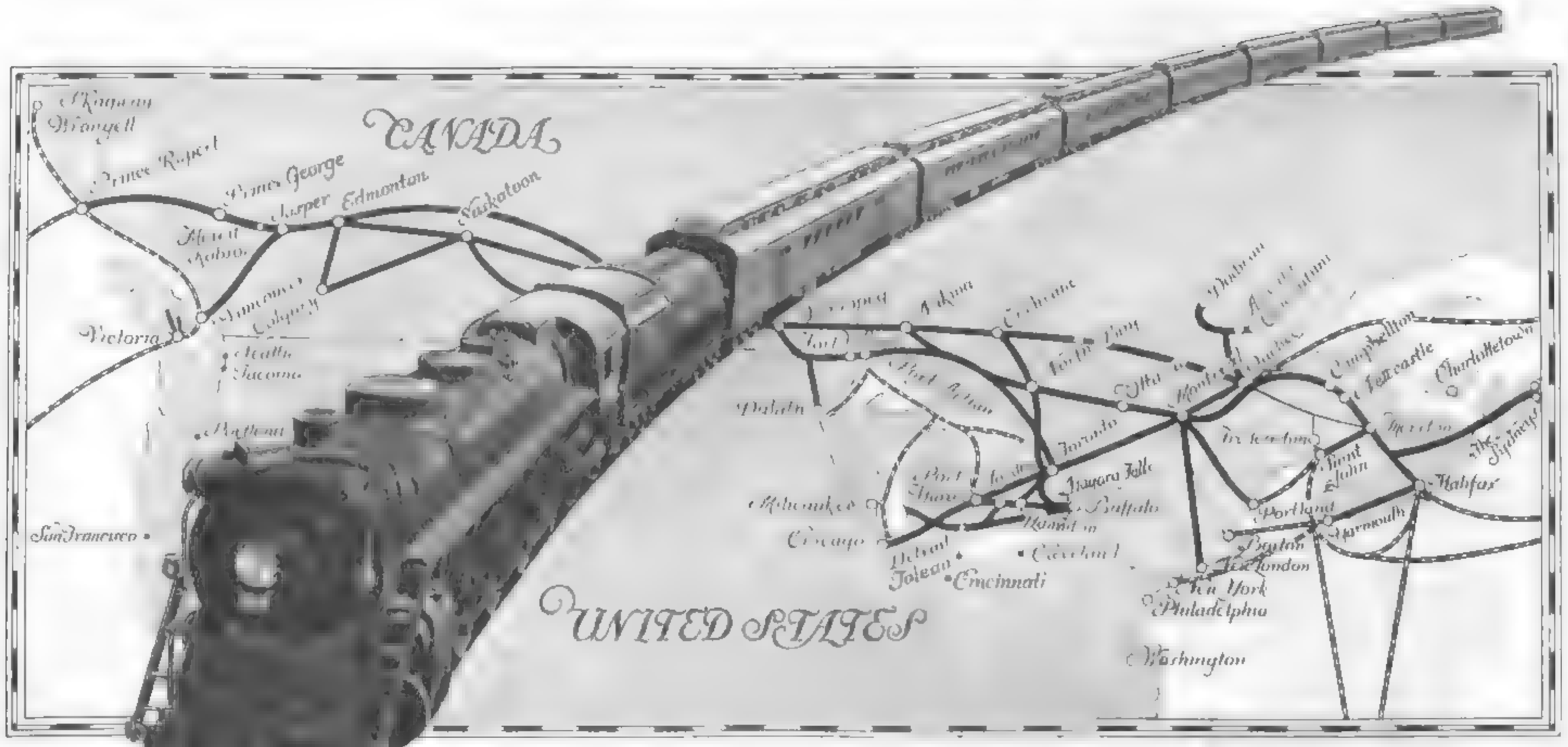

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NEW YORK and Montreal; Chicago and Toronto; Duluth and Winnipeg lie south and north of the International Line. But they are not foreign ground to the citizens of either the United States or Canada. Language, race and customs and the luxurious trains of Canadian National Railways link them together and make them neighbors.

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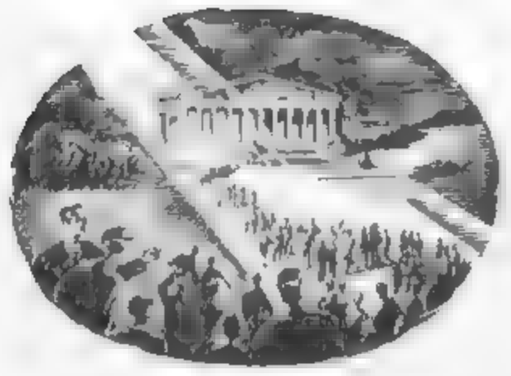

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"THAT sale is closed!"

. . . *perhaps it has just been opened*

THE first impulse of the man who has successfully closed a hard-fought order is to grasp the buyer's hand, snap the order-book shut with the thought "*That* sale is closed," and get out.

He knows that his merchandise is worth the money; that it will be properly crated, properly delivered, properly billed. The salesman, the credit man, the order clerk, and the shipping clerk will each do a part—and all will say "*That* sale is closed."

But IS it?

The buyer knows only what he has bought. The sellers know their merchandise is right—but there is still a gap here. Does the buyer know as much about the thing he has bought as the sellers know?

It is after the merchandise has left your plant that the actual *sale* commences.

Goods that have been moved from your warehouse to the consumer's home have simply exchanged resting-places.

No manufacturer who expects a repeat sale can consider his product finally "sold" until the consumer has not only bought it, but has understood it, used it, and now wants to buy another just like it.

Do you know that there are manufacturers who include, with every acknowledgment of an order, a piece of printing that explains the merchandise? Other manufacturers offer to supply the retailer with printing that describes and explains the use of their goods for his customers. Some manufacturers prefer to mail this printing direct to the homes where the dealer has made a sale. Others see that every shipment leaving the factory contains well-printed folders or booklets as evidence that their interest in their wares is still alive and keen.

The custom varies, as it should. The tooth-paste manufacturer encloses explanatory printed pieces with each tube. The paint maker offers the colored booklet of suggestions. The automobile builder sends around the catalog of instructions.

There are different kinds of printing for different kinds of sales. You will find a good printer most understanding and helpful when it comes to creating for you the kind of printing that will make each of your sales a *closed* sale.

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If you would like to obtain books on the practical use of printed pieces issued free of charge by S. D. Warren Company, write to your printer, asking him to put you on the Warren Mailing List. Or write S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

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Standard
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When a printer suggests a Warren's Standard Printing Paper he suggests it because he knows it has all the qualities that insure good printing, folding and binding—that it is tested for these qualities before it leaves the mill. Many printers are using the Warren trademark (above) in connection with their own imprint to identify productions on Warren's Standard Printing Papers.

When you read these facts about SPARK PLUG PARALYSIS

. . . you too will join this Crusade

YOU may never have had the slightest trouble with your spark plugs . . . *as far as you know!* Therefore, your present plugs may seem good enough. But new evidence reveals that many cars are daily suffering loss of power from partial paralysis of their spark plugs. And like you, their owners don't even suspect anything wrong.

We have traced Spark Plug Paralysis to two customary causes, one or the other of which is present in many motor cars . . .

—*electrode corrosion*, often found in the modern high compression engines. It turns spark plugs into bad actors. Motor loses power. Engine misses. Gas is wasted. Pick-up is disappointing.

—*carbonization*, even more common than electrode corrosion, but not so easy to detect. Carbonization causes electric current leaks—leaks that weaken the spark—leaks that you can't see. Yet if electricity were liquid you could see these current leaks as readily as you can detect a leak in your radiator.

A sure way to guard your car against Spark Plug Paralysis is to install a set of Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs. Then—mark the difference. If once you test out a set of Pyro-Action Spark Plugs, once you have sampled the renewed energy, pick-up and get-away that results, then for the first time . . . this Crusade against Spark Plug Paralysis strikes home!

Pyro-Action is a scientific discovery of Robert Bosch—pioneer spark plug manufacturer. As a result of this discovery, Pyro-Action Spark Plugs defy Paralysis for the average life of any car. Pyro-Action is a technical name for heat-action. In the Pyro-Action Spark Plug, its heat absorbing qualities are regulated to suit the heat characteristics of the engine. Thus, for hot motors, there is a Pyro-Action plug so designed that the excessive heat—which tends to burn off electrodes—is drawn off. For cool motors there is a Pyro-Action plug designed to conserve heat and thus prevent carbonization. Spark Plug Paralysis has met its master!

Your own car is most likely suffering from this hidden Paralysis . . . and you don't even know it. Find out, by installing a set of Pyro-Action Spark Plugs. You take no risk, for any Robert Bosch dealer is authorized to offer you our money-back guarantee, shown below. Or write us for free booklet containing full story of Pyro-Action's triumph over Spark Plug Paralysis.

Pyro-Action plugs for passenger cars, buses, trucks, tractors, motor boats, airplanes, etc., are made by Robert Bosch—inventor of the world-famous Original-Bosch Magneto, Generators, Horns, Battery Ignition, etc. Only Robert Bosch Plugs are Original-Bosch Plugs. For your protection look for full name Robert Bosch and this trademark.

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SPARK PLUGS

An Extraordinary Guarantee

"Try a set of Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs in your car for 30 days. If you are not then entirely satisfied that your car has new pep, new power, new youth, you can return the plugs and get your money back."

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WASHINGTON, D. C. Battery House Ltd.
WEST PALM BEACH, FLA. Standard Auto Elec. Serv.
WILKES BARRE, PA. Watson Stables

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an' we got turned inside of five hours an' started back. Ev'rybody on th' railroad was watchin' that Mallet compound. She didn't fail to deliver. That fat guy kept his job—he's got a lot bigger job right now. I don't mind workin' for a guy like that."

And again:

"It was on the Erie that this happened," Bill said, "an' I've thought about it an' thought about it, but I've never been able to figure out how he did it. This fellah I'm talkin' about was a roundhouse foreman, but he sure was a mechanic to boot. Th' Federal inspectors had just clamped down on us, an' they caught a engine what was hot, steam on th' pin, brother, an' give her a hold-over becuz one of the pops wouldn't lift right. You know an' I know that they ain't no man gonna put in a pop without blowin' a engine down. But there was a fruit train all hooked up an' waitin' on this engine, an' I think this foreman's job depended on that hot shot gettin' out accordin' to speed. Th' Federal men was strict an' sore at th' universe, that was th' long an' th' short of it. Here's what this guy did, an' you an' all th' rest can call me a liar, but it won't change what he did:

"He put another safety pop in that engine an' when he got her in he still had thirty pounds of steam! Whadda you think of that? He blew her down to about sixty or so, I guess, before he took the bad pop out. He had about enough to move that engine out of the house when he got done, an' when they hooked her up to th' train she had steam on th' pin. He did that job with a couple of young bucks an' some boards an' some canvas. That guy sure needed his job bad -that's th' only way I can figure how he done it."

Bill and Monte quit on the same day. They asked the foreman if he knew where he could get two machinists. I helped them get their tools together, and we put the two tool boxes on the tank of an engine that was going up to the station. I rode up with them. Monte and I were chewing the fat most of the way up and Bill was sitting to one side, sometimes humming, sometimes singing so the words could be distinguished. It was That Big Rock-Candy Mountain.

We got up to the station and I said so long to Monte and turned to say good-by to Bill.

"So long, kid," he said.

"So long, Bill," I said.

"I'll be seein' you," he said.

"Yeah," I said, "I'll be seein' you." He started to move off. "Say," I called, "I sure hope you find it."

He grinned. "Find what?" he asked.

"Aw, that candy mountain and the lemonade springs and a couple of flocks of bluebirds," I answered.

"I'll send you back some feathers, kid," he called.

I never saw him again—not that I ever expected to. But I sure do hope he found it. And it's a cinch he never begged on the way.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request

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"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" is quite as likely to bother a duchess as a dairy maid—to attack a social leader as suddenly as it does her cook.

And perhaps with even greater reason. For soft, fibreless foods and creamy sauces, which have broken down the resistance of our gums, are incessantly present at parties, teas and dinners—and in our own homes, too.

Soft, creamy food has damaged our gums. Avoid "pink tooth brush" with Ipana and massage

How Ipana and massage build sturdy gums

This food, devoid of roughage, stripped of fibre, has lulled our gums to sleep. They have become soft, tender. They easily bleed. "Pink tooth brush" appears . . . stubborn gum troubles may follow. Gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea, are not infrequent results.

But there is one simple way to ward off such dire results, to keep the mouth healthy, the teeth white and gleaming, the gums in perfect health.

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Dentists are enthusiastic about the good results. Ask your own. Verify the fact. Ask him, too, about Ipana.

For thousands of the best dentists specify that the massage, as well as the brushing of the teeth, be effected with this superb modern dentifrice. Its content of ziratol, a recognized antiseptic and hemostatic, has a salutary and stimulating effect upon the gum walls, which is fully as important as the massage itself.

We gladly offer a ten-day tube in the coupon, but we recommend your starting with the full-sized drug-store tube. For ten days are too short to permit a fair test of Ipana's virtues to your teeth and to your gums.

Ipana deserves a 30-day trial

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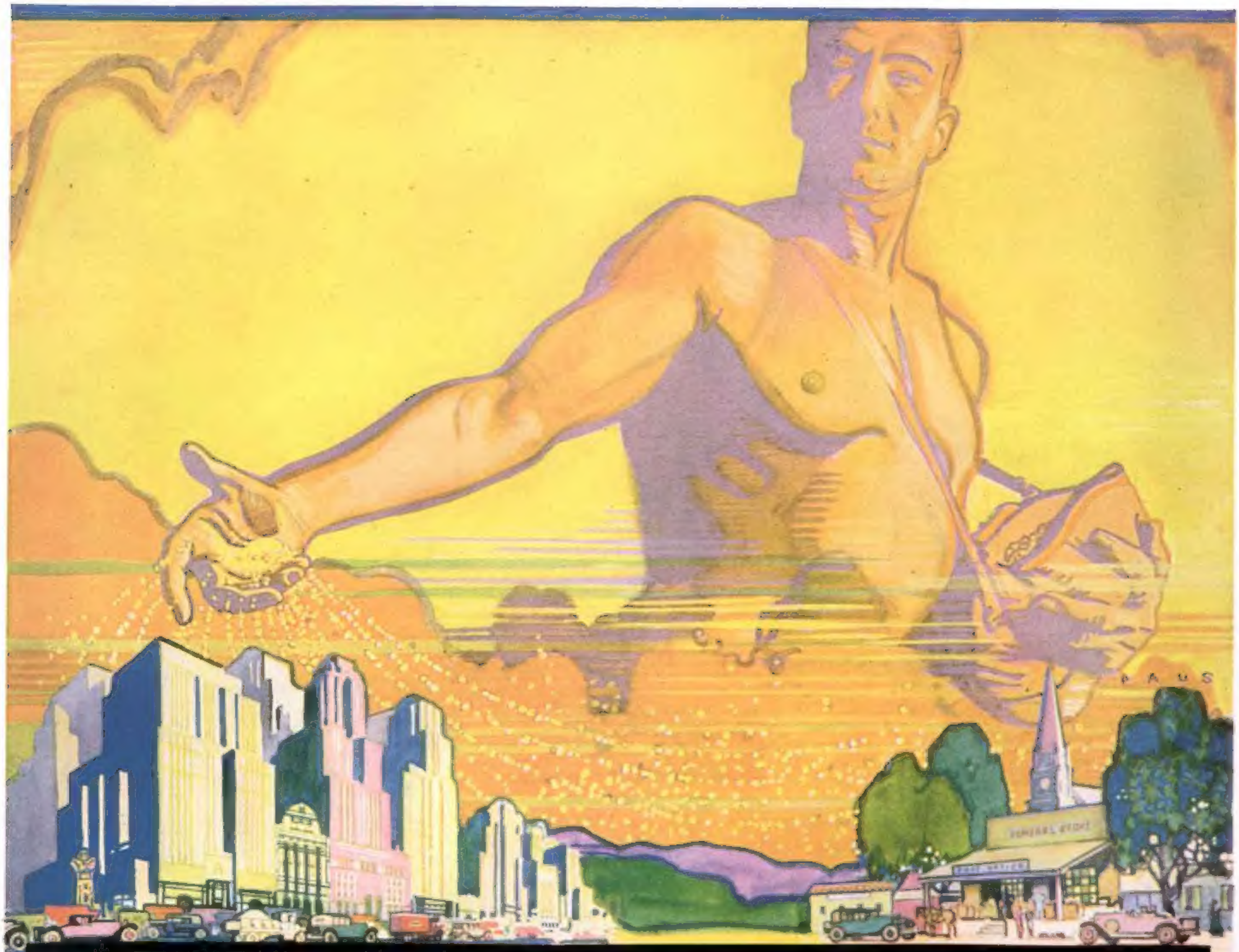

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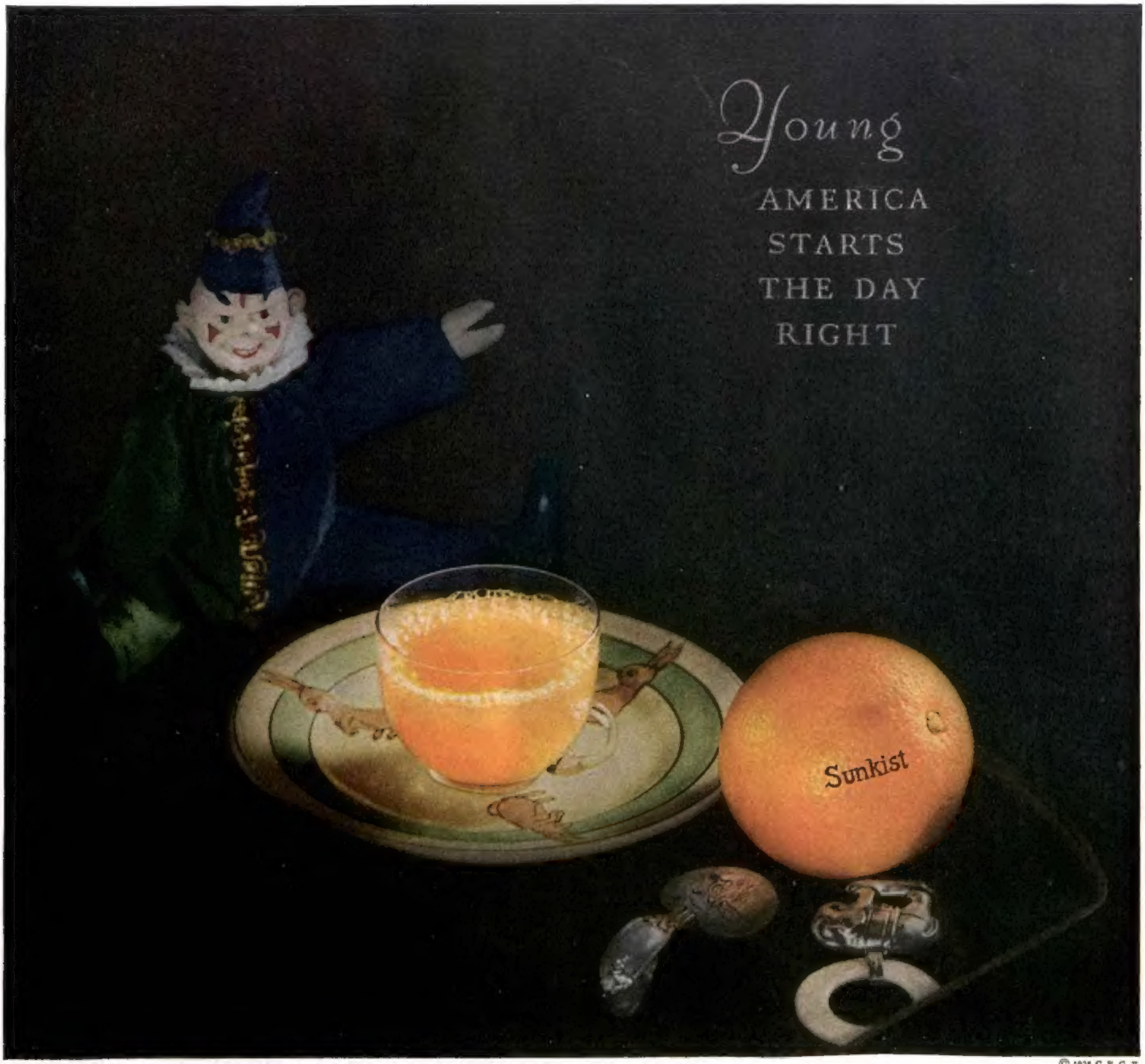

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